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THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

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THE

ISLAND EMPIRE;

OR,

THE SCENES OF THE FIRST EXILE OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON I.

TOGETHER WITH A

NARRATIVE OF HIS RESIDENCE ON THE ISLAND OF ELBA.

TAKEN FROM

LOCAL INFORMATION, THE PAPERS OF THE BRITISH RESIDENT,
AND OTHER AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

32972

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BLONDELLE."

SECOND EDITION.

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PREFACE

TO

THE SECOND EDITION.

MANY occupations having prevented my giving that attention to the revision of my book which I feel is much wanted, the only difference that will be found to exist between this and the former edition consists of a few verbal alterations and corrections of typographical errors.

London, April 1855.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD HOLLAND,

&c. &c.

Dear Lord Holland,

In allowing me to dedicate this Book to you, you have done me a double favour. You have given me an opportunity to express to you my gratitude for infinite kindness, and my esteem and respect for yourself; and you have permitted me to grace my Work with a name, already united by a bond of friendship with that of the Emperor Napoleon.

At Elba Napoleon was, for the first time, easily accessible to the English, and his frank explanations of many parts of his conduct enabled them to form a dispassionate judgment of his disposition and genius, which, during the previous years of bitter warfare, Calumny had so grossly misrepresented; but those whose name and talents you have inherited had always been capable of combining, with their duty to their country, a just appreciation of the

character of the Emperor. Subsequently, when the "Eagle was no longer in the secret of the gods," their sympathy and exertions to alleviate his sufferings drew forth the warmest expressions of acknowledgment from the Exile.

It is to you, therefore, among Englishmen, that these pages can be dedicated with the greatest propriety, as being the record of a time when the Emperor and the English first met on terms of cordiality. It is as a record of that cordiality that this Book was principally intended. You will perceive that, without dereliction from impartiality, every endeavour of its writer has been directed to the exclusion of any subject that could raise discussion, and that those circumstances alone are made prominent which both French and English can contemplate with satisfaction, and the tendency of which is to unite them.

At the present crisis, during the present Alliance — the greatest event of Christian civilisation—I would be content to be accused of ignorance, or any other literary crime, rather than be the cause of angry discussion; and in submitting this Book to your criticism, and to that of the public, I do so with the fervent hope that nothing may have been written which, on the one hand, can call forth a reply from our Allies, naturally jealous of the fame of their great Emperor, or, on the other hand, which can be considered as unpatriotic by our fellow-countrymen.

These are the principles which have guided me in the composition of this Book, and such as it is I beg leave to offer it to your acceptance.

Whatever may be its fate, it is sure to find in you a kind and generous critic; and should it be so fortunate as to receive your approbation, its success will thereby be enhanced, or its failure will thereby be compensated, in the eyes of one who has the honour to subscribe himself, my dear Lord,

Your Lordship's most sincere Friend

and obedient Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

Reigate,
December 1854.

PREFACE.

In the summer of the year that is now about to close, I repaired in search of health to Elba. Unable to read or write, my sole amusement in the day time was to visit the scenes of Napoleon's little State, and to hear the reminiscences of its inhabitants; in the evening, to dictate the impressions of the morning to a lady of my family, a gentle and intelligent amanuensis.

Thence came the first part of this book.

On my return to England, many friends assisted me with information they possessed respecting Elba, which had not before been published. I was kindly permitted by the Secretary of State to have access to the papers of Sir Niel Campbell, which had already been partially explored by Sir Walter Scott, and from these sources, together

with many memoirs and diaries of the time, public and private, I have written the narrative forming Part II.

For Part III., containing a Sketch of the Elban History, I must make many apologies. Circumstances have forced me to hurry it through the press more rapidly than the previous portions, and time has not allowed me to present it in the form I could have wished. It is hoped, however, that the end for which it is intended will be accomplished, namely, to give some insight into the various causes which led to the curious division of the island, between three States, which existed at the period of the French Revolution.

Reigate,
December 1854.

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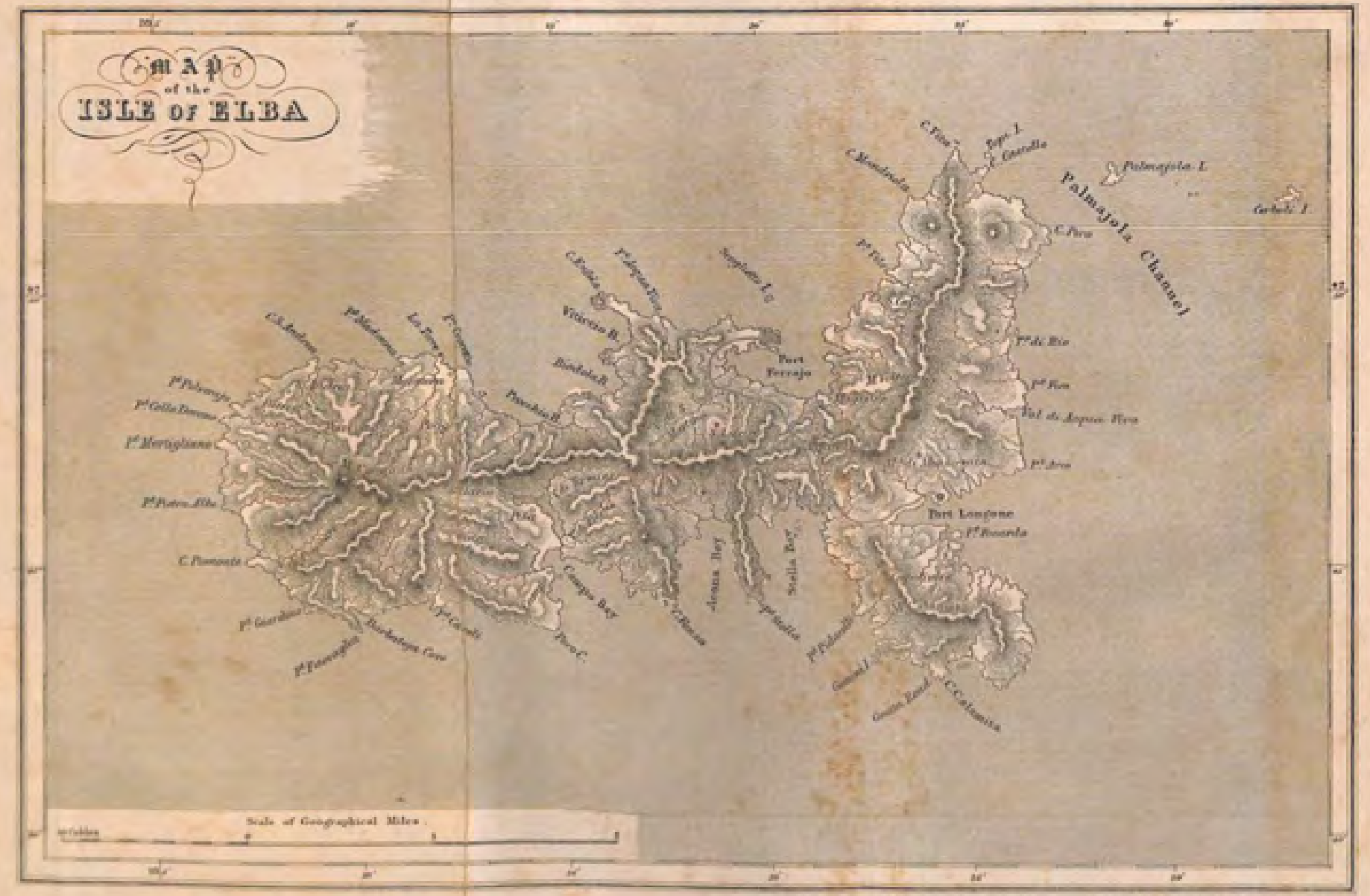

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THE ISLAND EMPIRE.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

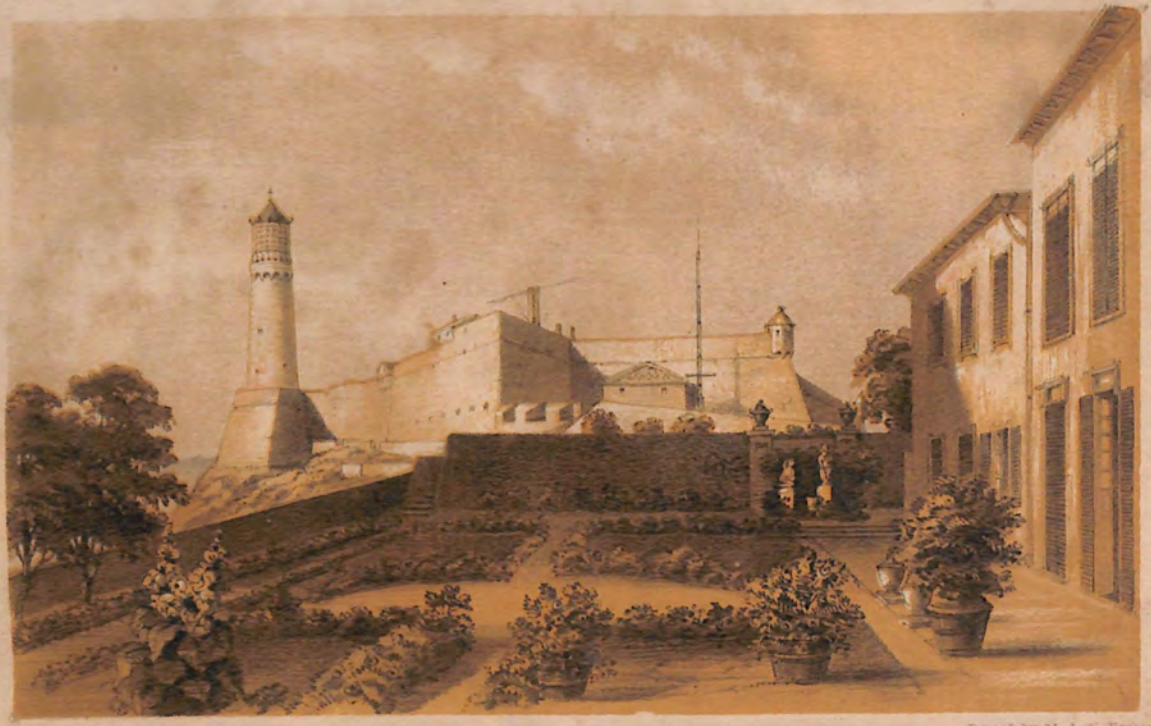
Journey to Elba—War-steamer "Giglio"—Unarmed—Rumour of Pirate—French Senator who had belonged to Napoleon's Battalion—Arrival at Porto Ferrajo—Inn bad—Another worse—Resemblance to Malta—Visit to Governor—Napoleon's House—Princess Pauline—Napoleon's Walk—Anecdote—Napoleon's Monkey—His Library—Grammars—Hôtel de Ville—Fortifications—Stella—Falcone—Character of People—Aversion to Amusements—Marriage Customs—A Funeral—Christmas Eve—The Game of the Cock—Garrison—French Colonel—German Artist—Anecdote of Morghen—Quaint Beggar.

I HAD been some time at Leghorn, undergoing remedies for a nervous affection of the eyes, when my medical adviser suggested that a visit to the island of Elba, to take the strengthening waters of that ferrugineous island, might effect a cure, in which even his great skill had failed.

On a drizzling morning of June I found myself,

together with my family, on board the Tuscan government steamer, the "Giglio," one of the two vessels forming the flotilla of the Grand Duke. It is managed by two captains of the Tuscan navy, who command it by turns, year and year about, and by inferior officers and men, who bear the badge "Military Marine" on their hat-bands. One of these latter I observed was armed with a sword, and another with a musket; but in these consisted all the military preparations visible to the naked eye. A report had been circulated a few days previously by the Genoese and French papers, to the effect that the Tuscan war-steamer "Giglio" had captured a Greek pirate and a crew, which the different stories gave as amounting to from fifty to five hundred men. The fact was, that the "Giglio" had been sent to reconnoitre, in consequence of a rumour that the pirate in question had been seen by a Neapolitan vessel in the neighbourhood of Porto Lungone; but had the "Giglio" fallen in with the Corsair, it is the opinion of competent judges that the latter, to say the least, would not have had the worst of the combat.

The journey, though the sea was rough, was excessively agreeable. The captain of the vessel, the Cavaliere Martellini, having served with considerable distinction in the French service, had seen much of the world; and amongst the pas-



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THE EMPEROR'S RESIDENCE AT PORTO FERRAJO AND THE STELLA FORT

sengers was a French gentleman who was about to visit Elba under circumstances of no ordinary interest.

Forty years before he had passed ten months in the island, the only officer of engineers attached to the little army of Napoleon. He had, during that period, been charged by his imperial master with the construction of all the works undertaken in the island, and having accompanied the Emperor on his return, he had been a witness of most of the occurrences of the Hundred Days. Since that time he has risen to distinction. As a deputy under Louis-Philippe, he was the most active in the preservation of all connected with the first Empire; and under the present Emperor his services have been rewarded by his nomination to the dignity of a Senator. With these recollections, therefore, his pilgrimage to the scenes of the first exile caused no slight sensation amongst his fellow-passengers, and subsequently at Elba. I need say nothing as to the good fortune we experienced in finding so valuable a companion.

We had been about five hours on the sea when we arrived in sight of Porto Ferrajo. Unfortunately for those who suffered, however, the captain was obliged first to visit Piombino, thus causing a delay of about two hours, but which was compensated on our return by coasting along the shores of the island, and thus seeing a large portion of its

interesting scenery. At last we landed at Porto Ferrajo.

The city of Porto Ferrajo has an imposing appearance, notwithstanding its small size. It forms the segment of a circle rising on two hills, and its two principal forts command the semi-circular harbour, which, though narrow, from its depth is calculated to hold large vessels, and is very secure, from having land on either side. It is situated in a bay of some extent, and is formed by a projecting tongue of land, on which a portion of the fortifications and some of the buildings are placed; and the exterior roads winding through the picturesque shores of the bay present a pleasing view to the traveller on his arrival. The town is placed upon a small peninsula, and, consequently, from the heights the sea is seen on nearly every side. A gate opening in the port forms the entrance, on passing which a "place" is reached opening by a short street on another.

We experienced great difficulty in finding lodgings of any kind. The best hotel, known by the nickname of its proprietor, as "La Femina," consists of a second floor, in a house looking on the principal place, and entered by a door in a small side-street; but even this did not appear to offer room for us, had not the proprietor and his family, including a lodger, undertaken to leave to us the entire occupation of their domicile, and to

transfer themselves elsewhere. This sufficed for us; but the other passengers of the "Giglio" were forced to take up their quarters in a still worse inn which exists in the neighbourhood.

Having restored myself sufficiently, and made my culinary and medical arrangements, I sallied forth to pay a visit to the governor, who resides in the house which formed the palatial residence of the Emperor Napoleon, during his short stay on the island. To reach this, it is necessary to ascend one of the streets of stairs, of which several exist, similar to those for which Malta is celebrated. This resemblance may have been the result of design, as Cosmo the First, founder of the city, had destined the Island of Elba, on his first arrival, as a residence for an order he had established under the patronage of St. Stephen, and which still exists as the principal decoration of Tuscany, on the same footing and with the same anti-infidel intentions as those of the Knights of Malta. For the occupation of these warriors, Cosmo founded a convent and a church; but on his failing to obtain the whole of the island, these edifices were given to the monks of the Franciscan order. Since that time the former has been turned into a barrack, and the latter into a theatre. A stone platform overlooks the summit of the stairs, and forms a walk for the sentry, who is stationed at the door of the Government House. It is a small

unobtrusive building, the best, perhaps, in a town where all are indifferent, but barely large enough to contain the family of a gentleman of moderate fortune. It is situated in the Stella fort, and has, on both sides, a view of the sea and the bays of the indented island. Before the Emperor's arrival, it consisted of two houses of two stories, used as barracks for inferior officers, and united by an edifice consisting only of the ground-floor. The Emperor elevated this to the height of the two houses by erecting a large saloon, the only good room in the building. From this apartment the sea is to be seen on either side. At one end of the house stands a barn-like edifice, now used by servants, and originally a guard-house, which Napoleon turned into a theatre, where theatrical representations were given by the Princess Pauline, her ladies, and the officers of the guard. Here it was that the Emperor resided with his sister, beyond whose bust there remains but little to remind one of its illustrious inhabitants. In a garden at the back of the House is a flagged walk, bordered by a small parapet, where the Emperor used to exercise himself, walking rapidly up and down, or looking through his telescope, in the hopes of some arrival. First it was from this place that he looked for the arrival of his Guards, then for his sister and his mother. Hence he looked in vain for his wife. A slab of boards,

roughly nailed together, is still affixed to the parapet, having been placed there to hold the telescope, or sometimes the book, which accompanied the peregrinations of the exile.

One evening, shortly after his arrival, Napoleon was watching from this spot for the arrival of the little army still allowed to him. Some sails were seen in the distance, and the captain of the "Undaunted," who was near him, declared that if he had a good glass he could discover if they were those so anxiously expected.

"If that is the only thing required," said the Emperor, "here is one; try it." And he took from his pocket an excellent German glass, by Friedlander, magnificently mounted in gold, on which were engraved the imperial arms.

"Alas! sir," exclaimed Captain Ussher, "these are not the sails we are waiting for."

"Are you sure?" answered Napoleon.

"One cannot make a mistake with such an instrument as that, sir," rejoined the Englishman, returning the glass to its owner.

"Never mind, Captain," was the Emperor's amiable reply; "pray keep this glass as a souvenir of your sojourn at Elba; perhaps you may pass it in your voyages. If you cannot land, you will, at any rate, look through them at my island, and thus pay me a visit."

The room now used as a sitting-room by the

governor was used by the Emperor as a bed-room, and the spot where he was shaved is still pointed out. The marks of his horse's hoofs still remain on some bituminous pavement, where they were made by a fall down two steps. The place where the Emperor played with his favourite monkey is also to be seen; and the words he used, "*Jénar, mon pauvre Jénar!*" are well remembered, and frequently quoted to the visitor by the inhabitants of Porto Ferrajo.

Napoleon was not long enough on the island to make many alterations. One saloon, as has been said, was added to his house at Porto Ferrajo, and many buildings and improvements were begun, some of which were finished, and others abandoned, by his successors.

Amongst the other legacies left by the Emperor to the capital of his "state of transition," is a library of about eleven hundred volumes, some of which bear marginal notes in his handwriting. The collection consists of works principally of a military and historical character, a set of "Moniteurs" bound up, translations of Latin and Greek classic authors, and occasionally some lighter productions may be found; Voltaire's works, grave and gay, Rousseau, and some elementary works on botany, mineralogy, and other branches of natural philosophy, procured evidently with the view of becoming acquainted with the produce of an island apparently

designed, from its extensive, and at times even incongruous, collection, for studies of this nature. To obtain a knowledge of those things he wanted to know, the great man did not disdain to begin from the beginning, and works destined to teach children seem to have been chosen for this purpose. It will be seen hereafter, that he expressed to Sir Niel Campbell his desire to become acquainted with the English language, and requested that officer to procure him a grammar. I found two French grammars of English, in coarse paper covers, labelled with a rough cypher N pasted on the back. These do not appear to have occupied, however, much of the Emperor's time, as most of the leaves are uncut. The only work that he seems to have perused in the prosecution of this study is one of those dully moral works calculated to combine instruction with amusement, but which generally fail in either object. The original English is placed side by side with a French translation, and the book bears the two titles, "The Hundred Thoughts of a Young Lady,"—"Cent Pensées d'une Jeune Anglaise," and purports to have been written by "*Mistress Gillet.*"

This library is not kept in good order: it might have formed the nucleus for a fine one, but, until lately, it has not been in good hands. After his departure the Emperor had given it to the municipality of Porto Ferrajo, and a copy of a

letter to this effect, addressed by Count Bertrand to the Governor Lapi, and dated April 18th, 1815, is prefixed to the MS. Catalogue. This letter also announces the gift to the community of the house inhabited by the Emperor, as a casino and as a place where the library might be kept. The Tuscan government have, however, not respected this donation, and the books are placed in a room of the Hôtel de Ville, not easy of access. The present gonfaloniere kindly gave me leave to visit it at my pleasure, but my unfortunate eyes prevented me from availing myself of a privilege which former gonfalonieres have given, it appears, without much consideration, insomuch as some volumes of good works and valuable editions are missing. The Hôtel de Ville does not contain much that is of interest. Pictures of the Grand Duke and Duchess of Tuscany, and of the Emperor, by a Florentine artist, adorn the walls of the hall, where, on our first visit, were laid out velvet caps and mantles to be worn the following day, Corpus Christi, by the gonfaloniere and town council in procession. In one of its rooms are some chairs that belonged to the Emperor, the backs of which are carved with the imperial crown and eagle. The building contains, in addition to the municipal offices, the courts of first and second instance, and the offices of the other civil departments of the Elban government, with the exception

of the private office of the governor. Near the Hôtel de Ville stands the house in which Madame Mère resided: the only reminiscence consists in some eagles painted in fresco on the roof of the principal saloon.

The governor having given us a pass, the Senator, Count ——, a fellow-passenger, and myself, rose early one morning to see the fortifications. These consist of two fortresses, the Stella, on the east commanding the outer parts of the bay and the roads on one side, and the port on the other; the other, the strongest, known as the Falcone, commanding the port and the inland approaches. It was from the Stella that Napoleon watched the "Partridge" with Sir Niel Campbell on board, the day of his departure, while he ordered his grenadiers to make a garden—a favourite amusement with them in their garrisons. The Senator showed us his quarters and those of the General Cambronne, now occupied by the colonel in command of the Tuscan troops. Over the principal entrance of the Stella fort are three inscriptions, commemorative, as far as I can recollect, of the building of the city by Cosmo de Medici, the restoration of the fortifications in 1738, by Francis, and the short reign of the Emperor Napoleon. The latter runs thus:—Napoleonis · Magni · Galliae · Imp · Italiae · Reg · Praesentia · Decorata · Civitas · IV · Non · Maj · MDCCCXIV ·

Posuit · IV · Calend · Mart · Die · Redditus · in · Galliam · MDCCCXV.

The fortifications of Porto Ferrajo render the city, as some assert, impregnable,—an assertion which is not borne out by facts. It is, nevertheless, strong, and its two entrances, one by a covered way on land, the other on the port, are well defended. Its harbour, completely locked in by land, is protected on every side from danger, and its deep water renders it capable of holding large vessels within a few yards of the quays. We were accompanied on this visit by a captain of the insular artillery corps, a son of one of Napoleon's guard, who recollected the Senator, and whose conversation, full of reminiscences, though trivial, was highly interesting.

The inhabitants of Porto Ferrajo, although hospitable to strangers, and even to each other, do not seem to understand by the word hospitality the art of society and social amusements. They are willing to give food and lodging to the traveller, but are not accustomed to the reciprocal exchange of balls or similar diversions. At a casino, very good for the general character of the place, and where a few French and Italian newspapers are taken in, balls are given during the period of the year known in Italy as the Carnival, namely, between Christmas-day and Ash Wednes-

day, and in these consist all the gaieties of the town, if we except a few entertainments given by the governor.

Porto Ferrajo is in this respect different from the rest of the island, and retains the customs of its parent Tuscany, where it requires a very clever man to obtain much hospitality from any great number of its inhabitants; and the little capital also differs in many more customs from those of the island generally.

For instance, brides on the occasion of their marriage repair to the ceremony bareheaded; and in the district round about, the mother of a newly-married man, on his arrival at his house for the first time with his wife, throws some rice or grain behind the back of her daughter-in-law, to warn her that after that day of joy and festivity she must devote herself to the more serious cares of a good housewife. If old persons marry, or a widower and a widow, they are probably aroused on the day of their nuptials by a noisy *scampanata*, or ringing of bells and knocking of saucepans, very much resembling the old English custom of marrowbones and cleavers. In almost all parts of the island, during the solemnisation of the ceremony of marriage, the husband places one of his knees on the dress of his bride, which prevents the secret powers from any malignant trick; for these latter, it appears, in the absence of this rite, on the pro-

nunciation of the sacred words, "Vos conjungo," are apt to whisper others which have a bad effect on the future population of the island. Porto Ferrajo possesses another custom which is common in the island on the occasion of marriages, which is, that two persons prevent the exit of the newly-married couple from the church, by holding a scarf across the entrance. This is removed on the first approach of the happy pair without even a request. The origin of this custom is unknown, and no reason of any kind is assigned for it. Porto Ferrajo, however, differs from the rest of Elba on the occasion of baptisms, which are generally celebrated with entertainments, festivities, and dances. Here, on the contrary, they are observed with as little publicity as possible.

A few days after our arrival at Porto Ferrajo we were spectators from our window of a funeral procession, which, from the construction of the city, had a picturesque and imposing effect. At about nine o'clock at night we suddenly heard a low chant coming from the distance; and, looking out of the window which opened on the long and narrow Piazza d'Arme and the Falcone opposite, we observed a body of men in white surplices, with lighted torches in their hands, descending one of the staircases of the city. The sight was very startling. Like all unusual sights, we happily compared it to a scene on the stage, the proces-

sion occasionally disappearing, hidden by some projecting house or turn in the street, and then reappearing as their solemn tones accompanied their march. At length they reached the Piazza, and marched towards our house, the sound naturally growing louder as the procession approached nearer. There had been a function in the morning in honour of the festival of Corpus Domini, and a small temporary chapel still remained standing. At this spot the funeral *cortège* stopped for a moment to pay their homage, and then proceeded on their way, ascending another street of steps, whence, though the singers were invisible, we heard their chant till it faded in the distance.

To turn from such mournful subjects, it may be observed, that at Porto Ferrajo it is the habit during Lent for the young people to hang onions at the doors of those damsels who have been abandoned by their lovers, as a mark of derisive sympathy for the tears then shed.

On the eve of the feasts of the Nativity all families at Porto Ferrajo observe a rigorous abstinence from food until the first hour of the night, at that time of year about seven o'clock. They then prepare a supper of fish and herbs, amongst which it is indispensable that there should be some black cabbage and anchovies, while lights are blazing in every direction. At the tables of the

lower classes one or two tallow-candles are substituted for the ordinary oil lamp; and these are placed not in candlesticks, even should such utensils form, which is very doubtful, part of the household furniture, but, according to ancient form, in bottles of black glass,—an ingenious substitute, which is not confined exclusively to Elba. The supper is ended with fruits and sweet dainties, the fragments being afterwards placed in small bags, which the peasants hang as an object of devotion to the trees in their fields. This custom is very old, but its origin and cause are equally unknown.

As I am on the topic of customs, I will add one more, which occurs to my memory.

A small hermitage in the neighbourhood of Porto Ferrajo is the scene of a barbarous usage, celebrated annually at the Feast of S. Rocco (the 16th of August), to whose honour the hermitage is dedicated. It is called the *giuoco del galletto.* A cock is tied by the leg, so as to be forced to stand as a target, at which the players throw stones, paying a small toll for each throw to the owner of the wretched fowl. This game is supposed to be a very acceptable oblation to the saint in whose service it is performed.

The garrison at Porto Ferrajo, in addition to two *corps d'élite* of the island artillery, consists of a battalion lately formed by a French officer of distinction. This gentleman, whose military talents

pointed him out as a fit person to reorganise the Tuscan army, has been stationed at Elba with his fine and well-disciplined troops. His services are most valuable to the country, and his officers and sub-officers are perpetually distributed into other corps of the Tuscan army, to give instruction. It is to be hoped that this officer, whose political and military talents are of no ordinary nature, may not be doomed to live many years in a retirement, the monotony of which is felt ere long by the stranger.

The recollection of this monotony is still oppressive, and renders impossible any very brilliant description. It almost prevents my rendering justice to the studio of a German artist, whose works, in the style of the late Morghen, are of considerable merit. This gentleman was a great friend of the deceased artist, of whose eccentricities many anecdotes are related in Elba, which for some years he made his residence, and where several of his works are to be found. Always unprovided with money, he would stay some months at a house without paying, till, wishing to leave, he dashed off, in the quick manner which characterised him, some picture which his host sold or accepted as full payment of the debt.

Porto Ferrajo, though monotonous, possesses one advantage over every other town of Italy,—the absence of beggars. I only observed one, an

idiot, who is very precise as to the alms he receives. Copper alone is acceptable; and should an almsgiver, more generous than another, offer him a paul (a silver coin, worth rather more than fivepence English), this beggar, exclaiming, "E troppo!" (it is too much), changes it at the nearest shop, and returns with the copper. Some people would think this of itself a most convincing mark of idiotcy.

CHAPTER II.

Historical Sites—The Proprietor of San Martino—Superintendent—Grattez le Russe, &c.—Grand Duchess of Tuscany—Exclusion of Visitors—Russian Councillor—Le Grotte—Napoleon's Gardener, Claude Hollard—Gigantic Geranium.

In most countries of the world in which I have travelled, and I have visited several, places that have become of historical or artistic interest are not only open to individuals who may wish to gratify themselves by a sight of scenes with whose names and appearance they have probably been acquainted since childhood, and to behold which has probably been one of the objects of their journeys, but the owners of such localities, conscious of the obligations their property entails, are generally anxious to facilitate the access of strangers, and are even bound to display their interesting possessions. Royalty is not exempt from the obligation. In our own country, as well as in others, every building or estate of interest is open to the public. From Windsor Castle to the smallest cottage of the Lakes, the stranger is

permitted to gratify his laudable curiosity, sometimes with, sometimes without, restrictions; and there is scarcely a country-seat in the kingdom which on certain days cannot be freely seen.

On the Continent of Europe, north and south, even greater facilities are afforded. Picture-galleries, convents, palaces, castles, are open to all, almost at all hours; and stories are told of certain members of a royal family of Italy who have left the room in which they were sitting, and the embroidery on which they were engaged, rather than debar an English visitor from seeing one of the smallest and most insignificant apartments of their residence.

At Elba, however, such sentiments do not appear to influence the mind of the owner of San Martino, the country-house erected by the Emperor; and the reader will perceive the inhospitable manner in which travellers are excluded from this, one of the most interesting memorials of the Emperor's reign and residence.

Shortly after our arrival at Porto Ferrajo, the Senator, Count ——, myself, and a lady of our party, set out on an expedition with the view, if possible, of seeing the favourite residence of the Emperor. For this purpose we procured from a village, called S. Giovanni, where are situated the salt-ponds which add to the annual revenue and mortality of the island, a wretched gig and horse,

the only species of conveyance to be found in the island, a little better than the ordinary *barroccino*, and two Corsican ponies of degraded appearance and unseemly paces.

The beginning of the journey is very picturesque. On leaving Porto Ferrajo by the land-gate, opening on a covered way, and on passing a picturesque portion of beach on the right, called the Giaja, the bay has the appearance of a lake, from the fact that the tongue of land forming one side of the port, called the Linguella, appears to touch the land opposite, which suddenly forms a bend. The scenery is Swiss, and that of the bay has a great resemblance with the banks of the Lake of Geneva.

After leaving the peninsula of Porto Ferrajo, we rode through valleys and over hills into the interior of the country, beholding at every turn the wonderful variety of plants and shrubs, which grow spontaneously in the island, and catching occasionally glimpses of the distant sea through the scenery that lay around us. After having been tortured by our mounts for about three miles, we arrived in view of San Martino, at a distance of two hundred yards, the nearest approach conceded to non-Russians.

I must confess that, before leaving the capital of Elba, we had been informed that access to the place was difficult, if not impossible. Prince

Malachite, for so I must designate him, a Russian gentleman, who resides principally at Florence, is the present owner of San Martino, and by his orders, scrupulously, and even disagreeably, carried out by his agents, every one is excluded from the place; the governor, the sole exception from this regulation, refusing to avail himself of his privilege, on one occasion when accompanied by an officer of rank, his friend having been refused admittance, and the consular residents of the town having received similar treatment.

It was therefore on a species of adventure that we sallied. San Martino is the haunted castle of the enchanted island, said to contain treasure beyond price, but inhabited by an ill-conditioned curmudgeon, who refuses to allow his poorer neighbours even a sight of his riches; and we, humble but ambitious knights-errant, were resolved to succeed in our attempt to soften him, or to — fail.

Accordingly, on arriving at a post which warns passengers not to trespass, where we were obliged to draw in our horses before a wary sentinel, who seemed so disposed, could do so for us, we sent for the terrible guardian of the fortress, and awaited his arrival in fear and trembling, at the same time with hopes not ill-founded, though, as the results proved, fallacious.

Count —— occupied his time by taking a

sketch of the house, while we remained speculating on the decision of the arbiter of our fate, and looking.

The house itself is of white stone, and stands on the brow of the centre-hill of three, forming a basin, looking through a series of valleys to the distant sea. The situation must have been charming, and seems peculiarly adapted for the residence of a sovereign of Elba, whose internal policy must principally consist in choosing out the best points of view in his dominions. "It is a spot peculiarly adapted," as says a French writer, "for the habitation of the Diocletian of Elba to pass his time amongst the vines and loaded fruit-trees, living in the midst of the recollections of his glory, and becoming one of those centenarians so common in these fertile regions. How often," continues the same writer, "in his prison, under the fire of the tropics, must he have regretted the *otium cum dignitate* which he might have enjoyed in the mild climate of Tuscany."

But to the house itself must be confined all praise; its simplicity and its scenery are alone worthy. A bad, though expensive, taste has done its best to disfigure it. Imagine a large Greek building rising in front so as to conceal the lower portion of the quiet retreat of an abdicated Emperor, while a hideous red brick house is erected behind it.

We had not been long engaged in thus observing the locality when the superintendent, whose residence is the red brick house, approached us, wearing a resolute air, indicative of a preconceived determination. Not many minutes elapsed ere this officer arrived in his pride. The Senator advanced as our envoy, for on him were founded our few hopes of success. We considered it impossible that admittance could be refused to him, even though to ourselves it could not be granted; for it seemed to us that, considering that he had formed the place, having been employed in his capacity of engineer officer to execute the plans made by his imperial master, the halo thus thrown around him might be large enough to include his followers. He accordingly explained the cause and object of his journey, and expressed his hope that the regulations which had been made for the world in general might be relaxed in his favour, and that he might be allowed to view a building which was, as it were, his own creation.

Our anxiety was at its highest pitch when, in terms meant to be civil, the agent of the Russian prince expressed his sorrow at being obliged to refuse us admittance. He regretted extremely, but unfortunately the orders of the prince were strict, and no one was to be allowed to enter the mystic regions without an order from the Prince, with the exception of members of

the imperial families of Russia, or of Tuscany, or the governor of the island.

The Senator urged, and then we were told an anecdote. Prince Malachite, the superintendent informed us, possessed a house at Florence, S. Bonato, on the adornment of which he had spent much time and much money. It was replete with quaint conceits and curiosities, and here were assembled all the treasures of the earth. It is natural, therefore, that this house is sought for by the lovers of sights; and as the Prince is as chary at one place as another of his means of gratifying such persons, his people have strict orders not to allow any to enter but those provided with a firman from his own princely hand.

One day, however, no less a personage than the reigning Grand Duchess of Tuscany presented herself at the door of S. Bonato, and requested the porter to allow her to enter with her children. The latter stoutly refused, and, in answer to her commands, expressed himself ready to comply with them, but stated, at the same time, that his compliance would cost him his place. The kind-hearted princess, therefore, did not persist, but ordering her carriage to the *cascine*, the public drive of Florence, there found the despotic prince, and related to him the circumstance.

"If your highness had informed me of your intention of honouring S. Bonato with your presence, the doors would have been wide open," was

his reply. "As it happened, the porter only obeyed his orders."

"I do not blame him," answered the Grand Duchess, good-humouredly. "I only wish I were as well served as you are."

The Prince, on returning home, presented his porter with a testimonial of ten Napoleons.

This circumstance led to the addition of the royal family of Tuscany to those privileged few whose names are registered in the Book of the Chronicles of the Princes of Malachite.

"But——" again urged the Senator.

"This exclusion of all visitors," continued the agent, drowning all remonstrance with an inauspicious garrulity,—"this exclusion of all visitors arises from the fact that, when the Prince first purchased this villa, it was his intention to have reunited in it all the relics of Napoleon that he could collect. He has now obtained so many that he intends to place them in the building you now see in the course of erection. He at that time allowed free access to every one; but a very severe critique of his arrangements having appeared in the 'Indépendance Belge,' the Prince, sending me the article, gave me the strict orders I have since been obliged to obey."

"But we are not critics," observed one of our party.

"Exactly so," said the ready agent. "Had you been critics, I might have been induced to

have relaxed the regulation, in the hopes that you would have given a more impartial account than the author of the before-mentioned review."

"As a companion of the late Emperor——" began the Senator.

"That fact, my dear sir, would render it still more difficult for me to receive you at S. Martino; *the Prince* being a Russian, and Russia being at war with France, *the Prince* might suffer severely in his own country, where he now is, were it known that Frenchmen were admitted to see his house, while Russians are excluded. Only this morning a Russian councillor of state called here, requesting to see the place, and I was obliged to refuse him admittance."

This fact clinched the matter, although, as we were told afterwards, the skilful agent has adopted a manner of proving to applicants that the reasons adduced by them in support of their requests are the very ones for which those requests cannot be granted. We had seen on the steamer a wretched-looking, shabbily-dressed man, who, we were astonished to learn, was qualified in his passport as a Russian Councillor of State. His appearance and manner were exceedingly inconsistent with his high-sounding denomination, and we had decided among ourselves that he must needs be the identical councillor who has lately been giving such bad counsels to his Czar. The opportune mention of this person, however, added the finishing touch to

our despair, and casting backward looks at the summer-palace of Elba, we retraced our steps to S. Giovanni.

Having passed S. Giovanni by a road along the borders of the bay, which becomes at this point of excessive beauty, we arrived in a short time at the remains of a Roman edifice, known as "Le Grotte." Some wild olives and almond-trees surround them, and the least dilapidated portion of them serves as sheds for horses. Leaving these, however, for the consideration of antiquarians, we continued our course to an adjacent house on the sea-coast, bearing the same name, and serving as a habitation for the most interesting inhabitant of the island,—Monsieur Hollard, the octogenarian gardener of the late Emperor Napoleon. The approach to his house, highly favoured by nature, is still more adorned by art. A winding road, bordered by clusters of large lilies, alternated by beds entirely composed of scarlet geraniums, leads to the dell in which it is situated, and is well suited as the retreat of one who tended the flowers of the greatest of his age. It will be seen hereafter, that this visit was an infringement of the Median laws of the autocratic Malachite, as the poor gardener is a prisoner to the liberality of the Prince, who seems determined to exclude intruders even from the smallest corner of his dominion; and even where his bad taste does not corrupt, he will prevent reviewers from breaking through and criticising.

Monsieur Hollard is accordingly precluded from seeing even his friends at his own house, the agent of the Prince carrying out his orders with the ferocious overstrictness that has obtained for him the ill-will of the inhabitants of an island, where everything is known almost at the moment it occurs.

No rules, however, could prevent the worthy gardener from showing us over his little territory. The house, a large one for the island, is situated on a declivity overhanging the sea, which is accessible by terrace-gardens leading one below the other to shady bosquets of dwarf-oak, growing on the margin. The house and garden belonged originally to Monsieur Lapi, the officer left in command of the island at the departure of the Emperor, and having been sold by him to an English family, named Knapp, on the death of the last representative of that house, it was bought by the Prince aforesaid.

The gardens are beautifully kept, under the superintendence of the ancient gardener; and amongst its curiosities is a geranium, grown into a small tree, its trunk being of the dimensions of a sapling covered with bark, and its leaves and flowers growing on branches. In one corner is a little cemetery, in which are three tombstones, erected to the memory of the English owners of the spot. It is surrounded by a low wall.

The greatest curiosities, however, are its venerable inhabitants. The old man's venerable face,

covered with his white locks and beaming with benevolence, and his neat attire, as well as the appearance of his wife, and their mutual affection, render a visit to them an event to be remembered, even without the interest of their associations. The lady with us took a sketch of the first, which certainly possesses the merit of resemblance. No

orders could prevent him from receiving his old companion, and offering the fruits of his garden,—the best cheer he could produce; and as his wife gave us lemonade and strawberries, he told us his history and hers. In support of his assertions, he produced documents testifying to the truth of the details he gave us; and, as he subsequently placed these in my hands, I feel I shall not incur censure by devoting a chapter to the biography of Monsieur Claude Hollard.

In doing so, however, I feel I may commit many errors. The nature of his manuscripts, naturally of no high order of orthography, and written in a handwriting rendered almost illegible by the trembling of age, makes it necessary to guess at many names and circumstances.

CHAPTER III.

MONSIEUR CLAUDE HOLLARD,

THE HEAD GARDENER OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

Monsieur Hollard, Napoleon's Gardener—His Birth—Enters the Austrian Service—Taken Prisoner—Enters French Service—A Syndic of Marine—Marries—Is Ruined—Is Marguelier of Kieldrecht—Repairs to Paris—Appointed Gardener to Princess Elise—Death of his Wife—Success at Piombino—Is named Director of the Park—His Cheerful Disposition—Jokes—Marries Gaetana Bardi—Happy Auspices—His Enemy—Fall of Napoleon—Hollard is appointed Gardener at Porto Ferrajo—Birth-day of the Queen Hortense—Death of Empress Josephine—Grief of the Emperor—Departure of Emperor—Certificate for Hollard—Enters Service of Duke of Wellington—Ill-treatment of Tuscan Government—Poverty—Is Employed at San Martino—Ill-treatment at present experienced by Hollard—Early Adventure of his Wife.

CLAUDE HOLLARD was born at Metz, on the first of August, in the year 1773. An extract of the register of baptisms of the parish of S. George, in that city, certified by the Keeper of the Civil

Register of that town on the 21st Germinal of the year XIII., states that he is the legitimate son of François Hollard, clothier, and of Catherine Michel, his wife. His godfather was Claude Rousselle, who signed the register, and his godmother was Barbe Dubraut, his grandmother, who did not, inasmuch as she could neither read nor write,—a fact put forward by the citizen registrar, while he records the signature of Barbé, curate of the parish. And it may be remarked, that Monsieur Hollard's name, under its present owner, appears to have been altered in its orthography, inasmuch as, in the baptismal register aforesaid, it is spelt in the manner here adopted, whereas Monsieur Claude Hollard has dropped one L, and signs himself "*Holard.*"

His parents having shortly afterwards left Metz, to establish themselves at Luxemburg, then belonging to Austria, Claude accompanied them, and for some time studied at an academy in that city, till, in the year 1788, he enrolled himself as a volunteer in the regiments of Clairfayt, in which he received some promotion as a non-commissioned officer. He remained in the Austrian service till, being taken prisoner by Dumouriez' army, near Brussels, he was allowed by that general to return to his grandmother, who still resided at Metz. Thus restored to his native place, the knowledge of military affairs acquired in his past service

obtained for him the appointment of adjutant of the National Guard, which post he held until 1794, when his corps was amalgamated with the regiment of Vivaret, to form the 132d demi-brigade, and added to the army of the Ardennes. He successively passed into the Grenadiers and the Artillery, and in this capacity was wounded on the 26th of July, 1794, while fighting under Jourdan at the battle of Fleurus.

Here ended the military career of Hollard, as, exchanging arms for the toga, he became, on the 19th florial of the year VIII., Syndic of Marine at the port of Breskens, a small town on the Scheldt opposite Flushing, in which capacity he received the order to inscribe the names of those sailors who voted in favour of the Empire.

At this place he married, and for some years the world prospered with him, and his wealth was increasing, till one of the fell chances of war ruined him. A vessel in which he possessed a considerable share, loaded with iron, was taken by the enemy off Stockholm, and his health, which had before been failing, was completely broken by this misfortune, abruptly announced to him by the master of the vessel on his return to Flushing. Unable to continue his residence at the place where he had suffered so severely, Hollard left Breskens, and proceeded with his wife to Dergneau, in the department of Jemappes,

where he possessed a mill and some other property. On leaving this place for another, where he possessed property (Kieldrecht, in the department of the Scheldt), Claude Hollard received certificates from the local authorities testifying to the probity of his character and the uprightness of his conduct: and the mayor and members of the municipal council of Kieldrecht declare that, during his residence at that place as one of the marguelliers (local officers resembling in some respects our churchwardens), he "had even neglected the affairs of his own business for the good of the public."

His fortunes, however, do not appear at this time to have been on a level with his merits, and his generosity and disinterestedness caused still further losses; and in the year 1807 Hollard left Kieldrecht, and went to Paris, with the view of laying before the Emperor his claims to some arrears of pay due to him as Syndic of Marine at Breskens, and to some compensation to which he considered himself entitled for outlays made by him on account of some officers of the French fleet, when off the Island of Walcheren, which he had never been reimbursed. On arriving at Fontainebleau, where the Emperor was at that time staying, the story of his misfortunes and the wretched state of his health interested some persons of influence, who exerted themselves in his behalf; and the

result of this expedition to Fontainebleau was the nomination of Monsieur Hollard as gardener to the Emperor's sister, the Princess Elise of Piombino, afterwards Grand Duchess of Tuscany. In this appointment the kindness and delicacy of the Imperial family of France, through whose influence it was obtained, are especially remarkable, for it combined the prospect of a provision for life, which was the recompense for the poor man's pecuniary misfortunes, with the advantage of a warm climate, which the delicacy of his lungs required.

Elated with this appointment, Hollard lost no time in repairing to the scene of his future labours, and, on his arrival, he wrote to his wife to sell his property in the Netherlands and to join him at Piombino, at which place the Grand Duchess had shown him much kindness; his zeal, gentle manners, and kindness of heart, added to his fidelity and skill, having always procured to him the goodwill of his superiors. But his wife did not participate in his good fortune, for, having waited some time to take advantage of the departure of a carriage which was building at Brussels for the Princess, before its completion she died at Antwerp; and Monsieur Hollard at the same time lost the proceeds of the sale of his property, which were in his wife's possession, and which he has never been able to trace. His wife's death, it has been

said, was hastened by a too great use of stimulants.

For the present, however, Fortune seems bent on compensating the poor gardener for all the evil turns she had done him, and he shortly brought himself before the notice of the Princess by means of the successful manner in which he multiplied vegetables at an early period of the year. This, together with his general good conduct, obtained for him, in 1810, a promotion to the dignity of Director of the Royal Park of Piombino; his commission in that capacity, signed by the Prefect of Piombino, being still in his possession. The conditions on which the appointment was given were highly favourable to Hollard, as nearly the whole of the profits arising from the Park were to be his almost as unconditionally as though the ground were his own private property.

Happy in his worldly prosperity and in the improvement of his health, Monsieur Hollard, at this period of his life, occasionally yielded to the dictates of his cheerful disposition, and appears to have made use of his general knowledge and shrewdness as a source of amusement as well as of utility.

On one occasion, having suspected one of his workmen of stealing some flasks of oil belonging to him, he charged him with the theft. The answer was, of course, a protestation of innocence, supported, as is usual in Italy, with oaths and im-

precations. "Very well," said Monsieur Hollard, taking from a cupboard some threads of what was apparently cotton. "You must prove your innocence. Take this, and throw it on a brazier. If it burns, you are innocent; if it does not, I shall consider you guilty." The labourer, nothing fearing, but, on the contrary, delighted at this chance of escape, boldly took the thread and threw it on the coals; when, behold! they remained unconsumed, the only effect of the heat being to make them whiter than before. The labourer turned pale on seeing what he considered to be a miracle, trembled, and, babbling out excuses, declared that he had only taken flasks three or four times, with the intention of returning them, and, in fact, completely confessing his guilt. The cotton was amianthus, very common in Corsica, and not uncommon in Elba, and a sample of which Monsieur Hollard has kindly given to the present writer, together with some other specimens of the Elban minerals, which derive considerable value from the fact that they had belonged to Monsieur Pons de l'Hérault, Superintendent of the Mines before and during the Ten Months' Empire.

Monsieur Hollard relates another trick of the same scientific nature which he once put into practice, a young lady being this time his victim. Having some doubts of the rectitude of this young lady's conduct, he pointed out to her, while show-

ing her over his garden, a sensitive plant, informing her that by means of that plant he could at once detect the real truth as regarded her past life. If, on touching the plant, it should remain unmoved, it would be clear that her conduct had been as correct as could be desired; if, on the contrary, it should shrink from her approach and close its leaves, then the strongest doubts would be established in his mind as to her character. The young lady boldly touched the leaves, when, to her horror, the result occurred which she had least expected. The plant shrunk away and closed its leaves at her approach; and the young lady, entreating Monsieur Hollard not to speak to her mother on the subject, no longer proclaimed her innocence with the same easy confidence.

In 1811 Monsieur Hollard married Gaëtana Bardi, not, as Mr. Moore says, "paying that sort of tribute to the happiness of first marriage which is implied by the step of entering into a second;" for, as has before been insinuated, Monsieur Hollard's first marriage had not been completely unalloyed with grief, but rather to correct, by a second and more successful experiment, the bad opinion of the holy state with which the first had imbued him. A native of Piombino, Gaëtana Bardi was the possessor of some landed property, conferred upon her by the government on account of services rendered by her to the state in a manner

that will be hereafter related; and the couple, at the commencement of their union, seem to have been well provided with worldly gear, and surrounded with all that could make them float pleasantly down the stream of life. Their prosperity at this period naturally did not fail to create that jealousy which prosperity in every class of life engenders; and an enemy to their peace especially distinguished himself, who was no less a person than the Receiver of the Principality. This man endeavoured to injure the interests of Hollard by turning off the water from the Park,—a sure method of destroying the effects of the best cultivation in a country which, for eight months in the year, undergoes intense heat; but these machinations did not cause any injury, beyond a temporary annoyance, to our good Hollard, for, in 1813, his patroness, now Grand Duchess of Tuscany, conferred upon him, as a compensation for the losses occasioned by her Receiver, a small landed estate in exchange for the Park, allowing him still to retain the title of Director. Retributive justice was to be yet more complete, for not many months after these transactions the envious officer was found guilty of peculation, tried, and condemned to the galleys.

All seemed now to be arranged for Monsieur Hollard and his wife to pass their days in tranquillity and peace. With kind employers, an easy

income, the goodwill of his neighbours, and the genial sky, Hollard, who, before his arrival, had been almost despaired of, on account of the disorder in his lungs, was restored to the perfect health which has advanced him to his present green old age; and nothing appeared wanting to make his life happy. But his fortunes were not under his own control. They were liable to more and greater vicissitudes than those of other mortals; for they were involved with those of Princes not subject to the ordinary regulations of their rank. As a writer of some talent has observed, the Emperor Napoleon did not reign on the conditions of other potentates who go to war, conquer or are conquered, attain or lose a province, but always return princes. A victory of the Emperor changed the ancient dynasties of Europe—a victory of his enemies changed the dynasties of his creation; and if, in their fall, the fate of the Princes of the race of the conqueror were considered, and their losses lightened, there were many who fell with them whose destinies, as important to themselves, were fulfilled, uncared for amidst the publication of edicts and the fitting on of crowns.

In 1814, therefore, he was forced to seek new employment, and passed into a service which, although as illustrious as any that has of late years fallen to the lot of any person in his station of life, yet entailed upon him subsequent suffering

and misfortune. In that year he received orders to leave the Continent and to repair to Porto Ferrajo, where the Emperor appointed him Director of the Imperial Gardens, and employed him in that capacity both at Porto Ferrajo and on the works at the Island of Pianosa.

While thus engaged, he seems frequently to have come in contact with his master; and as the small garden of the imperial residence of Porto Ferrajo is close to the ground-floor room in which the Emperor slept and dressed, it would have been impossible for him to have worked without constantly falling under the Emperor's notice. One morning, on the occasion of some family festivity of the Emperor, Monsieur Hollard, to do his master honour, with one of those surprises for which gardeners are so famous, had arranged the cyphers of each member of the Imperial family to cover the garden by means of small flower-pots. He had risen early to do this, but not quite early enough to forestall the Emperor's rising, who, opening the door before the last, but almost the principal, cypher had been placed, expressed his gratification at the ingenious devices. "But there is one you have forgotten," said his Majesty; "one of those which ought to have been placed first—the cypher of the Queen Hortensia." "Pardon me, sir," replied Hollard, and he produced a basket filled with the flowers bearing the Queen's name. "*Ah, coquin!*" re-

joined the Emperor, pulling the ear of the gardener, "I have not found you fail yet;" and he turned away, leaving his servant even more devoted than before.

Monsieur Hollard also relates one interesting circumstance with reference to the Emperor, which it would be a failure of duty to omit. About the commencement of June 1814, the drums, which it was the habit to sound every day on the Emperor's first leaving the house, were not heard in the little capital for three consecutive days. The townsfolk wondered at the fact that their active Emperor should not have taken his usual exercise, and questions did not fail to be asked as to the reason. The answer was soon made known. Josephine, the wife of his youth, the faithful Josephine, was dead. The Chamberlain had at first tried to conceal the news by keeping back the newspapers, for no one had written to the exile to tell him of his loss; but the expedient did not succeed. He inquired for the journals, they were brought, and he learnt the fatal news. There were none to comfort him. Pauline, his sister, was gone; his mother had not as yet arrived; and he was left to bear alone the sad visitation.

On the departure of the Emperor from Elba, Monsieur Hollard was left behind with Madame Mère, and continued his duties both at Pianosa and at the palace, until the departure of that

exalted lady for Naples, when she gave him orders from the Emperor to repair to Paris, taking Corsica on his way, in order to make a report on the state of a school of agriculture in the neighbourhood of Bastia. His services to the Imperial family were then rewarded by his salary being doubled, and by the grant in full property of the Island of Pianosa—a grant which subsequent events prevented from being carried into effect. On Monsieur Hollard's departure from Porto Ferrajo, he received a certificate of good conduct from Monsieur Traditi, the Mayor, who had on the arrival of the Emperor delivered to his Majesty the keys of the town. It runs thus:—

(*Stamp of the French Empire.*)

"Nous, Maire de la ville de Porto Ferrajo, Chambellan de S. M. l'Empereur Napoléon, certifions à tous ceux qu'il appartiendra que le Sieur Claude Holard, natif de Metz, en France, Directeur au Jardin Impérial, a toujours mené, depuis la demeure qu'il a fait en cette ville, une conduite très regulière et exacte conforme aux bonnes mœurs et aux loix; En foi de quoi le présent certificat a été délivré pour servir et valoir ce que de Raison.

"Fait à la Mairie de Porto Ferrajo, le dix-neuf Avril, 1815.

"Le Maire de la dite Ville,

(L. S.) (Signed) TRADITI."

As gardener of the Palace of La Malmaison, Monsieur Hollard continued in the exercise of his profession during the remainder of the Hun-

dred Days; but with the Emperor's, his own fortunes received a fearful reverse. His attachment to his master seems to have been of that blind nature which was entertained by most of the more humble dependants of the Emperor; and as Monsieur Hollard himself says, he and his wife have "pour toujours perdu leur bienfaiteur de vue, mais non jamais de cœur."

They both made every endeavour in their power during many months to obtain permission to follow him to St. Helena, but in vain. In the midst of the exertions made in this behalf in 1817, Monsieur Hollard received a letter from Mont Saint Martin, in the department of the Aisne, the residence of the Duke of Wellington, to whom Monsieur Hollard had been recommended by Sir Niel Campbell, desiring his presence at Mont Saint Martin, where the Duke was then residing, in order to relieve the grounds of a disease with which the vegetation was afflicted. Monsieur Hollard had considerable scruples as to accepting this invitation; but the predominant wish in his mind, to rejoin his ancient master in his exile, decided his acceptance as a means of obtaining its realisation. At Saint Martin he was received most kindly by the Duke and Duchess, whose attention to Madame Hollard still dwells in their remembrance, and whose memory is gratefully cherished.

On the 11th of April, 1818, on hearing that

the Principality of Piombino had passed under the dominion of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Monsieur Hollard, finding that his request to be allowed to go to St. Helena was not attended to, and refusing an appointment at the Cape Verd Islands, determined to return to Piombino, and to live on the property belonging to his wife and to himself. He was recommended by the Duke to Lord Burghersh, at that time appointed Minister at Florence.

On his arrival, however, he found his property confiscated by the Tuscan government, who, while allowing the legality of the grant, put forward the absurd pretence that his having left, or, as they termed it, abandoned, the territory of Piombino, he had lost all title to the property he possessed in that state. The expenses of a law-suit frightened him; an action-at-law between a subject and a prince—a very poor man and a very rich one—being sure to end in the ruin of the former, whatever may be the result of the actual legal proceedings. His only resource was, therefore, to petition the Grand Duke, who, after a delay of six years, in 1824, as an act of grace, gave him the sum of two hundred francesconi; and in 1834, when the poor man and his wife found themselves again in great distress, the present Grand Duke conceded to them one hundred francesconi more, on condition that they should declare their claims to be fully satisfied.

Necessity in this case, as in many others, took the part of Injustice, and poor Monsieur Hollard was compelled to renounce, for a miserable sum, amounting to about sixty-six pounds English, a property since sold by the government, and now producing annually two hundred and fifty sacks of wheat, yielding a profit of about five hundred scudi, or one hundred and eleven pounds English.

Monsieur Hollard from that time lived in comparative penury, endeavouring to obtain a subsistence for himself and his wife, both fast descending into the vale of years, by hard labour, as superintendent of two or three small estates belonging to different proprietors at Campiglia, till, in 1851, he was engaged by the present owner of Saint Martin, in the same capacity as that in which the Emperor employed him. The intentions and actions of this gentleman towards Monsieur Hollard and his wife seem to have been both kind and generous. He has settled on them an income sufficient for their support; has employed Monsieur Hollard in a manner suited to his years and inclinations; and has given him, in addition, an agreeable habitation. During his absence, however, and, I am anxious to think, without, if not against, his orders, the agent in charge of the property treats him harshly, imposing regulations for his conduct incompatible with the position of a free man. He is not allowed to see his friends in

his house; and any infraction of this rule is followed by reproofs of a severe and tyrannical description. He has lately been forbidden to receive a friend of former years, whose family were the ancient possessors of San Martino, in whose favour a special exception was made by the Prince-proprietor. In saying this, I am not making use of information given by Monsieur Hollard. In a circumscribed space, like that of Elba, everything that occurs is immediately known in every portion of it; and the stranger, on his arrival, even against his will, is made acquainted with the private circumstances of nearly every person in the island. I therefore am breaking no confidence in publishing these facts; but, on the contrary, I trust I may be of service in opening to the world one of the historical sites of Europe, and, perhaps, of softening the last years of one whose faithful attachment to a master, the slightest connexion with whom is of inestimable value, renders him deserving of all the kindness which it is in the power of the great to bestow.

The curious adventure of Madame Hollard, previous to her marriage with her husband, has been mentioned; and although it may be considered unpatriotic, I cannot refrain from relating one fact that places her amongst the number of extraordinary women. It has already been touched upon in a work on the military history of Italy,

written by General Laugier, late Tuscan Minister of War, to which I may refer in corroboration of my statements.

After the Principality of Piombino had been conferred, in 1805, on Princess Elise and her husband, Prince Felix Bacciochi, although it was exempted from the general conscription, it was at the same time obliged to maintain a battalion of five regular companies; and its inhabitants were expected to act as soldiers on all occasions, whenever their country should require them. In consequence of this regulation, it was considered necessary to garrison the many towers placed along the coast simply with a lieutenant, or, as the office is called in Italian, a *tenente castellano*, and one, or at most two, gunners; the commune, or nearest village, being obliged to send assistance to any tower that was menaced by the enemy.

The lieutenant doing duty as *castellano* in the Torre Mozza, a tower situated at the distance of about ten miles from Piombino, by name Giovanni Bardi, was charged with other duties beyond those of his little command. Having been summoned, in the discharge of these, with one of his gunners, to Follonica and Massa Marittima, on the 28th of May, 1805, no one remained in the tower but the lieutenant's mother and her family, consisting of several children of tender years, and of two young

women, one sixteen, the other twenty years of age. The mother and her two eldest daughters were the only persons capable of understanding the real danger and responsibility incurred by their son and brother, should any sinister event occur to the post confided to him. They had cautioned him thereupon previous to his departure, but he had jokingly observed that his sisters could handle the guns, little thinking that his words would prove prophetic.

It was about twelve at noon when the lonely family, at that time engaged in their household concerns, accidentally observed that an armed vessel, bearing troops, had approached rather too near the beach. The women, uncertain as to whether the brigantine, for such was the vessel, were friendly or otherwise, and not having the means of arriving at a decision, were sorely puzzled as to what course they should adopt. Their doubts were, however, soon resolved, for ere long the vessel, having approached still nearer the beach, and sending off troops in boats, it could be plainly perceived that she was English, and therefore an enemy. Gaëtana, the eldest of the two sisters, high, as observes General Laugier, in stature and in heart, consulting her own honour and that of the family, induced her mother to leave the tower with her little children, and to hasten to

Vignale, a village distant about five miles, where she could place her infants in safety, and procure a speedy succour.

The two sisters, Gaëtana and Onorata, remained alone to guard the fort, and, with a superhuman courage, barricaded the doors, and made other preparations to defend the place until the return of their brother, or the arrival of other assistance. Expert in the manœuvre of the two pieces with which the fort was armed, having been taught by their brother, they charged them, and directed the fire against the brigantine and the troops that were filling the boats, while the latter, changing their position, little thinking as to who were their antagonists, promptly responded with their cannon.

Peasants, attracted to the coasts in some numbers by the din of the artillery, appearing in the distance, the enemy, not knowing but that the tower already contained a considerable force, hesitated for a few moments, but at length sent on shore fifteen men and an officer, who approached the fort. The two girls, arming themselves with muskets, commenced firing through the loopholes of the fort against the advanced party, occasionally discharging the heavier pieces, and by this means continued their gallant defence till four o'clock, when the neighbouring inhabitants coming in great numbers, the boats were compelled to draw off.

The population of Vignale having been occupied in a religious festival, in processions, and other observances of a like nature, had scarcely heard the firing, or only so feebly that they considered it a salute in honour of the occasion. They consequently never thought of flying to the assistance of the tower until the arrival of the tired mother and her young family, who announced to them the danger in which her two elder daughters were placed. The French minister of the Princess Elise, resident at Piombino, hastened, in the name of his sovereign, to express his satisfaction at the valiant conduct of the two girls; but more solid proofs of the royal approbation awaited them. The elder of the two sisters, Gaëtana, the wife of Monsieur Hollard, received a grant of land, and the younger, according to her choice, a large sum of money, which, as it afterwards turned out, was the better selection of the two, since the little property so nobly obtained is now, as has been mentioned, rendered useless to the owner.

The archives of the city of Piombino contain papers corroborative of the foregoing statement, and Monsieur Hollard has in his possession an autograph note of Prince Felix Bacciochi to the same effect.

CHAPTER IV.

Pianosa — Calessina — Recollection of the Senator — Campo — Passage to the Island — Napoleon's Conquests — Agrippa — Remains of Ancient Cultivation — Le Botte — Anecdote of the Emperor — His Plans for Pianosa — Vicissitudes of Pianosa — Hospitality of Islanders — Independent Character of Elbans — Campo — Customs — Secchetto — Granite — Roman Remains.

BEFORE leaving Elba the traveller should never forget to visit the small neighbouring Island of Pianosa. Connected with the history of Elba in a greater degree than any other of the islets forming the Tuscan Peninsula, it appears to have

suffered, on nearly every occasion, together with its parent island.

For us to neglect Pianosa would have amounted to profanity. We were in the society of the person who had founded the colony that at present flourishes thereon; at least the fortifications were executed under his directions, and on his plans.

Having decided to visit the island, the Senator and myself, in the society of Count ——, our fellow-traveller on board the "Giglio," a most entertaining and well-informed companion, and a young Elban, who volunteered to act as our guide, started for the port of Campo, or, as it is called in Elba, La Marina di Campo. In Elba nearly every village is situated on the brow of a hill, at the foot of which it generally possesses a small port, called its *marina*.

The Senator being rather tired from an excursion on horseback he had made the day previous, we were provided with *calessine*, the ordinary conveyance of the country. This carriage, sometimes called a *barroccino*, is of a peculiar construction, in which the comfort of ordinary passengers is not very strictly consulted.

It is made thus:—Two beams are placed on the axles of two enormous wheels, and are united by means of two cross pieces of wood, forming with the shafts a square frame a little longer than the diameter of the wheels. At the four corners

of this frame are placed semicircular pieces of iron, on which the springs, namely, two pieces of thick leather strengthened by wood, are placed; and on this simple machinery hangs a gig seat. The frame is interlaced by a network of cords, forming the floor; and in such an equipage does the Elban peasant journey from one part to another of his native land. As to the inconvenience of the *calessina* as a mode of progression I need not dilate. The manner in which the shafts are placed makes the carriage susceptible to every different pace that the horse may think fit to adopt; and, as the usual pace is a jog-trot, the traveller feels as though he were placed on a high trotting hack with a hard saddle, and without the means of rising in his stirrups. In such an equipage, however, we travelled for two hours towards the south of the island. The country was delightful, being the warmest and most fertile portion of Elba. We passed small valleys and ascended hills covered with luxurious vegetation. Every house nearly had pomegranate-trees in flower, the orange-trees were in clusters, and honeysuckles, vines, olives, and lemons, bordered the road which, for a considerable distance, skirted the Gulf of Procchio, before it turned into the interior to cross the island at its narrowest portion.

During our journey the Senator frequently met with old acquaintances, some whom he had

known as children, others of older growth; and their mutual recognition and their mutual remembrances were affecting. The day before, he told me, on his journey to Rio—to which place a severe though short attack of illness had prevented my accompanying him—he had met a soldier on the road, who, recognising him, before a word was spoken, burst into a flood of tears and embraced him. This was not wanted to prove to how great an extent the recollection of *Le Petit Caporal* is still cherished by those who came within the range of his personal influence. An everyday traveller, like myself, on his arrival finds marks of remembrance everywhere. In nearly every house are hung prints of various scenes in the life of the Emperor side by side with his portrait and that of Carlo Alberto, regarded almost with equal fondness by the liberally-inclined population of Elba.

We at last reached Campo, where we were met by the farmer, a wealthy man, who enjoys at present the grant of the Island of Pianosa; and after taking some refreshment at his house at Campo, we embarked in a fishing-boat on our visit to the little colony.

Pianosa is situated at 27° 44′ 30″ of longitude, and 42° 35′ 45″ of latitude. Its least distance from Elba is nine miles; but, it being impossible to embark or land on the rocky promontory which lies

nearest, the short passage between the two islands is fifteen Tuscan miles. To the island is ascribed a likeness as to most Italian islands, and Pianosa is supposed to resemble a reclining nymph.

In 1814, shortly after the arrival of the Emperor at Elba, he directed the Senator, then, as has been before mentioned, an engineer officer, to repair to the island with thirty men of the Guard, together with some of the island troops, to take possession of it in his name, and to erect fortifications. He traced out the plan as he would have traced that of a large campaign. "You will go," he said to his officer, "to Pianosa, with a detachment of so many men, and eight pieces of cannon; you will erect batteries, and you will fire on any who may present themselves:" then, turning round to Admiral Ussher, he exclaimed, laughingly, "Europe will say that I have already made a conquest."

It is a curious fact, that Sir Walter Scott, in his prejudiced history of the Emperor, calls this island Rianosa. In this error he is followed by Hazlitt, who, in some places, when he leaves for a moment his vulgar declamation to give the very little information his four thick volumes contain, is not ashamed to copy him almost verbally. Although the island be small, it is quite large enough, and quite historical enough, to demand correctness on the part of historians; and any book

to which the first in his prejudice, the second in his bombast, may have referred, would have informed them that the name Pianosa is taken from the word Piano, and denotes the flatness of the place.

There was very little wind at the moment of our departure; and although that little was in our favour, the six rowers did not manage to land us in the little port of the colony for three hours. Our visit had been previously announced, and we were received on our landing by nearly the whole population and the garrison, which consists of about thirty Elban veterans, whose uniforms and general appearance are most extraordinary to behold. The distance of their quarters from their fatherland renders them callous to opinion; and as their commander, a lieutenant, who also exercises the duties of health-officer, appears to absent himself from his command as often as circumstances will allow, discipline under the sergeant-major is not at its highest point in this colonial corps.

Before proceeding to the house of the proprietor, which is inhabited by his son, the Senator begged us to visit a cave in which he had slept during the two months of his victorious campaign. These caves are situated on the left-hand side of the harbour, and are now walled up in front as magazines for coals, and to serve other similar purposes.

Having partaken of a most sumptuous repast, the best I had seen since leaving the Continent, at which the many dishes of our insular hosts detained us for nearly three hours, we began an excursion round the island at about half-past five in a *calessina* drawn by a mule.

Our first visit was to a Roman ruin, generally known as the Baths of Agrippa, the grandson of Augustus, who was exiled to Pianosa by his grandfather at the instigation of Livia. It appears, as far as these few remains can testify, that the banishment was made as light as possible for the victim; and a few traces on another portion of the island tend to show that some large edifice, at one time or another, stood there. Under any circumstances, however, Agrippa must have passed a wretched life at Pianosa, after all the luxuries and dissipation of Rome,—a too great indulgence in which having been made the pretext for his punishment. Even with the comforts of 1854, we found it difficult to amuse ourselves for a day in the island; and what must a life have been there in the year 4? Here, however, did Agrippa live, visited, as has been asserted, on one occasion by Augustus, but murdered by the emissaries of Tiberius, the inauspicious inauguration of his reign.

Ravaged by the Genoese in the thirteenth century, Pianosa still shows remains of ancient cultivation. Groves of wild olives testify to this;

and, from the southern portion of the island, a pleasant walk, where thyme, rosemary, arbuti, wild mignonette, and other flowering shrubs, spread amongst a rocky soil, remind one, by their fragrance and distribution, of the plains of the Escorial.

The colonists of Pianosa have made good use of their time. Vines have been planted plenteously, and, until the late diseases, have furnished a very agreeable light wine; the wild olive-trees have been grafted; and a race of horses have been introduced on a portion of the island called Del Marchese.

The moon appeared during our journey of discovery, but not before we had visited a spring of fresh water situated close to the sea on the north-west. It is called Le Botte, and is picturesquely placed in a grotto of overhanging rocks, clothed with a kind of fern, and is reached by a road cut through the rocks above, which has lately been enlarged so as to allow the passage of cattle. It was near this spot that the Emperor erected his tent when he visited Pianosa, to watch the progress of the works.

A retired officer of the Insular Corps related to us an anecdote in relation to this well, as a proof of the manner, in which the impatience of the Emperor to receive prompt answers to any question he might put, often elicited incorrect though ready replies.

On the occasion of the Emperor's encampment,

he desired the officer in question to take the measure of the grotto in which the fountain was situated. The latter went down, but, on reaching it, he found he had forgotten some necessary instrument. Not wishing to incur the Emperor's displeasure by showing his forgetfulness, he remained some minutes, thinking that the latter would have started on an excursion he meditated. At length, having allowed time enough to pass, he mounted to the encampment to fetch the instrument. To his horror, the Emperor was not gone.

"Well, what are the dimensions?" asked the Emperor.

"Twenty-five metres," answered his quick-witted subaltern, instantly.

"*Bene!*" rejoined the Emperor, and the grotto was never measured.

It was in May 1814 that he first came hither, and his visit was renewed in the August succeeding. His plans for Pianosa were great. He projected the reconstruction of the various villages, traces of which are still visible. To people these, he intended to offer a sum of money to every head of a family (the colony being intended to consist of at least forty families); and, in addition, two oxen, two milch-cows, ten sheep, and a certain portion of land. The olive-ground was to be divided amongst the forty families. For five years this agrarian colony was to be exempted from taxes

and government imposts of all kinds; but, after this period, an annual sum was to be exacted, by which the amount advanced and the value of the beasts should be gradually repaid. Beyond this, each family was to contribute a certain measure of grain for each sack, and a measure of oil per barrel of the produce.

Since Napoleon's departure these extensive plans have naturally fallen to the ground, and the island has been taken twice by Prussians as a private speculation; the first time by Mr. Stickling, Prussian Consul at Leghorn, and more latterly by the Count Schaff Gotsch, who, in his turn, made it over to Zuccagni, the historian, in conjunction with our host.

It appears, however, that even in the government of this small spot of land there are internal dissensions; and the Grand Duke of Tuscany has stepped in, and proposes, at the end of the present lease, to take Pianosa for himself, and to confer the title of Count of Pianosa, as a travelling *incognito*, on his son. He has himself, on one occasion, visited this remote portion of his dominions, when he had the pleasure to behold a bust of his Grand Ducal countenance, surrounded by artificial flowers, and placed on a pedestal, bearing a description to the effect that his royal highness "Nobis, hæc otia fecit." It must, therefore, be a satisfaction to the lessees to see the "*otia*" fashioned, as it

appears, for themselves, return to their liege proprietor.

Before going to an early rest, compelled by the forced early rising that the next morning offered us, we visited a rocky point of the island, near our residence, looking towards Monte Christo, an almost desert island, rendered famous, however, from having given a title to one of the most popular of the many novels of Alexandre Dumas. It has been lately bought, probably on account of its name, for I should think it possessed no greater attraction, by an English gentleman, Mr. Watson Taylor, who has spent a considerable sum of money in the erection of a house for himself, and cottages for about a hundred emigrants, who have been induced to follow him.

Beyond the point on which we were standing is to be seen a large crag, scarcely amounting to an island, but resembling in shape a battery; and at the end of this point is a rock, the form of which resembles an empty doorway.

Here, also, lie the ruins of an ancient fortress, blown up, at the beginning of this century, by the English, which event gave the last stroke to the depopulation of the island. In 1808, the English squadron in the Tuscan seas succeeded in capturing a large vessel bearing French colours, although protected by a sharp fire from the Tower of Pianosa, which, at that period, was under the domination

of the French. The resistance then experienced probably suggested the destruction of the fortifications, and in May of the year following, boats carrying one hundred and fifty men and two pieces of cannon were seen to land at Pianosa, from an English frigate and two brigs. The defence of the tower was short but severe, until the commandant was killed by a musket-shot, and the garrison surrendered. General Callier, at that time in charge of the French troops at Porto Ferrajo, speedily sent one of his officers to Campo, directing him to go to the succour of Pianosa with some of the native troops. These, however, returned unsuccessful from their expedition, and the English, having blown up the batteries, retired, leaving the island in the deserted state in which it remained till its fortifications were restored partially by the Emperor Napoleon, and completed by the Tuscan government.

We rose very early the following morning, to start on our homeward journey before sunrise, having been tortured by animalculæ—probably the descendants of those who had gnawed Agrippa, Napoleon, and Tuscany's Grand Duke. Our hosts, who had exhausted the resources of the island in multiplying dishes for our consumption, would receive nothing in return, and almost quarrelled with the young Elban who accompanied us for mentioning the subject of remuneration. The hospi-

tality of the Elbans is noted; and, until the late misfortunes which have visited the produce of the island, it was not uncommon for the peasant, on seeing a foreigner, to request him to enter his house, to partake of all that it contained. A spirit of insular independence animates the whole population. Scarcely any Elban, however poor, will become a domestic servant, and the few women who consent to enter the service of a family are supposed to have lost their reputation. *Chi e serva non e salva* is a proverb in the island, which is much more regarded than proverbs generally are; and a peasant-girl who consents to become a maid in a family is considered to have lost all claim to that appellation elsewhere. This spirit of independence is much fostered by the subdivision of territorial property, the richest persons in the island having made their fortune by commerce; and, although there are consequently not many paupers, the want of large landed proprietors destroys anything like a native nobility, or even an upper class. Some one or two of the richest have received nobility, either by having been included in the Imperial household of Napoleon, or on account of services rendered to the Tuscan government.

On our voyage to Campo the sea was rough, and the wind was dead against us, and, although the actual passage to Elba did not occupy us long, we found that we had drifted towards the

western point of Elba. We were consequently obliged to row to the port of debarkation,—a task which occupied us a longer time than the crossing. Some of us were recompensed by a sight of the granite rocks of which the western portion of the island is formed, and by the sun's rising behind the high peak of Calamita; but a stern Nature deterred me from admiring her works on land by asserting her supremacy on the sea, and I was compelled reluctantly to abandon the pleasure of contemplating the views she had tantalisingly spread before us, and to seek for solace in a recumbent position on the bench of our fishing-boat.

On our arrival at Campo our host, who was hurried to arrive at Porto Ferrajo, having been summoned as a witness at the courts of that place, regaled us with some delicious aleatico,* one of the sweet wines for which Elba is noted, and which he has managed to procure, notwithstanding the disease of the vine, which has lately been so destructive. Here we were shown the stuffed body of a sea-calf, or *foca*, which had been caught at Pianosa, where it appears that such animals are not uncommon. On our return we noticed the skin-bottles made use of for carrying wine, as in Spain, but which are not common in Italy; and a custom, almost Eastern, which, it appears, is prevalent

* Aleatico means the dicing wine (alea), and is, doubtless, of great antiquity.

in the island. On going to or returning from labour, the husband and children mount a mule or horse, if they possess one, while the wife leads the animal by the bridle. I have never been able to trace the introduction of this custom into the island; but, placing myself in the ranks of my sex, I consider it highly laudable.

It is with much regret that we missed seeing the granite quarries of Secchetto, which are not very far distant from Campo. It is said, that at this place are some curious remains of the Roman working. A pillar and a cistern are nearly completed, but unfortunately covered over with shrubs. This place is, however, not easy of access, on account of the badness of the road.

CHAPTER V.

Tunny Fishery—Its Commencement—Boatman—Elban Civility—Mode of Swimming of the Tunny—Nets—Expedients—Tamburi—Drawing of Nets—Song—Size of the Fish—Dying Efforts—Weight—An Anniversary—The Emperor's Fishing—Result of Fishing—Description of Tunny—Anecdote of a Shark—Price of Tunny—Revenue of Fishing.

THE national sport for which Elba is celebrated is its tunny-fishery, conducted on a larger scale, I believe, at Porto Ferrajo and Marciana than at any other place frequented by the fish in question.

The fishery of Porto Ferrajo was established, or rather revived, in 1585, by Francis I., and is still kept up both by the government and the people as a method of making money.

We had been several days at Porto Ferrajo, and no fishery had taken place. The sea was not sufficiently calm, and for the fishery the greatest calm is required, as its success depends on the clearness of the water.

One fine evening the contractor declared that,

if the weather should not change in the course of the night, at half-past six o'clock the following morning the *Pesca di Tónno* should take place, and our boatman, an agreeable mixture of the Neapolitan and Elban, called us, over-zealously, at about five. Everything seemed propitious: the sky was clear and the sea smooth—facts as agreeable to bad sailors as, on this occasion, to good ones. Our boatman was garrulous as he rowed us to the spot where the fishery takes place, and the bay was covered with boats, bearing persons of both sexes, intent on the same purpose as ourselves.

A few minutes brought us to the barges which indicate the fishery, and these we found occupied by earlier risers, who had occupied the best places. With Elban urbanity, however, they made way for us, and placed us in a good position. Their civility was, nevertheless, not of much use to us at the moment, for many causes, well understood by the fishermen, delayed for some hours the great event of the day. Meanwhile, as the interesting portion of the fishery occupies but a short period, we remained constant to our places, examining the apparatus. The shore was too far from the scene of action to allow of our returning without the fear of missing the sport.

The tunny seems to be a confiding fish, that swims one side uppermost, and morally and physi-

cally makes use only of one eye. The consequence of this habit, added to credulity and simpleness of heart, is, that in arriving in May from the Canary Islands, where he is supposed to reside during that period of the year when he is not to be found at Elba, he always takes the same side of the harbour on his entrance, and thus falls an easy prey to his captor. It might be supposed that, after the lapse of some centuries, (for Strabo mentions the tunny-fishery of Populonia,) those tunnies that have the good fortune to escape the nets would have imparted their experience to their fellow-tunnies, and have taken good care not to have returned to their danger. Such, however, does not appear to be the case. To be caught by Elbans is the apparent mission of the tunny; and as their relative, the salmon, is invariably entrapped into suicide by fire, the tunnies year by year return in undiminished numbers to die in the service of the Tuscan government.

Shortly before the day on which their arrival is expected, the nets, or, as I believe they are called in Provence, the "*madragues*," supported by corks, are spread from a corner of the bay along the shore, a distance of nearly two miles, bulging out about half-way, for a few hundred yards, where they are tied to three barges, so placed as to form three sides of a square. The nets are made of strong cord closely worked, and the

bulging portion is divided into four square chambers, about fifteen ells deep and thirty ells wide. In the partitions are large holes, which can be opened or shut at the pleasure of the fisherman.

We waited long and impatiently for the preparations. These occupied a much longer time than was anticipated, but they afforded us the opportunity of watching narrowly every detail of the process. The tunny, being in the habit of arriving close to the land, on opening their one eye in the morning, are frightened by the shadow thrown from a mountain behind them, and making their way to that part of the sea which is in the sunlight, enter the first and second chambers left open for them, with a treachery unworthy of Elban hospitality.

Their foes are not so unwary as themselves. Contrariwise, they keep both eyes wide open, and, seeing the fish enter, which can easily be done, on account of their immense size and the clearness of the Mediterranean, rendered still more lucid by oil, when a sufficient number has passed, they close the entrance, and the fish then continue their course into the third chamber, at the end of which, over the partition of the fourth, is placed a large barge, decked at either end, with a large hold in the centre to receive the fish when caught.

The long delay we experienced before the

fishery actually commenced was occasioned by the slow progress of the tunny, who, having reached the sun in the third chamber, contented with their position, seemed to have relinquished every desire and intention of pursuing their journey. To force them to proceed, therefore, it was necessary to send to the land for a boatful of earth with which to darken the water, and, as the contents of one boat were not sufficient, we were detained a considerable time during the journeys to and fro. This expedient at length succeeded. The doors of the fourth chamber being opened, the fish rushed in in such quantities that, had they been permitted to remain, they would have damaged each other so much that the flesh would have been useless. It therefore became necessary to send to land for other boatfuls of earth, to send a portion of them back again into the third chamber.

Meanwhile we had time to look round us, and to observe the manner in which the Elban population passed the hours. Some were fishing in the net with a line, for small fish that may have floated in, others endeavoured to catch with their hands some large round fish that were continually floating to the top, and which bear the name of *tamburi*, or drum-fish; and these occasionally, or a stray sword-fish, would jump out of the water, much to the delight of the little boys, who were present in quantities.

At length the *padrone* gave the signal for the final catastrophe, and the excitement became general. The little boys stripped themselves half naked, showing little amulets of the Virgin that hung round their neck, and much more, indeed. The water of the fourth chamber was violently disturbed, and the fishermen on the barge began their tasks.

This was a very pretty scene in the performance. The men, who had been lying downwards and peering into the water to watch the motions of the fish, hooked up the net, and each, taking hold of it, pulled it, forming festoons. As the left hand grasped it, the right hand was extended a little farther down, and thus passing over the whole of it the barge was slowly drawn forward sideways to the other three, and the fish were driven forward.

Gradually, gradually, the barge advanced. The fish, who began to see their danger, occasionally leaped out of the water to avoid it, but in vain, and the water became white from the agitation of their efforts.

Gradually the barge floated on, to the low sound of a song hummed by the fishermen in time with each haul at the net, and the space became contracted. The fish, now desperate, swam from side to side, the water between the four barges

forming a complete square, and hemming them in on every side; but the barge still came on until but a very small space remained.

Then came the great excitement. The fish, some very much larger than a man, none smaller than an immense child five or six years old, swam madly from one side to the other of their prison, beating each other and themselves against the net and the boats, as the fishermen assert, with the intention of killing themselves. If such be their desire, it certainly succeeds, for, gasping for breath, and swallowing and vomiting up large quantities of sea-water, one after another they turn round, and showing the glittering scales of their stomach, die or give themselves up to death. The boys then jump into the water and drag the dead to the sides, where a rope is passed through their fins, and one by one they are dragged on board the barge and thrown into the hold. This last act is not effected without difficulty. The fish, weighing at times twelve hundred Tuscan pounds, or nine hundred pounds avoirdupois, reanimates himself for the moment, and beats the sea—red with the blood of his fellows—so violently, that all the spectators are deluged with the discoloured water; and after he is thrown in, he continues beating hysterically the bottom of the boat. When a large number

are taken, their united blows resemble the sounds heard at a public dinner in England where toasts are given, and when Liber benevolently loosens the heart-strings.

The largest are taken first. One small one lived the longest, and kept swimming from side to side until the end of the massacre; but one of the boys, plunging in, caught him by the eye, and thus ended his career. The other small ones had sunk to the bottom of the net, and the boys evinced their prowess by plunging and diving for them,—a proceeding utterly useless, except for the sake of displaying their aquatic propensities, as the net had been drawn up so high that the water scarcely reached the chin of the smallest of them.

Amongst the spectators of the fishery, not the least interesting was the venerable Monsieur Hollard, who, escaping from the thraldom of his picturesque residence, came to behold with the Senator the sight that, with their beloved Emperor, they had seen forty years before; and, indeed, this was almost an anniversary, as on the 27th of June, 1814, Napoleon had visited in state the drawing in of the nets, and wishing to haul in a fish himself, found his physical force not equal to the task, on account of the immense size of the one selected.

Poor Hollard! His lot had within the few days previous to the fishing been made still harder than

before. An order had been issued by his persecutor, that on no account was he to receive any person. Even those before excepted, viz.—the Royal family of Tuscany and the Governor of Elba, were to be excluded, and the aged couple are still more completely isolated from the world.

Having taken all the fish from the net, the barge retired to occupy its original position, and the tunny was taken and washed; a portion being sent to Leghorn the same day for sale in the Fresh-fish Market, the rest to Marciana, the principal dépôt, where it is prepared with oil for preservation.

The result of the day's fishing was good, though better ones have been known. About sixty fish were taken, weighing altogether thirty thousand pounds Tuscan; that is to say, twenty-two thousand five hundred pounds avoirdupois. It sells at the rate of about one penny farthing English the Tuscan pound, and the contractor has to pay to government for his privilege an annual sum, amounting to about twelve hundred pounds sterling.

The flesh of the tunny has a certain resemblance in appearance and consistency to veal, though of a brown colour, and its taste is not unlike that of salmon, though coarser and, if possible, more indigestible. Its size and weight vary; the latter from one hundred to nine and even twelve hundred

pounds Tuscan. The oldest inhabitants say that they recollect one weighing two thousand pounds, but younger natives seem to doubt this assertion. The shape of the tunny (*Scomber thynnus*) is not picturesque: bulging out from the head, the upper part of its body has a swollen and unhealthy shape, of a dark dirty blue; and its tail, comparatively small, is armed with yellow points on either side. It is, however, very harmless, and does not defend itself from the attacks of its aggressors; and, as friends or foes, it attracts dolphins, sword-fish, and even sharks, which are occasionally found in the nets.

Rowing home tired and fatigued, Caruso, our boatman, told us an anecdote relative to a shark. Inquiry satisfied me that he had told the truth, and I consequently relate it fearlessly. Some years ago a woman of Elba disappeared suddenly. Every effort to discover her was vain. It was known that, on leaving Porto Ferrajo for her own residence, she had on her person a considerable sum of money; but the proverbial honesty of Elba precluded the idea of robbery. Yet time passed, and the woman was still missing. One day, however, months after the disappearance, a shark was caught and opened on shore. Amongst the contents of its stomach were found a handkerchief and other articles of clothing, recognised as belonging to the lost woman. This discovery, when made, led to others, and the whole story at

last came out. It appeared that she had taken a passage on board a foreign fishing-boat that was going towards the place of her residence. The crew, discovering that she carried money, murdered her, and threw her body into the sea,—a prey to the shark who furnished the evidence.

CHAPTER VI.

Rio—Rio Alto—Origin of the Double Villages—Spring—Source supposed to be in Corsica—Iron Mines—Roman Excavation—Monte Giove—Ancient Temple—Mineral Spring—Napoleon's Visit—State of Mines at that Time—Present Management—Petrus Cyrneus—Roughness of Miners—Customs of Miners.

Rio is, after all, and I hope I may not be accused of a pun, the greatest attraction of the island; at any rate for those who prefer the detailed to the superficial beauties of nature.

The approach to the village of Rio is picturesque. After having passed beneath the Volterrajo, and having left on the right hand a strange collection of stones, much resembling the Druidical remains found in England, we ascended and descended rugged roads, scarcely passable even by our Corsican ponies, and having looked over valleys and down precipices of great beauty, we arrived at Rio Alto, that portion so called as situated on a hill, in contradistinction to the Marina di Rio, or,

as it is called in the island, the *paese*, or country, situated on the beach.

This strange division of nearly all the principal villages of Elba and the neighbouring island, noticed in another portion of these pages, must owe its origin to the frequent invasion of the barbarians, which gave rise to the necessity of having some place of refuge, some Zoar, whither the inhabitants of the beach could fly from the assaults of their invaders. Some have ascribed it to the desire of a mountain population to establish themselves at a spot nearer the sea than their original abode, as better adapted for the purposes of trade; but I am confirmed in my conclusion from the general appearance of the villages on the sea being older than those on the hills, and as it appears most probable that the first settlers should have chosen the neighbourhood of the sea as their residence.

At Rio Alto, however, in opposition to my theory, is the copious limpid spring, the source of a brook whence the locality is supposed to take its name.

It first appears on the mountain, a little above Rio Alto, but, taking a subterranean course, it arrives at the village, where a stone building protects it from the sun,—a very necessary precaution in a country where, in summer, all the water is tepid.

Hence it pours out through six apertures, and having filled a large canopied reservoir, serving as the public wash-house, it tumbles down the mountain to the sea, turning several mills in its course.

The large volume of water constantly supplied to this fountain has given rise to much speculation. It is scarcely possible that the burnt and bare mountains in the neighbourhood should be able to furnish water in sufficient quantities. It is true that in the western portion of the island there are high mountains; but these are not sufficiently numerous, or of such elevation over those of Rio, as to collect over their heads a quantity of water that could maintain this fountain in its invariable abundance. It is very rare that snow falls on their summits, and then, soon dissolving, the water pours down the precipitous sides into the plain. Consequently, the theory that it comes from Corsica is by no means improbable. When we recollect that on the latter island are mountains of an extended range and of great elevation perpetually covered with snow, and that on these icy heights there exist lakes, one of which is of an unknown depth, and having all the appearance of filling an old volcanic crater, it does not appear impossible that, winding through some volcanic channel, its water may find its way to Elba.

It has been stated by some writers, in support

of this hypothesis, that leaves of the chestnut-tree have been found in the water, which cannot have come from the neighbourhood, where there are none, but that have travelled all the way from Corsica. This fact, however, I have not been able to verify.

At this spot the redness proceeding from iron is apparent everywhere, and almost in everything. Red and dark yellow ochre are spread in heaps by the side of the road; the earth is red, the faces of the inhabitants are red, together with their clothes, their wheelbarrows, carts, and houses; and it may have been a delusion, but all our party imagined that even the vegetation was disfigured by the same rustiness of tint.

The principal mines are situated on a hill a short distance above the lower village. The approach thereto is curious: the earth glitters with millions of tiny spots, caused by the powder of the works, which has accumulated here for ages. Hillocks of soil, mingled in this manner with pure iron, have completely changed the face of the country, and an immense mass of metal is here lying completely useless. It is only lately, under the management of a new company that has had the concession of the mines for only three years, that the earth has been sifted with an iron grating, to catch the metal that is found in pieces of two or

three inches cube; and these pieces of "ologist" iron have, until the accession of the present company, been wasted.

The mines have hitherto been worked by simply digging on the surface, without any attempt at regularity or method. This still continues; but a Roman cave, which was discovered some years ago in digging the factitious earth, and which, till lately, has been used as a tool-house, has been put into requisition. It is studded by large blocks, yielding about eighty per cent of iron, the purest, with the exception of the little bits before mentioned, and the powder, which are nearly entirely of metal. The best iron is that found in a crystallised state. The ologist, in bits and powder, is sent to Naples, where the smelting machines are peculiarly adapted for this sort of iron.

The Roman mine is peculiarly interesting, bearing traces of its ancient workmen, soon to be lost under the more scientific influence of its modern possessors. It is curious to witness the ancient and modern modes of working, side by side. In the cave is a large block adhering to the side, on which are still to be seen the marks of the Roman chisel. Cutting laboriously round the root of this block, as may be called the portion adhering to the wall, the Roman continued with chisel and hammer for weeks, till the piece fell to the ground. This one, on which considerable labour seems to have been

bestowed, appears to have mocked the exertions of the labourer, who probably abandoned it in despair; but by its side I saw the traces of a block much larger, that had been in a minute riven from the place Nature had assigned to it, by the magic force of blasting-powder.

On its opening, there were found in this cave some tools belonging to its first workmen, some of them covered with a coating of metal. These are, however, not the only monuments of ancient times. From the mines is seen a hill, called Monte Giove, taking its name from a temple dedicated to Jupiter Ammon, on the site of which now stands a ruined tower, to which Isabella Mendoza, Regent of Piombino, used to despatch her cast-off lovers, and there to cause their assassination. A small hill, situated at the foot of Monte Giove, now called Pietamonte, is a very slight corruption of its original appellation, Pie d'Ammone, or the foot of Ammon.

Here is the mineral spring of Elba. Its taste is that of a very strong chalybeate: but it contains other ingredients besides iron, whose properties produce a combined effect, which is of peculiar virtue. On the 6th of May, 1814, the Emperor visited these mines, together with the Austrian and English Commissioners and Captain Ussher. He expressed a wish to see the principal mine, but all of the party, except the sailor, refused to accept his invitation to accompany him. On

arriving in the midst of the cavern, at the moment an explosion was expected, the Emperor coolly took a pinch of snuff, and unconcernedly walked on. A *Te Deum* was chanted in the church on this occasion, as was supposed, for the first time; for the priest, it is said, did not seem to understand his business. During the time of the Emperor the mine of Rio was the only one worked, and its ore was sent to the Continent to be smelted, there being no fuel in the island. It was managed by an administrator, a treasurer, two storekeepers, and four superintendents, and gave work to four hundred men and one hundred horses and oxen. The pay of the manager was fifteen thousand francs a-year, that of the two storekeepers one thousand each, and the four superintendents nine hundred each. The men received one franc twenty centimes daily.*

Having passed a grove of orange-trees, we arrived at the Marina de Rio, which presents the appearance of a thriving village. Here the gonfaloniere invited us to take a *bocchino* (a small mouthful) with him. This gentleman, a Knight of St. Joseph, is one of the wealthiest proprietors of the island, having made a fortune which would be considered great in any country, by successful trading at his native place. Living

* Ussher. Sir Niel Campbell, MS.

in a house which, like all those of the island, presents externally but an humble appearance, we were astonished with the luxury and variety of his table. The masters of his many merchant vessels procure for him delicacies from many quarters of the globe; and here we found in friendly juxtaposition the caviare of the Russian and the sweet conserves of the Turk.

Before partaking of the fare of this hospitable magistrate, we were introduced to Monsieur Ulrich, the French superintendent of mines, appointed by the new company, at the head of which is Monsieur Bastogi, a merchant of Leghorn. Since his arrival he has completely reformed the place and the working, and has been so happy a reformer as to please all parties. The labourers used formerly to form a corps paid by the State, receiving regular wages, and a pension for widows. This arrangement offered almost a premium to idleness, and created jealousy, as all candidates could not be included in the favoured few who were employed. Monsieur Ulrich hit upon a new plan, peculiarly adapted to Elba. He pays according to the amount of work performed, and thus makes an opening for an industrious labourer to gain a large sum during the period of his employment. This period is only of about a month, when, having cleared a sum double or treble that gained ordinarily in the island, he

makes place for another labourer, and is at liberty to devote the next month to the cultivation of his orchard or field. Thus the speculators have relays of good workmen, and the workmen, by six months' hard work, make a year's income, and have sufficient time to spare on their own private interests.

Monsieur Ulrich showed us the manner in which he has turned the powder-iron into use, by placing blocks of the mould in which it is contained on the sea-beach, and allowing the waves to wash away the soluble earth. This method, which is preferable to allowing the powder to lie idle, still entails an immense waste of metal, hundreds of pounds of which must daily be washed away into the sea. A mill, however, is soon to be established for the purpose of separating the metal more effectually.

The daily produce of the mines is about 800,000 or 1,000,000 pounds Tuscan daily, and is sold at the rate of seven Tuscan lire[1] for 666. It is smelted at Follonica, on the coast. The Tuscan government at present throws many obstacles in the way of improvement. In making the concession to the "Bastogi Society," it at the same time granted a loan, the interest on which swamps nearly the whole profits; and the government, retaining a nearly

[1] Thirty Tuscan lire = one pound sterling.

complete control over the mining operations, places itself in opposition to many of the propositions of the company, or occupies so long a time in considering the suggestions, that great difficulty is experienced in carrying into effect the improvements which, in a freer country, would be in operation almost as soon as in conception.

Among other absurd objections taken by the government, one more than any other will show the difficulties to be surmounted by those who are embarked in commercial enterprises in the south of Europe. The present company, some time ago, proposed the formation of a small tram-road, or railway, for the conveyance of the metal from the mines to the beach, an expedient which would be considered indispensable in the smallest colliery of England. For this the consent of the government was necessary. The answer can scarcely be believed! The company was informed that their request could not be complied with, as the railway would leave the donkeys without anything to do. We can gather from this sympathising speech the motives that induced it. After much debate the consent was received, and the railway is now in progress of formation. Like miners in all countries, those of Rio do not possess the polished manners of their neighbours. Although certainly not so rough as those of their class in England, and although they offer the traveller speci-

mens of marcasite or ore with Elban heartiness, their manners strike astonishment into the minds of their fellow-countrymen. They are no respecters of persons; and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, on paying a visit to the place, discovered this fact in a marked manner.

One of the miners approaching him, preferred a request that it might be ordained that only persons of Rio should be allowed to load and export iron. To this his Royal Highness replied, that such a monopoly could not be granted consistently with the laws of Tuscany, based on principles of free commerce.

"Well, then," said the miner, "in that case, as we cannot live if interlopers are allowed equal privileges with your subjects, we shall turn pirates!"

"Then, my good man, the *speronare* (armed, swift-sailing revenue vessels) will pursue you and take you."

"Che credete di farci paora colle vostre speronare?" (Do you think to frighten us with your *speronare?*) "Che!" answered the miner; and "che!" in Tuscan means everything.

These miners can boast of having, in former times, possessed in their number one whose name is not unknown in literature—Petrus Cyrneus, the historian of Corsica. Robbed by his step-father of his heritage, and afterwards by his relative of

his clothes, he was taken by some friendly mariners to Elba, where he acted for some time as one of the boys employed in conducting the loaded donkeys from the mines to the beach.

At Rio, as far back as the year 1400, laws were enacted to prevent the extravagancies, pecuniary and otherwise, which used to be lavished on burials. The pomp and noise were excessive; and, to this day, it is considered right to accompany bodies to the grave with shrieks and howls.

A custom, called "La Moresca," is still not entirely obsolete, but is practised only on extraordinary occasions. Bands of young men are dressed up respectively as Christian and Turkish warriors. They then walk to a spot fixed upon beforehand, their two chiefs commencing a conversation, which, as they approach the field of battle, degenerates into abuse, and, finally, into a challenge. A sham fight then commences, sometimes a little exceeding the pantomime proposed, but ending with dancing and feasting. This game is fatiguing, as it lasts three hours, and but little repose is allowed to the combatants. The custom, probably, originates with the Crusades, or perhaps with the invasions of the island by Turks. But the reader will, doubtless, recollect that this custom formerly existed at Naples; and that it was at the celebration of such festivities that Masaniello, the head of one of the bands, effected his revolution.

CHAPTER VII.

Volterrajo—Governor's Son—Caruso—His Opinions—Bagnaja—Magazzini—Vegetation—Riese—Church—Napoleon—Fortress—Entrance—Subterranean Passages—Chapel—View—Height—Curious Effect of Sunset—Emperor's Visit—Resemblance of Porto Ferrajo to Torbay.

Opposite the town of Porto Ferrajo, on the other side of the bay, and near a creek known as the Bagnaja, stands a high peaked mountain. It is called the Mountain del Volterrajo, and it takes its name from a dismantled fortress standing on the highest peak, like the eyrie of some gigantic eagle. This bears the traces of fearful contests. It is to this spot that the Elbans have retired from time immemorial as their last refuge from their oppressors, and its thick, ruined walls have seen aged fathers and helpless children die of hunger—that enemy whose entrance is facilitated by stone defences and inaccessible fortifications. It was built originally, as is supposed, by the Etruscans of Volterra; but the ruins bear the appearance of the architecture of the fifteenth century.

One summer evening, about an hour before sunset, together with the son of the Governor, whose knowledge of natural science, combined with his other qualities, rendered him a most agreeable companion, I left Porto Ferrajo in the boat of Caruso, in order to arrive at the ancient citadel in time to see the sun go down behind the distant Island of Capraja. On our journey Caruso discoursed much to us of his wife and his three daughters, the fairest and most honest maidens of the island, and likewise on other ladies of Porto Ferrajo, delivering himself of opinions founded on their respective merits, personal and mental. After a sail of about half-an-hour's duration across the bay, we embarked at a hamlet called the Magazzini, a collection of small houses; and here I must remark, that the generic name for country-houses, great and small, in Elba, is "Magazzini," in the same manner as in the neighbourhood of Marseilles they are called "Bastides."

On our arrival at this point we found two men n care of horses for us, from which some danger was apprehended, on account of a volatile temperament not at all consistent with their humble position; but, mounting them fearlessly, we began to ascend the beautiful though ill-constructed road that leads to the summit. Winding along the side of the hill, and looking down on two fertile valleys, it is bordered by flowering and odori-

ferous shrubs and herbs of every description. The lentiscus, a species of pistachio, the aloes, the clematis, the plantagenet, the eglantine, and the olive in full bloom; the gum-cistus, the cork-tree and the ilex, wild lavenders, spikenard and hyssop, rosemary and thyme, with hundreds of plants, of whose names, I regret to say, I have not the slightest idea, gratified the eye and filled the air with perfume, and, as we ascended, the white convolvulus and other flowers revealed themselves at every turn of the serpentine road. We observed a curious graduation in the flowering of the shrubs as we ascended; every step higher showed a decreased forwardness in the vegetation. At length we arrived at that spot in the road whence springs the flinty rock on which the citadel is placed, and we saw it reared apparently almost perpendicularly above us. A quaint boy from Rio, passing at the moment, informed us angrily that he would show us the way, as he knew the best course to be taken through the rugged stones; and leaving our horses tied to different trees, we followed our young guide.

This gentleman led us round and round with the same angry manner in which he had accosted us, becoming to all appearance furious when either of us made a false step, and pointing out fine scenery, which he evidently appreciated, with the highest displeasure. At length, in asto-

nishment, we stopped and begged him to inform us in what we had offended him, that he revenged himself upon us in this manner; but we were re-assured when he stated that it was only his "*aria*," (air, or manner,) and that he regarded us with a due amount of Christian philanthropy. Ere long we reached some ruins of outworks, and a small church dedicated to St. Leonard, calculated to hold about twenty people,—the largest congregation, I conceive, that even the most popular preacher could collect at that height, although service is only performed once in the course of the year. Napoleon, in visiting this spot, was struck by its position, and remarked, that here a priest might indulge in any statement he liked. A few minutes' farther climbing brought us to what was once the entrance of the fortress. Here stands a ruinous staircase leading to a small platform on a level with the door of the castle, whence originally a drawbridge led into the interior; but this having completely disappeared, it is necessary to climb from the ground by means of holes that time has made in the walls.

On entering, we found a wild fig-tree growing over the entrance of one of the many subterranean passages with which the place abounds,—a ruined chapel and many apartments all in the same dilapidated condition, but offering nothing worthy of great attention. The view, however, from the

battlements is magnificent and impressive; Porto Ferrajo, scarcely visible, diminished by the distance, the fertile valleys and the distant hills, while all is still around, except the occasional twitter of a singing bird, or the song of a labourer returning from his work, whose voice appears at this height scarcely louder than a loud whisper. The hills were dotted with black sheep, which seem equally, if not more plentiful than white ones in the island; but few human beings were to be seen. Now and then the large straw hat of the peasant-girl walking quickly down the precipitous and winding path looked like a butterfly fluttering homewards; but the general impression was one of solitude and stillness; and we pictured to ourselves the Turks swarming up these heights to force the unfortunate people from their last refuge; for the citadel is principally celebrated from its successful resistance to the attacks of Barbarossa, the Corsair. The sky was covered with a mist, some portions of which rested on the tops of the mountains, and, disappointed of our sunset, we were about to leave, when suddenly raising our eyes, we beheld a sight not easily to be forgotten.

Across the sea, from the creek of the Bagnaja valley, was drawn a straight broad line of rosy light, interrupted only by one solitary rock rising in the water. The gorgeous tints, the dark blue of the sea, the pure rose of the line of light, formed

one of those effects which would scarcely be believed, if represented in a picture, and a combination of colouring that the mightiest painter would find impossible to render. In watching it, we forgot the landskip that made the foreground, and looked only at the wonderful phenomenon, which lasted only a few minutes. Then, though the line still continued, the clouds opened, and discovered the red face of the declining sun, which glared at us for a few moments, until light vapours swept across it, accumulating gradually in a manner which we could not help comparing to the gauze that causes the vanishment of a dream on the stage. And the sun was completely covered from our sight. Then the line trembled for a moment on the sea and disappeared, leaving us to retrace our footsteps in the twilight, and desolate at not being able to fix or define the exact impressions felt at the moment.

Having descended the hill, we met a peasant of Rio, who offered us some of the cherries that he carried in a basket, and which he had lately gathered from his field. Nearly every one in Elba has a corner of land belonging to himself; even the angry boy possessed a vineyard. The peasant, an old man, told us that years ago he had been chosen to conduct the Emperor Napoleon to the Volterrajo. On that occasion the Emperor was accompanied by Captain Ussher and by Mon-

sieur Lapi, one of his native chamberlains, and subsequently governor of the island, who chose the peasant working at his field as one knowing the spot. The Emperor, said the peasant, wrote the date of his visit with a penknife on a stone, which was subsequently placed in the small church, whence it was removed by the revolutionists of 1848.

We walked down the hill on our return, and, taking boat, returned to Porto Ferrajo, guided by the lighthouse that glimmered from the point, and watching the insects that float like fire-flies in the sea. I also recognised the likeness discovered by Napoleon as existing between its harbour and Torbay.

CHAPTER VIII.

Lungone — Aloes — Spanish Appearance — Customs — Gonfaloniere — Spanish Surnames — Governors of Lungone — Canapé — Fountain of Barbarossa — Fig-leaf Cup — Monserrato — Its Situation — A Sacristan — Chapel — Irish Priest — Sassi Tedeschi — An Incident of War.

We started rather too late in the day, on the occasion of our visit to the second capital of Elba, and were considerably fatigued before we reached our journey's end, the burning sun contributing more thereto than the distance we had ridden. The road was excessively good, having been one of the works of the Empire; and it is rendered singular by the immense quantities of aloes that border it on either side, for some distance out of Lungone. The fibres taken from the leaves of this plant, as well as those of the prickly pear, were, until lately, woven into fine cloth and straw-work.

The appearance of this town is completely Spanish. Its port, which consists of a bay filled with deep water, but destitute of artificial accommoda-

tion, is commanded by fortifications on a height; while on the beach, or Marina of Lungone, is situated a small town, the houses of which might have been taken from a city of Castile. On the opposite corner of the bay is a fort, called Focardo. The iron balconies, and the arcaded passages of Spanish architecture, are here to be found; and the custom for ladies to look out of the windows at Porto Lungone seems strictly adhered to. The gonfaloniere of the place, on seeing us accompanied by the son of the Governor, hastened to invite us to enter his house, and to take some lemonade or other refreshment. We readily availed ourselves of this permission, and were introduced by him to the mayoress and his fair daughters.

It appears that Lungone still retains many characteristics of its founders. The surnames of Velez, Lopez, Rodriguez, Perez, are still borne by families, without any corruption. The prefix of Don is still generally used, and dancing is much more in vogue than in any other part of the island. The fortifications are in a very bad state of repair. Colonel Germanowski, having obeyed the orders given at his departure by the Emperor, blew up the principal defences, and the Tuscan government has not considered it necessary to restore them. The town itself offers little that is curious; the churches contain a few monuments to different governors, and one of them a figure of our Saviour

reposing in his sepulchre, beautifully executed in *papier-mâché.* One of the monuments in the church belonging to the fortress is sacred to "Davidi Areskino, Scoto, de baronibus de Cardobe, in Angusâ;" whose name I supposed to be Erskine. Below the fortress, and looking towards the sea, is a seat erected by Napoleon. It is called the "Canapé." It is of a semicircular form, and built in bricks. Some mulberry-trees, planted by the Emperor, used to exist at this spot; but the ground having been sold by the government, the present proprietor, regardless of associations, has destroyed them.

Not far from this stands a stone fountain, called the Fountain of Barbarossa, and known generally as Barbarossa, the pirate of that name, having been the first, it is said, to discover its existence. Burning with thirst, I endeavoured to drink from the spring as it dripped through a hole in the wall erected to secure it from the effects of the summer sun; but the boy who followed us on foot to look after our horses, on seeing the little success that attended my efforts, improvised a cup for me in a manner which I had never previously seen. Choosing the largest leaf he could find from a neighbouring fig-tree, he tore off the stalk, and making a reservoir of the broad end, converted the narrow end into a spout. Most persons are acquainted with the shape of a fig-leaf, and con-

sequently the ingenuity of this contrivance will be at once apparent. Taking this rustic cup, in shape much resembling the hat of a Roman Catholic priest, I drank, out of the narrow end, of the water with which the Emperor had slaked his thirst, during his rural dinners on the grass; for, like a true soldier, he ever chose as the spot for his encampment one where good water was to be obtained. The expedient here mentioned is Neapolitan, and is, doubtless, a remnant of the sovereignty of the Sicilies.

Having visited the town of Lungone, one of the objects most worthy of attention is a hermitage, beautifully situated in a mountain gorge, called Monserrato. To approach it, it is necessary to pass a bridle-road leading through a ravine to the spot where the hermitage is situated, where cork-trees, aloes, Indian figs, the white and pink convolvulus, and the lentiscus, grow in profusion on the red chalybeate soil, and chestnuts, symbols of its ancient inhabitants. Regarding one of these latter trees, a story is related of an old sacristan who had sent his young assistant to gather fruit in its branches, while he himself waited below to catch the nuts as they fell. In his exertions, however, the youth loosened his hold of the branch that served to retain his balance, and falling heavily down on the elder sacristan, he obtained pro-

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motion in his profession by the death of his superior, which was thus occasioned.

The little chapel, built in 1689 by Don Diego Ponz de Leon, is dependent on the parish church of Lungone, and, strange to say, the apartments belonging to it are inhabited, in addition to the custode, a peasant, by an Irish priest, of the order of Camaldoli. I regret I did not have the pleasure of seeing this gentleman, whose retirement to this picturesque neighbourhood has in it so much of the poetry of the Roman Catholic religion. It is when looking through the wooded and flowery ravine that a mind could best be turned to contemplation; and as Nature has scattered her richest gifts in profusion before the eyes of the hermit, while his ears are listening to the rippling of the clear brook that tumbles over the projecting stones, his thoughts can turn on that one subject for which he has left the society of his fellows.

The peaks above this hermitage are called Sassi Tedeschi, and reminded us of one of the most chivalrous incidents of Elban history, and of more modern warfare.

In the year 1708, in which the French and Spanish arms received considerable reverses at the hands of the Allies, Lungone, commanded by General Pinel de Mauroy, the officer of Philip V.,

underwent a siege. In January the German troops began to show their hostile intentions towards the Island of Elba; and on the 8th of that month a squadron bearing troops made its appearance off Rio and Lungone. The inhabitants of both places perceived their danger, and General Pinel immediately felt that it was the intention of the enemy to possess themselves of the mines. He accordingly hastened to make preparation for defence, and the inhabitants of Rio despatched a messenger to Piombino to receive the orders of their sovereign as to the course he wished to be pursued.

The envoy, however, faithless to the trust reposed in him, steered into the midst of the enemy's squadron, and informed the commander of the object of his mission. The result of this treachery was, that the Spaniards were driven from all their garrisons in the island, with the exception of that of Lungone, which determined to carry on its resistance as long as possible. Meanwhile the Imperial troops occupied Capoliveri, and blockaded Lungone by sea, with the intention of reducing it by famine.

The blockade, which lasted for four months, was not sufficiently strict to prevent Pinel from conveying intelligence of his precarious position to the courts of Spain and of France, and supplies were in consequence procured at the very moment

that the Germans were investing the fortress of Focardo, situated on the point of the bay opposite to Lungone. The garrison of Lungone then made a vigorous sortie, surrounded the Imperialists, and defeated them. At that moment a colonel of the German forces left Capoliveri with a strong reinforcement, and advanced rapidly on Focardo, in order to assist his brother, a captain who was in command of the detachment that had attacked the fort. He arrived, however, too late, only in time to see his brother a prisoner, barely escaping that fate himself.

The German general was enraged at the disaster of Focardo, for it had been his intention that General Pinel should have remained an idle spectator of the conflict; and he was the more angry, as he looked upon the garrison of Lungone as a troop of brigands with whom he could not treat, inasmuch as he recognised no king of Spain but Charles III., and no *Spanish* troops in Elba but those united with the Germans under his orders. Yet it was necessary to communicate with General Pinel, and the haughty German found as much difficulty as to the mode of styling his correspondent, as we are told, in more modern times, a duke found in addressing a poet. At length the following letter was indited by his Secretary:—

"To the enemy in Lungone.

"A detachment of the enemy having taken prisoners, at

Focardo, some officers and privates of the Cesareo-Spanish troops, the enemy is requested to allow one of the said officers to repair to Capoliveri, with the view to receive succour for the said prisoners, and to explain their state; the General promising to send back the said officer in a few hours, and this on his word of honour.

"Given at Capoliveri, May 6, 1708.

(Signed) "GIACOMO MAGALONI,
"Secretary."

This letter being brought to General Pinel, it was received in the manner that might have been anticipated, and was answered by his Secretary in the following laconic terms:—

"Let the enemy learn good manners, if he wishes to be answered in detail.

(Signed) "THE SECRETARY."

The German General was a second time enraged, and vowed that on no occasion would he treat with the punctilious Commandant. His colonel, nevertheless, anxious to receive intelligence of his captive brother, wrote directly to Pinel, and courteously made his inquiries. He was answered, as he expected, in similar terms. This is the literal translation of Pinel's reply:—

"My most illustrious and most worshipful Master,

"Although the little courtesy of him who commands your troops in the inhumanity practised at Gaeta towards ours, may not call forth from me any attention, or the smallest regard for the prisoners I have in this place, nevertheless, my having learnt the art of war for forty years in the states of Flanders, which have given lessons to all the world, causes me

to feel compassion, and especially for the brother of your illustrious Lordship; so far, that if you will send a surgeon of your choice to attend him, he will be received by me, although there is no lack of such assistance here. Furthermore, I propose to your illustrious Lordship the admission of relief for the German prisoners, and of three or four who are of neutral countries, all the others being subjects of the King my master, for whom it is my duty to think. All this I would have written to the Signor Count Valles, if he had known how he should treat a person of my character; but from the time when he first entered this island I was aware that he was ignorant of it, since war does not destroy the courtesy with which generals mutually treat each other, when they send drummers to ask for that which they require; and of this I have already had experience, as the letter sent by the first drummer came directed to the enemy, without any other name,—a style probably learnt in the war with the Turks,—and as it was not subscribed by him, but by an unknown person, who gave himself as his Secretary.

"Forgive an outburst of my pen, but be persuaded that I shall always be at the disposal of your precious commands,

"Your most devoted servant,

"General Pinel.

"Lungone, May 8, 1708."

Not many days after this, after a bloody battle in the valley of Monserrato, where victory declared itself for the Spaniards, the Germans were obliged to fly the island, and the rocks above mentioned obtained their name, a trophy of the battle.

This Pinel, notwithstanding his code of etiquette, was a detestable tyrant. He destroyed the fortifications of Capoliveri, and dismantled many others in the island. He declared nearly the

whole island to be subject to his sovereign, and giving ear to the malignant suggestions of, as the Italian historian justly calls them, *alcuni scellerati Elbani* (some rascally Elbans), who, availing themselves of his prepotence and cruelty, sought to gratify their private hatreds, he gave free course to his barbarity in punishing those denounced by them as partisans of the Empire. Fines, imprisonment, forced contributions, and every kind of persecution, were inflicted on the unhappy Elbans, until their complaints having reached the ears of Philip V., the oppressor was recalled to Madrid, and ordered to disgorge his ill-gotten gains. The latter sentence proved too much, and he died soon after of grief.

CHAPTER IX.

Capoliveri—Derivation of the Name—Ancient Privileges—Customs—Character of Inhabitants—Godfathers—Funerals—Riunione dei Battenti—Sor Vincenzo—Road made by French Monks—Michael Angiolo—A Worshipper—Emperor Napoleon's Visit—The Archpriest—The Baldacchino—Algerines—Cave—Focæ—Scialpa—Mount Adamant.

On the summit of a high hill, on a peninsula formed by the bay of Lungone on the east, and by that of Corbella, or the Stella, on the west, is situated a large village, named Capoliveri. This name is a corruption of its Pisan appellation, of Capo Libero; and this, in its turn, was a translation of the Roman name, Caput Liberum, given in consequence of the privileges it enjoyed under the rule of both nations, of affording legal refuge to debtors and to persons accused of, or condemned for, certain secondary crimes.

I started for this place with the son of the Governor in a better kind of *calessina*, without which the fatigue brought on by rougher locomotion, and consequent on the weak state of my

health, would have prevented my taking any excursion whatsoever. As it was, however, the road, when it had reached only a certain height of the mountain, was so bad, that we were constrained to descend and to continue our ascent on foot. At last we reached the ancient Alsatia of Elba, and found it well adapted for the functions it formerly discharged. One portion of the village is called the Castello, and occupies the site of a castle long destroyed, placed on an isolated point. The rest of the houses are grouped together lower down on the hill. The streets, narrow and dirty, bore an appearance of antiquity which would have been pleasing, had not the squalor and dirt of its inhabitants destroyed the agreeable illusion. It possesses one or two curious old houses, over the door of one of which is placed a scutcheon bearing a pig, passant, regardant: but this is the only attempt at armorial distinction that I perceived during my short visit.

Amongst the inhabitants we noticed the number of persons with fair hair and complexions, which was very large in comparison with other parts of the island and the continent of Italy. At Capoliveri, I think, they predominate.

This being all that could gratify the curiosity of the stranger, and not being anxious to make any longer stay at Capoliveri, the inhabitants of which are said to retain, although modified by the in-

fluence of modern times, the characteristics of their Roman and Pisan criminal ancestors, as thieves and liars, we requested to see the chief authority of the place, in order to request his assistance in procuring some means of conveyance to the neighbouring mountain, Calamita, or, as it would be called in English, Mount Adamant. We were referred to the commander of the garrison, a corporal of gendarmes, who, together with his detachment, consisting of one man, made every exertion in our behalf, but without result, as all the horses of the community were at the time absent on agricultural duty. We should have been obliged to retrace our steps to Porto Ferrajo without having seen the mountain which causes the compass to deviate, had not a person interfered who seemed possessed of some influence.

He was, in fact, a corporal of the island militia, and, in private life, an innkeeper. Inviting us to enter his house, he immediately sent off for his boat, which was moored at some distance from the bottom of the hill, and offering us fruits and a kind of effervescing aleatico, he desired us to wait, and told us stories of his lawsuits with some Neapolitan relations, in which he had been assisted by the Grand Duchess of Tuscany and by the Count of Trapani, whose picture he suspended in every room of his house, and twice in the only sitting-room. From him we learned that some.

customs, of which we had previously heard, still exist at Capoliveri. Here bridegrooms and brides are accompanied to church by a godfather and godmother; and at baptisms foreign sponsors are chosen, generally sea-captains of Lungone, for fear that, in the different squabbles and fights that so often take place, it should ever happen that a godson should strike his godfather. But this is not by any means the only peculiarity of Capoliveri, where, by the way, in speaking, they are supposed not to be very particular as to their grammar. Here, where everything is peculiar, the ceremonies at deaths and funerals differ from that of any other part of Italy.

The funeral ceremonies commence before the breath is out of the body. No sooner is extreme unction administered, than the kitchen fire is extinguished, and any food that may be cooking is thrown away, as a sign that the moribund has ceased to eat. At the same time, as the death-throes are approaching, the relations, and those entitled to be present, are placed round the bed of death; and the last sigh has scarcely left the body when they burst into simultaneous tears and wailings, observing, as the Romans are said to have done, a regular cadence in their lamentations. These are continued until the funeral; and when the undertakers come for the body, a pretended fight takes place between them and the relations,

as a means of averting the grief of the last departure. As soon as the body is taken to the cemetery, the nearest relations, collecting provisions, force them on their friends, and continue their hospitality sometimes for four days.

At this village, on the Thursday before Easter and on Good Friday, a custom, known as La Riunione dei Battenti, is observed,—by old men as a penance, by young ones as an act of prowess. The performers, having made an incision in their backs with a razor, don a white shift and a jacket of the same colour belonging to their wives or sweethearts, wearing them so as to be open behind. They then go about the country in procession, to make the round of seven churches, beating their wounds with scourges, which, from time to time, they dip in water to render them heavier. On their return the womankind take possession of these garments, covered with blood, and display them with pride at the public washing-places, as marks of the superior robustness of their future or actual lords. Governments have in vain endeavoured to abolish this barbarous ceremony,—after every successive occurrence of which some of the performers are punished with imprisonment. It is generally wound up with drinking and fighting, which, of course, furnish still more causes for the anger of the authorities.

Having completed our questionings, and having

heard all the story of our host's lawsuits, in relating which he entered into the minutest details of time, place, and circumstance, we were preparing ourselves to get angry at the delay, when we were agreeably surprised by the entry of a gentleman, who has chosen Capoliveri as his residence. Of an ancient family, and of considerable attainments, he had passed some years at the University of Pisa, where he had obtained the degree of doctor of laws, the ordinary degree taken by students in Italy, and had subsequently studied for the bar. Having conceived, however, a disgust for the legal profession, he left Florence, and came to his native Elba, where he occupies himself by seeking out the history of the island in the archives of parishes and private families, and by scientific pursuits, intending ere long to give to the world a work on the history and the natural productions of the island. I need not say how gladly we greeted his arrival, nor, as we continued our journey, of what infinite profit was his conversation in pointing out to us the curiosities of the geological conformation.

The boat having arrived, we descended the mountain by a road rudely fashioned by some French monks, who here sought an asylum during the horrors of the first French Revolution, to a small hamlet on the coast, named after the patron of its church, Madonna delle Grazie.

This contains a picture of the Holy Family—the Virgin lifting the veil from the sleeping Child—and is said to be of great efficacy when invoked by mariners. It is painted on wood, and was found on the sea-coast after a storm. It is evidently the work of no ordinary artist. Sor Vincenzo, as our new friend is called by the peasants of Capoliveri, considers it to be the production of the pencil of Michael Angiolo; and the argument with which he supports this view is by no means ill founded.

In some gallery at Rome he was shown a picture by Michael Angiolo, the subject and treatment of which appeared to him to be identical with that in the Island of Elba; and as they both appeared to be of equal merit, he doubted as to which was the copy, and which the original. He at the same time took a correct copy of the one before him. On his return to Elba, his first care was to visit the Madonna, taking with him his copy. On examination, he discovered that the two pictures, though similar in design and workmanship, differed considerably in some of the details; and that this difference was too great to be the result of a copyist's license. He consequently concluded that both must be originals; and the picture before us certainly would not discredit the master-hand to which it is attributed. It is spoilt, however, like many other celebrated pictures in Tuscany, by a hideous silver crown

nailed over the head of the Virgin by inartistic devotees, amongst the number of whom royalty itself may be included.

One worshipper was kneeling in the church, and was pointed out to us as worthy of attention. At the time of the invasion of the French Republican troops, the officer in command was directed to take the picture, then, as now, walled in its shrine, in order to send it to Paris. The worshipper was the person chosen for the task, but, on approaching the picture with his profane hands, his body was paralysed. Since that time no day has passed, in bad or good weather, but this person has come to pay his devotions before the picture; and this fact, added to a contraction of the body, appears to me to be the only foundation for the story, the propagation of which, in fact, he himself discourages.

The Emperor Napoleon visited this church, and was struck by the painting. His visit to Capoliveri is noted in the annals of the place, and is marked by a curious piece of adulation, not entirely devoid of profanity.

On the arrival of the Emperor at Porto Ferrajo, the people of Capoliveri were somewhat aghast at a tax which he imposed upon the island in general. Heretofore the municipal councils of the island had been allowed to determine the manner in which they should raise the tribute to be paid to their sovereign at Piombino, and the imposition of

a direct tax was not palatable. They had understood it from a foreign state, but not from an individual. At a meeting of a council, therefore, the debate ran high, and the best-educated individual amongst them, the archpriest of the parish, one Bartolini, made an oration, in which he said: "We have always been faithful to our Prince, and have paid to him his dues to the full, but in the manner that pleased us. Who is this Napoleon, who assumes to give us laws? Whence does he come?"

His questions were answered by shouts, and the Capoliveresi held out, until their sovereign, who was not of the kind to be long ignored, forced them to comply with his demands, at the same time that, with his keen appreciation of human nature, he named the archpriest one of his Councillors of State. On paying his visit to this portion of his territory, the Emperor was uncertain as to the reception he should receive, and seeing a crowd at the top of the hill, he sent forward an officer to discover the intentions of the population. Not many minutes elapsed before his emissary returned, together with the head man of the village, attired in a red uniform, which in days of yore had been that of Piombino, and with four choristers bearing the *baldacchino*, or canopy held in processions over the host. The Emperor, wisely complying with circumstances, walked with a grave face

under it into the village, and was seen by our host, the corporal, then a boy, who related the facts.

We embarked on board a small boat, rowed by a man whose father had been made a slave by Algerines. This was a curious association between modern and ancient times, and shows the wisdom of the provision in the treaty of Fontainebleau, as to the defence of Elba from the incursions of the Barbary powers.

We at length reached a cave in the rock, curiously formed of schistus, bound by natural ligatures of quartz, and which serves as a home for *focæ*, or, as the people of the island call them, *vitelli-marini*. The easy explanations of our newly-acquired friend, as to the geological formation of this portion of the island, rendered our row under the deep blue sky peculiarly interesting; but, unfortunately, I do not feel myself sufficiently versed in geology to make even an attempt at reproducing his conversation, or touching on the natural history of the island more than incidentally. A German professor, Herr Neumann of Berlin, has lately visited Elba, and, I am told, intends publishing his observations; another German, Monsieur Krantz, I believe, has already written a small work on its natural resources. The former, after a residence of some length on the island, declared to Signor Vincenzo, that were

Elba situated in Prussia it would be turned into one great Peripatetic school, as affording inexhaustible lessons to the students of Nature.

At length we arrived at a small cape, entitled "*Della Cialpa,*" or "*Della Innamorata.*" Its name is derived from a legend which will be related hereafter. Having turned this point, we landed on a portion of the rock covered with ferrugineous stones, in search of some Ienitę, which, as is well known, was first found in the island, as well as of asbestos and amianthus, and of some crystallised substances which form the chief peculiarity of the island mineralogy.

Not very far from this is the landing-place of the new mines of the dark mountain, Calamita. These are carried on under the direction of Monsieur Ulrich, superintendent of those of Rio, and produce iron of a quality remarkable for its purity. The mountain belongs to the Marquise de Boissy, late Countess Guiccioli, and the mineral produce was, I believe, claimed by her. By a special law of Elba, the undersoil belongs to the sovereign, and is now conceded to the company who have undertaken the working of all the iron in the island. Large lumps of the loadstone, whence the mountain derives its name, are here found. A piece in my possession, a cube of about six or seven inches, attracts a weight of about twelve pounds. But several other productions abound.

A natural preparation of magnesia, found in the neighbourhood, is called in the country white adamant, as it adheres to the tongue or to the inner portion of the lip. A fine red clay, also, is here found, adapted to the manufacture of pipe-bowls, resembling those exported from Turkey, and might be turned to good account. Little ochre is found at the Calamita, and the red faces of the Rio miners are not seen at this place; and as the works, comparatively new, are principally excavations, the iron-dust, so much wasted at Rio, is here unknown. It has been disputed whether the variation of the compass does or does not take place on the approach of vessels to this mountain. The Cavaliere Martellini has assured me that, in various experiments made by him on the "Giglio," these variations were distinctly perceptible.

It was a fine evening as we returned to Porto Ferrajo. The stars covered the firmament, glittering magnificently.

CHAPTER X.

On the Publication of Legends — The Legend showing how the Shore of the Innamorata obtained its Name.

"Sulla punta delle rupi,
Han compiuti i loro amori;
Li han compiuti in grembo ai fiori,
Li han compiuti in mezzo al mar."

PRATI.

SOME years ago a friend of mine published a book of travels, in the pages of which he interspersed several legends of the localities he had passed through, with a view of rendering lively the bare descriptions which necessarily form the principal feature of a work of that nature. Much to his horror, however, a critic, who reviewed his work with considerable severity, ascribed the origin of the legends introduced to the imagination of the author, and blamed him for filling his book with commonplace stories. With this awful example before my eyes, therefore, I can hardly trust myself with the relation of the legend which forms

the subject of this Chapter. Legends generally resemble one another, and from their being mostly love-stories, are necessarily commonplace; consequently, to avoid the imputation of invention, I will translate *verbatim* the Legend of the Innamorata, as it is placed in my hands by Signor Vincenzo Mellini, who has extracted it, with considerable trouble, from the parish records of Capoliveri, left by former priests, the only persons in the parish, probably, capable, until lately, of committing their impressions to paper:—

"A terrible event gave its name to the beach. The very old popular legend, now scarcely remembered even by the oldest, says, that, about the fourteenth century, there lived at Capoliveri an orphan girl, by name Maria.

"Good, beautiful as an angel, she was beloved by all. Many asked her hand in marriage, but in vain, for she had placed her heart in the keeping of a handsome and graceful youth, the son of one of the most wealthy agriculturists of the Castello. His name was Lorenzo. Her want of dowry was an obstacle to the union she desired, as the grasping father of the youth calculated on the increase of his son's fortune and connexions by an advantageous marriage.

"The two lovers languished with their unfortunate love for five years. At length, vanquished by the constancy of his son and the virtue

of Maria, the father gave his consent, and, according to the custom of the country, the nuptials were to take place after the harvest.

"Inured to grief, the faithful couple trembled and feared lest some obstacle to their felicity should arise, and the joy caused by the assent, so tardily obtained, seemed to them an illusion.

"But, behold the wished-for labour of the harvest approaches! Behold, the family of Lorenzo move gaily to the eastern valleys of the mountains, taking with them the betrothed bride to assist in the gathering of the corn with the other maidens of the family!

"Lorenzo, as night approached, descended to the beach to take some water from the spring. Some time passed, and he did not reappear. The family, seeing this delay, began to fear lest some sinister event had happened, and Maria, mute and motionless, could not detach her eyes from the path which was to lead her lover back to her side; so great, in those unhappy times, was the danger of adventuring to places near the sea, on account of the incursions of the Barbarians. All of a sudden they see a Turkish vessel making off from the shore, rowing quickly to the open sea; they perceive Lorenzo in the midst of the strange crowd, and fighting desperately for his liberty, disarmed, against armed antagonists. After a few moments, they hear a splash; they see the

waves covered with large lines of blood, and — then they see a corpse floating on the top.

"They fly to the beach, and the unhappy Maria beholds the inanimate body of her lover, which the wave, less cruel than the Barbarians, was driving towards the land. Sending forth long and grievous cries, and hiding her hands in her hair, in an impulse of love, she precipitates herself from the rocks, and embracing the cold remains of her beloved, sinks in the vortex of the waters, repeating his loved name.

"Poor Maria! The monotonous beating of the sea was thy love-song: the shrieks* of the spectators were the congratulations. The mysterious shades of the evening to which thou hadst for so long a time looked forward were anticipated by the deeps of the sea! The festive crowd of maidens crowned with flowers, who should have escorted thee to the altar, were changed (horrible substitution!) into the lurid troop of marine monsters with voracious tooth! Thy virgin robes were despoiled by death, and the wave was thy nuptial couch!

"The morning rose; but no ray of sun gladdened the earth, as a horrible tempest confounded it with heaven, and the grieving populace, assem-

* L'ululato.

bled in great crowds, feared that the furious waves would swallow up the place that had been witness to the terrible catastrophe.

"When the storm was allayed, some pious neighbours sought for three days the remains of the unfortunate pair, but in vain. At length, on the fourth day, there was found close to the beach a blue *grimpa*,* or scarf (*sciarpa*), saturated with blood, which belonged to the unhappy damsel,—the only wreck of this miserable story.

"From that day to this the fisherman, overtaken by some dark and stormy night, with a frightened eye sees rising on the points of the rocks a pallid spectre, dressed in a long white veil, which, with outstretched arms, with a forehead crowned with faded roses, and with dishevelled hair, flies to meet him, leaving behind a long line of mysterious phosphoric light, and calling to him with a moaning, grieving voice, to bring back to her her Lorenzo.

"Now-a-days this tearful legend is nearly faded from the memory of men, who, in their anxiety to create for themselves a pleasing future, are loth to remember the sad stories of the past; and the localities alone, insensible creations, have piously

* Local word.

preserved the name, 'Della Ciarpa,'* and 'Della Innamorata Maria.'

"We, religious venerators of the recollections of our country, have reclaimed from the shades of oblivion your names and misfortunes, oh, faithful and unhappy pair! And thou, Maria, cease to wander vaguely in search of thy beloved, as we pray the God of the afflicted, that as a recompense of thy love, He will deign to unite thee, beneath the great wings of His pardon, to him whom thou lovedst so well."

Such is the Legend of the Innamorata, as contained in the manuscript of the accomplished Doctor. I can claim no praise for its merits. I am not responsible for any faults it may possess.

* The Capoliveresi call it corruptly, "Spiaggia della Cialpa;" but most call it "Spiaggia della Innamorata."

CHAPTER XI.

Journey to Marciana—Road—A Bushranger—Granite Mountain—Swiss Appearance—Hospitality of Inhabitants—Captain Bernotti—Chestnuts—Platform—Journey to Madonna—Eagle—Napoleon's Cottage—Height of Mountain—The Church—Telegraph—A Lady's Visit to the Emperor.

ALL persons who have travelled, if endowed with any amount of observation, even so small as only to be just compatible with sanity, must often have made the remark, that the same rule which teaches a stranger the curiosities of one's native place much better than the native, induces a procrastination in visiting the remarkable spots of a country wherein a protracted stay is contemplated.

The truth of this recognised fact was never more forcibly shown to me than during my stay at Elba. Circumstances totally unconnected with my visit had for some time previously turned my attention specially to the history and geography of Tuscany; and at Elba I discovered that my information respecting the island, although small, was on some subjects considerably more than that

possessed by many of its erudite inhabitants. I further discovered a reluctance on my part, perhaps augmented by ill-health, to visit the spots I was most anxious to see; and, in fact, it was only within a few days of my departure that I went to Marciana, probably the most interesting portion in the island.

My journey began on a fine afternoon, with my agreeable and intelligent companion, the son of the Governor; and we intended to sleep the night at Marciana, and to commence our explorations the following morning. The road for some distance was that leading to Campo, the features of which were familiar to me; but I passed with pleasure, for a second time, the beautifully undulating country—the valley of S. Martino, and the bursts of view of sea and land, which were constantly afforded us by the sudden turns in the road until we reached Procchio,—a small village situated on a large bay, which, if necessary, could at small expense be turned into a valuable and magnificent harbour.

At this spot the road becomes dangerous, or, rather, used to be so, until an enlightened Governor, some years ago, improved it, and built parapets on those portions of the road where sudden turns overhanging high precipices rendered the journey a service of considerable peril. This enlightened officer was dismissed as a recompense

for his services, and as an example to all future Governors to abstain from making roads, or any attempt for the safety of the lives of the population, or for their comfort, if preserved.

Some thick brushwood on one of the hills of the Marciana chain is the scene of a curious history. Many years ago a man, condemned by the tribunal to a considerable punishment, escaped from justice, and found repose beneath it. Here, with the connivance of all the inhabitants of the district, he existed for twelve years, undiscovered by the police. One evening, the advocate who had procured his condemnation, being on his way to Marciana, was stopped by a man with a long beard, whom he recognised as the criminal. Apprehensive of an assault, he prepared himself for defence, when the refugee re-assured him, by stating that he bore him no ill-will for doing his duty, but that, on the contrary, he held him in great respect, and ended by requesting him to meet him in the evening. M. M——, the advocate, then proceeded on his way, but, at the time appointed, returned to find his friend, who, fearing lest the man of law should have arrived in the company of those who could enforce the sentence which hitherto had been only a theory, did not appear until, as it seems, he had carefully reconnoitred his ground. His object in requesting the interview was to take the advice of

the advocate as to the best means of restoring himself to the society of which he had, doubtless, been so bright an ornament, and on other private affairs. M. M—— gave him the advice, and left him, loaded with thanks and blessings. Some weeks afterwards, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess came to Elba on the occasion of some religious solemnity. On leaving the church they beheld a shaggy, bearded, ragged man, looking very much like what must have been the appearance of Nebuchadnezzar during his grass-diet, who implored for mercy and pardon, invoking the Madonna of Marciana, and many others, in his support. The tale was told, and the amiable Princess, becoming the poor man's advocate with her royal consort, was as successful in her pleadings on his behalf as M. M—— had been in the contrary direction; and he was told to go home and shave his beard.

Soon after passing this spot, our horse, already tired when we had commenced our journey, brought us with a slow step to a hill commanding Marciana Marina. The night, however, had arrived more rapidly than ourselves, and we set about seeking for a lodging. This was not so easy a task as may be imagined.

Desiring the boy who accompanied our *calessina* to do his best with regard to procuring lodging and provisions for his horse and himself, we

proceeded to the hôtel pointed out to us as the best in the place. Nine o'clock had not as yet struck; but it was only after considerable knocking that the door was opened. We asked for beds, and we were shown into the hôtel. The establishment consists of three apartments,—a kitchen facing the street, and two small rooms behind, opening on the first, and receiving air only therefrom. A large bed in one of these was offered to us both. Several members of the family of mine host had just risen from this fascinating resting-place, others were scattered through the kitchen, and healthy snorts, proceeding from the third room, betokened the presence of other sleepers. The kitchen itself was stifling; the air anything but odoriferous. To have slept in the interior would have been a typhoid death, even if one were lucky enough to escape the attacks of animals whose number and race, I more than guessed, were beyond those that even a hardy traveller can admit of; and it was with an unanimous vote that my companion and myself rejected the offer of the innkeeper. Leaving his house, therefore, we repaired to the other inn that Marciana boasts. Here the result was almost the same.

But Marciana needs not hôtels. Hospitality is the characteristic of its inhabitants; and the absence of inns is a proof that their disposition renders such an institution unnecessary. An

innkeeper could not exist at Marciana. He would meet with so much competition from the inhabitants that he would soon be ruined; for their competition is of such a nature, that the stranger not only finds sumptuous lodging and food spread before him, but, on leaving, is loaded with gifts, and is not allowed to depart but on a promise of returning.

After the vain efforts above related to procure a lodging for the night, as a last and certain resource we repaired to the house of a friend of my companion, and opened unto him our griefs. We found him at supper with his family, and, inviting us to partake of the repast, he upbraided us with our tardy application, and more especially with having even for a moment harboured the idea of going to an inn. On the lapse of about half-an-hour I was invited to accompany his sons to a house in the neighbourhood, while my friend was lodged in the house where we were. After walking some little distance, I found myself at a building considerably larger than those generally found in the island, and was ushered into an apartment consisting of a bed-room and sitting-room, which were placed at my sole disposal. The furniture was of a luxury little to be expected at such a place. Everything was of silver that admitted of such a material; and although the mosquito, that, like Death, presses with an equal foot the gilded

palace and the pauper's cabin, does not, even in this rich abode of Marciana, abandon his usual impartiality, I slept comfortably until the morning.

The morning's sun arose and revealed to us the beauties of Marciana. Its granite mountain, the highest in the island, reminds the traveller of the scenery of Switzerland, and as, while eating cheese of curds, we gazed upon the little hamlet of Poggio, perched upon an elevated spot, and surrounded with chestnuts, while the peaks of the mountains were lost in the clouds, but little imagination was required to transfer us to the Alps and their villages.

Having breakfasted, we started on our pilgrimage to the Madonna of Marciana, a hermitage of great celebrity, situated on one of the highest peaks of the granite range. Horses were provided by our kind host for us, as well as for some members of his family, who purposed escorting us on our journey. These animals, although only to be conducted by a halter, found their way over the mountainous path with a pleasing security, the want of a bridle being only remarked when their anxiety induced them to go so near a wall or a tree as to endanger the legs or head of their riders.

With these mounts we proceeded to the house of a gentleman, the principal animate attraction to this portion of the dominions of the late Emperor—

Captain Bernotto Bernotti, commanding one of the island companies, and lately one of the orderly officers of the Emperor. Having arranged to dine with this gentleman, who, with the hospitality of which I have already spoken so often, but yet too little, immediately invited our whole party, we deferred the anticipated pleasure of his conversation to a later hour, and continued our route.

This lay first through an avenue of magnificent chestnuts, the largest, not only as chestnuts, but as trees, of the island vegetation. The fruit of these produces no inconsiderable revenue to their proprietors; and the trees themselves, covering the whole mountain, form an agreeable feature in the country, and afford a shade most grateful in a southern summer. It is easy to imagine the appearance of the green luxuriant foliage through which the deep blue sky glimmers, while with the mountain's side, commanding a large expanse of sea, a combination is formed of all those objects which constitute beautiful views.

Having passed a house pointed out as having, on more than one occasion, contained the Emperor and other members of his family, we arrived at a semicircular platform, shaded by chestnuts, and projecting so as to command the sea on various sides. This was one of the spots where Napoleon used to eat his out-of-door dinners, and whence he used to watch for the arrival of expected

vessels; hoping, hoping for intelligence, as those hope whose minds, discontented with the present, and uncertain as to the future, look at every letter as relating some event which will open for them the secret of their fate, or, at any rate, give them new chances for their ambition.

To arrive at this spot we passed some small oratories, so frequently to be found in Elba, and which are built as family chapels by those who do not live in the neighbourhood of cathedrals or large churches, to which they might be added. At length, after passing the villages of Poggio and of Marciana Alta, which, like many other Elban villages, are over-churched, as the sacred edifices are considerably out of proportion to the population, we perceived that we were approaching the far-famed Virgin of Marciana. On the rugged ascent, in addition to several devotional crosses, marking spots where death had at some time or other suddenly occurred, were various small shrines, covered with white plaster, at each of which the pilgrim patters a preliminary "*Ave*," in anticipation of the large amount of devotion to be expended on his arrival. As we arrived at this stage of our journey a rock was pointed out to us, a fantastic effort of Nature, which, from a distance, resembles an eagle with expanded wings, crouching as though willing, but not ready, to fly.

It is known as the Eagle of Marciana; and who

can tell but that this quaint phenomenon may have induced the Exile to choose this spot as one of his favourite resorts? It must, indeed, have called up wondrous recollections, and have led to a train of thought and mental combinations which none but mighty minds, such as his, could conceive. When I reflected on this wonderful man, I could scarcely believe that I lived in the same century that has beheld him; that I heard those speak who had heard him; that I touched the hands of those who had touched his. It is impossible, living at a period so little removed from that in which he flourished, to comprehend all his greatness. Many still live who have been in his society, and the policies which actuated him and his contemporaries still actuate those of the latter who survive, or their successors of the present generation. Even in England, some of those who conducted the wars waged against him by the generation that is past, are now conducting the war that we are carrying on at present. Before we can judge rightly of the actions of a great man, sufficient time must have passed for those actions to have lost any direct and apparent effect on our interests. No one feels rancour at the successes of our enemies some centuries ago, nor is any one so jealous of the fame of a remote ancestor as to overrate his merits, or to depreciate those of his adversary.

And here it was NAPOLEON sought retirement in a wretched hut now inhabited by squalid peasants, who subsist on alms, consisting of four small rooms, whose frail walls, scarcely fitted for the task now assigned to them, are despised even by the priest of the church under whose shade they are situated; and priests in Italy are not of a class who are over-fastidious, or accustomed to comfort other than of a most ordinary nature.

The attractions to the spot, in addition to the Eagle, are very soon perceived. Almost the most elevated situation in the island, it commands a large extent of sea and his native Corsica; and hence, or from the neighbouring peak, known from its shape as Mount Capanna, it must have been that, looking down on his domains, he exclaimed to his attendant, "It must be confessed my isle is very small!" A prettily built fountain, whence pours forth pure water, was also, doubtless, not unnoticed.

The church contains but little worthy of notice. Some wretched daubs of ships under the influence of storms, and one of a gentleman with a leg so badly wounded as to cause other gentlemen and ladies near him to express their feelings by pointing thereto, or by raising their arms, are placed on the walls, to commemorate the kindness of the Virgin and the bigotry of her votaries. Her own picture was concealed from sight by a curtain.

Above, near the Eagle, is a small platform hewn on the rock. Here, at one time, stood a semaphore, now ruined, communicating with one in Corsica, which, on fine days, is plainly visible; and here Napoleon used to pass his time for hours—watching, according to his wont.

It has been asserted that from this spot he had contrived a mode of communication with friends on the neighbouring island; but on this statement the result of my inquiries has thrown no light. From this place was pointed out to us a rock forming a grotto, called the "Grotta d'Oro," from a yellow copperish metal which covers the interior.

At length we left this interesting retreat, our ride having rendered us quite ready for the fare to be placed before us by our gallant host, and, descending by a road made by the Emperor, and by which his mother and sister used to ascend in sedan-chairs, we arrived at his pretty cottage, situated in a road bordered on either side by large chestnut-trees.

The information given me by this gentleman was curious and interesting in the extreme. His reminiscences of the Hundred Days brought us, as it were, in the presence of the man—the hero of that astounding feat of policy, the most remarkable in his life; and I much regret that Monsieur Alexandre Dumas, who passed some days at Marciana, has not given them to the world clothed in that

style peculiar to himself, which would double their attraction. In the hope that some day he will redeem a promise on the subject, implied during his residence, I will not forestall him, nor spoil his sparkling relation of them by one so inferior as mine. One or two relating to Elba have already been interspersed in different parts of these pages; but one especially, containing an assertion of great value to history, I will relate without any commentary of my own, leaving my reader to form his own conclusion.

In all the memoirs of the Emperor it has been stated, that during his sojourn at Elba, a lady with a child came to the island for a short time, who was supposed by the islanders to be the Empress, but by persons better informed, to have been another lady, whose personal attractions and accomplishments had some time before fascinated him. Our host related to us the circumstances of this visit, and also the reasons which lead him to his firm belief, that the lady in question was no other than the Empress Marie Louise.

At the beginning of August 1814, a Polish or German colonel, whose name does not transpire, arrived at Elba, and was immediately received by the Emperor, then residing at Marciana. Marie Louise was at that time residing at Aix, in Savoy. The colonel remained only a few days, and then went away. Not long after this, a Genoese felucca,

the interior of which was fitted up in a luxurious manner, arrived at Porto Ferrajo, bringing a lady, a little boy, and the aforesaid colonel. In the course of the day of their arrival, the Emperor, accompanied by General Bertrand, Captain Baillon, and my informant, started on horseback, as though for San Martino. Arrived at the cross-road where the two roads to San Martino and Marciana branch off, the Emperor, continuing his route to the former place with General Bertrand, ordered his other two followers to wait at this spot for a carriage that would soon pass, and to desire the coachman not to proceed farther till his Majesty's return. On his leaving, Captain Baillon said to his companion,—"Voilà, nous avons l'Impératrice à l'Ile d'Elbe!"

The occupants of the carriage had not to wait long for the Emperor to join them, who, on riding up, entered the carriage, while General Bertrand was observed to speak to the lady with marks of extraordinary respect. On arriving at Procchio the party took boat, and proceeded to Marciana Marina, whence they proceeded to the Madonna, where tents were provided for their accommodation, our Captain being desired by the Emperor to give a bed in his own house to the Polish colonel,—a command with which the Captain complied, no doubt delighted at having an opportunity to display his cordial hospitality.

The following day, as the child was playing about under the chestnut-trees, the Emperor came up to Doctor Fourreau, who was in conversation with the Captain, and asked him what he thought of the child. The Doctor answered, "He appears to be much grown since I had the honour of seeing him at Fontainebleau." The Captain is not sure whether he heard the words "Sa Majesté" applied to the child, which would have placed the matter beyond a doubt; but his answer was evidently displeasing to the Emperor, who answered abruptly, "Qu'est que vous chantez donc?" and turned away, leaving the poor Doctor almost in tears, and in a state only to be understood by those attendants who unfortunately fell under their master's displeasure. Turning round to the Captain, he said, "How could I be expected to know that I was to be secret? A man has not the power of divination of a God."

These circumstances naturally provoked speculations, and, in addition to the facts, as the Captain asserts, that the pictures he had seen of the Empress and the King of Rome resembled the lady and her son, and that the age of the latter tallied with that of the King, have induced him to form the conclusion, which nothing can now alter. The Emperor, however, on seeing that the Captain had observed that the child called him "Papa," asked him what the Elbans thought of his visitors. The

Captain answered, — "They think that Elba is honoured with the presence of the Empress and of your Majesty's son." On which the Emperor rejoined, "He may well be my son, and yet not the King of Rome."

After this, the Captain observes, the suite of the Emperor avoided all conversation on the matter, no doubt having received orders to that effect.

In opposition to this evidence, and in order to enable the reader to arrive at a conclusion, I must state that a person who saw the child declares to me that he was not the King of Rome, whom she had also seen; and that a gentleman stationed at Malta in 1814–15 has informed me, that it was from that island that the lady, whoever she may have been, started on her visit to the Emperor at Elba. Monsieur de Beausset had left the Empress in August, and conveyed to Italy the last letter she addressed to her husband; but Menneval, who was always with her, could scarcely have overlooked a circumstance such as the absence of his royal mistress, or have ventured to omit its publication.

CHAPTER XII.

Time for Departure—Charms of Elba—Governor—His Family—Vice-consul—Capabilities of Elba—A Pulmonic Hospital—A Guide—Directions to Travellers—Mr. Macbean—Custom-house.

At length the time arrived at which we were to leave Porto Ferrajo, and this we did sadly, although, to tell the truth, the life we had passed there had not been diversified by many incidents.

Yet Elba has a certain charm. The stillness of existence, which gives to its inhabitants their soft, saddened manner, in time becomes far from unpleasant. It was pleasant to lie listlessly for hours in a boat on the calm blue sea, while scarcely a sound was to be heard from the surrounding bay, and it was pleasant to watch that bay in the lights of the "mellow moon," or, on a dark night, to see the fire-balloons, the sending of which was a favourite recreation amongst the islanders, fly far away in the cloudless expanse of an Italian sky. All this was pleasant, although useless. It was time to go. The waters had produced

but little effect, and that not wholly favourable, and we sailed to the Continent, not without regret. Many had been kind to us, and I should be lacking in my duty, and deprive myself of a pleasure, did I omit to thank the Governor and his family for their hospitality, and our worthy Vice-consul, Captain Fossi, for the many and kind services he rendered to us during our stay. The general courtesy of the island it is impossible to speak of too highly, while it is equally impossible to thank all separately.

Elba has, strange to say, not many visitors. A stray naturalist or hero-worshipper occasionally crosses the channel to gratify his propensities; but the mass of travellers are content with a passing view from their ships or from the opposite coasts.

Yet there is much to be seen in Elba, much more than is thought, much more than I have been enabled to relate. Its climate might be made of use for the growth of medicinal plants, its mineral productions might be increased in value; and in one portion, near Lungone, I should much like to see the establishment of a cosmopolitan hospital for pulmonic complaints, supported by voluntary contributions and the payments of rich patients, for the benefit of their poorer fellow-sufferers. Accessible to all parts of Europe, railroads and steamers would speedily bring travellers from the north at a cheap rate, and the lives of many might

be saved by a winter passed in the sheltered bay of Lungone, without being so far distant from home as to interfere very materially with their business in their own countries.

One great desideratum is a Hand-book for Elba. Murray has not deigned to notice it, and the traveller who goes thither must search in many volumes for atoms of information, which might well be compressed into a small compass. I trust that this gap may, ere long, be filled; but, meanwhile, it may be useful to mention a few matters which may facilitate the tour to Elba for any one inclined to make it.

The best method of reaching Elba is by the "Giglio," a Government steamer, that leaves Leghorn three times a-month. The traveller had better be cautious as to taking passage in the "Giglio," on its first excursion in the month, for on that occasion it goes round by Piombino, which adds to the length of the journey, without offering any countervailing advantage, as Piombino, strange to say, considering its importance in feudal times, possesses little, if any interest.

Another manner of reaching Porto Ferrajo is by the diligence, from Leghorn to Piombino, and thence taking passage in the boat that daily crosses with the letter-bag. The land journey is tedious, and the time of crossing the rough channel of Piombino necessarily uncertain. The traveller

in Corsica will easily find means of crossing to Rio, Marciana, or Lungone.

No one should arrive at Elba unprovided with a letter of introduction, unless already acquainted with some inhabitant. One acquaintance is, however, sufficient, as the intimacy of the islanders is such, that without a moment's scruple or hesitation they pass a friend from one house to another. Any one acquainted with our able and amiable Consul at Leghorn, Mr. Macbean, will find from him every facility, as his long acquaintance with Italy, independently of his official position, renders the assistance he is ever ready to give in the highest degree valuable.

It is always best, if time be a consideration, to establish head-quarters at Porto Ferrajo, as being a central situation, and thence to make excursions to the various spots of interest in different directions. Elba not being included in the Customs-laws of Tuscany, luggage is searched at Leghorn, when coming from the island, which itself, *terque quaterque beata*, is free from this obnoxious ceremony.

THE ISLAND EMPIRE.

PART II.

THE ISLAND EMPIRE.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

Abdication of the Emperor—Choice of Sovereignty of Elba—Reasons—General Description—Ingratitude and Desertion—Berthier—Attachment of the Guard—Officers volunteer to serve as Privates—Bertrand—Drouot—Cambronne—Desertion of Servants—Adieux de Fontainebleau—Foreign Commissioners—Address to Soldiers—The Eagle—Journey through France—Double Plot against Emperor's Life—Arrival at Fréjus—Captain Ussher—Embarkation—Voyage—Emperor's Knowledge of Naval Affairs—Conversation—Walcheren Expedition—Apprehension of Power of Russia—Nice Point of Seamanship—Ligurian Coast—Genoese Merchant Captain—Off Corsica.

The Emperor had abdicated. Defection and ingratitude had done their work, and all that remained to the Allied Sovereigns was, to decide the future lot of their mighty foe—still mighty, although fallen.

Still a sovereign, he treated with sovereigns as an equal; and as power had been his passion, so was

power to be his misfortune. The treaty of Fontainebleau was signed. In it the Imperial title was secured to Napoleon and his wife. His family was proclaimed princely, and revenues compatible with that dignity were assigned to them. Those whom his will had rendered noble and illustrious were to be noble and illustrious for ever. A sovereignty was secured to himself—a sovereignty which was a mockery as great as the paper crown on the dissevered head of Richard. His subjects of every sex and age scarcely reached the number of four of his victorious legions. A battalion was allotted for his army. The territory over which he was to reign had hitherto been governed by administrators in the first steps of their career. Its trifling revenues had been assigned as alms for the children of those who had served him in his glory.

Yet the spot of his exile was of his own choice. Corfu had been offered to him, and Corsica, the country of his birth. These he refused. The first had no connexion with him, either in association or in sympathy; and the second, he foresaw, would, sooner or later, be considered by the Bourbons as too near to France for their safety and for his own.[1] He therefore preferred the Island of Elba, which could give umbrage to none, and, when once away from the throne of his creation, the conqueror

[1] Duc of Rovigo.

of kingdoms could not descend to compare one petty island with another. A few thousand subjects, more or less, neither added to, nor deteriorated from, the splendour of his position; and he chose that dominion, the internal resources of which could create no apprehension, and where he could devote himself, without disturbance, to those plans of repose and study which he at the moment contemplated.

And, though small, Elba was not unfitted to be the retreat of the abdicated Emperor. Abandoned by nearly all—by princes and by valets—by those whom his affection had distinguished often beyond their innate merits—and, as it afterwards appeared, even by his wife, little remained for him but to surround himself with the comforts of life, and the respect and pomp which had become to him almost a necessity. At Elba he found the horizon,[1] the sky, the air, the waves of his childhood; and the history of his island-state would be to him a constant lesson of the mutability of human things.

There are some secluded spots in the world, neglected occasionally by the tourist and the historian, which present much to interest either, and contain sometimes monuments and peculiarities which their seclusion preserves from deterioration. Thus it is only in a small island of the Neapolitan Gulf that the dress and some of the customs of

[1] Lamartine.

ancient Greece are still to be found in existence; and only in one small valley of more Northern Europe, may still be heard the accents, in which the Gaulish chief addressed his Roman conqueror.

The Island of Elba is one of those highly-favoured but neglected spots. Full of historic associations, and abounding in peculiarities of custom drawn from many nations, it possesses something vague and mysterious, calculated to excite more than ordinary interest, which its dark outline, as seen from the opposite Tuscan shore, by no means tends to diminish. In ancient times, a northern traveller passing Elba would have borne back to his friends an account of the little island that could gratify the imagination of the most poetic, as some Garden of Armida, or Lotus-eating Land.

He could say that, in the Mediterranean, he had seen at a distance the dark, sharp outline of an island; that, on inquiry, he had been told that, notwithstanding its uninviting aspect, when approached more nearly, its shores presented scenery of the greatest beauty; that its fertile soil and genial climate produced almost spontaneously fruits and shrubs that even on the adjacent continent do not grow in such profusion—grapes, corn, olives, chestnuts, almonds, figs, walnuts, lemons, oranges, prickly-pears, pomegranates, and even dates, and that the air is laden with the scent of aloes, rosemary, gum-cistus, and other

aromatic plants. He would have heard, with much solace, that the dark island produced wines of superior quality, and hares, partridges, quail, and other fowl; that the coasts abound in choice fish, and that the earth possesses inexhaustible wealth from its quarries of loadstone, granite and marble, iron, and other more costly, though not so useful, minerals.[1] He would also recount that this island was not to be approached without accompanying prodigies; as navigators have observed, when their vessels approached its mountains of loadstone, that the needle of their compass trembles and turns from the pole, its natural attraction. Moreover, he would learn that its inhabitants would receive him with hospitality and kindness; and that, although a people of soft and even saddened manners, their men were celebrated for their independence, industry, and courage, and their women for chastity and frugal housewifery.

The Emperor was to add a new feature to this description, and future historians were to record that this island was the chosen retreat of one at whose name the most warlike nations had trembled.

The pages of history present few pictures of

[1] Dr. Bowring declares, in his Report on the Commerce of Tuscany, laid before the Houses of Parliament, that the iron mines of Rio are inexhaustible.

ingratitude so strong as that contemplated by the Emperor. High and low, rich and poor, general and minister, wife and stranger, all owing their rank, their fortunes, or their livelihood to his master mind,—almost all left him.

One little band of men remained faithful. Their names are still recorded, though with some of them, perhaps, devotion was the principal distinction. Those who had received the least in every class of life evinced the greatest loyalty and affection. Ingratitude was in proportion to the benefits received. An able reviewer has, happily, drawn the picture in a few words. "The men he raised the highest were the first to turn from him when the clouds of misfortune darkened his path: the men for whom the sunshine of his glory had ripened only a moderate harvest prayed for the satisfaction of serving him in exile."[1]

Berthier, Prince of Neufchâtel and Wagram, the first of the Marshals, the sworn brother of the Emperor, the friend chosen as the proxy to espouse the daughter of Austria, raised for himself a reputation for ingratitude and heartlessness which more than equalled that of his military skill and glory. A week had scarcely elapsed from the moment when, at Fontainebleau, he had vowed never to desert his Emperor, when

[1] "Athenæum," August 12, 1854.

he delivered to the restored king the message declaring that "France, which for twenty-five years had groaned under the weight of her misfortunes, had during that period longed for the auspicious day that then was dawning." But the French, who before half a century had passed, finally substituted the Imperial for the Royal dynasty, repudiated this conduct; for as the Prince, together with the Duke of Feltre, and the other Marshals, rode into Paris with his new sovereign, the impartial crowd, appreciating his conduct, despite the menaces of the foreign soldiers, cried, "To Elba, Berthier!—To Elba!"[1]

Three were true to the Emperor: Caulaincourt, Duke of Vicenza; Maret, Duke of Bassano; and MacDonald, Duke of Tarentum; and of these the last had never been of the number of the most highly-favoured. But one by one they were obliged to leave him, and he remained alone with the noble band who had resolved to follow him to his island-state.

Retired in one corner of his palace, his only occupation the preparatives for departure, the Emperor saw Fontainebleau converted into a desert since the announcement that he had ceased to reign. Still he would not believe that all had left him. Whenever the sound of a carriage, rumbling

[1] Duc of Rovigo.

through the court, struck his ears, "Is not Berthier returned?" he asked, and the answer was always in the negative. No one came of all the crowd of ministers, councillors, generals, and courtiers.[1] And again the Emperor turned listlessly to the maps and statistics of his island.

But all had not deserted him. About to depart for an exile the limits of which could not be calculated, he was forced to make a choice amongst the many soldiers of his guard who wished to form part of the chosen few still allowed him.[2] Four hundred was the number fixed; but all—Frenchmen and Poles—wished to follow him. Many officers volunteered to resign the commissions on which depended their sole means of livelihood, to carry a musket, as a private, in the little legion. He took, in preference, those whose family ties were the least strong; and, in his anxiety for their welfare, he stipulated for them full liberty to return to France, with the conservation of their rights as Frenchmen.[3]

Three generals followed their Emperor to Elba: Henri Gatien Bertrand, Count of the Empire, Grand Marshal of the Palace since the death of the gallant Duroc, equally honoured by the discharge of his duties in that capacity at Elba, and subsequently at St. Helena, as when he had been intrusted

[1] St. Hilaire. [2] Hist. de la Garde Impériale.
[3] Une Année de la Vie de l'Empereur Napoleon. Moniteur.

with them at the height of his master's glory. On account of his fidelity, the Bourbon government sequestrated the property he possessed in the public funds, which he could only recover during the Hundred Days.[1]

Antoine, Comte Drouot, known as "Le Sage de la Grande Armée,"[2] of whom his Emperor said, in his second exile, that, full of charity and of religion, his morality, his probity, and his simplicity, would have done him honour in the finest days of the Roman Republic;[3] who was estimated by his Emperor as superior to many of his Marshals—as one to whom the command of a hundred thousand men could unhesitatingly be confided. To the qualities of a great general he added those of mind and disposition, which rendered him the idol, as well as the pride, of his native town of Nancy, where he ended his days, and earned for himself a funeral oration, pronounced by the eloquent Lacordaire.[4]

Of Pierre-Jacques, Baron de Cambronne, little is known but the bravery and devotion which obtained for him his rank and military grade; but his answer, when in command of a division of the guard at Waterloo, "La Garde meurt et ne se rend pas," however much its laconism may be

[1] Notice Biographique, par le Gén. Paulin.
[2] Biographie du Général Drouot, par Nollet.
[3] Lascases. [4] Eloge funèbre.

disputed, has thrown a lustre about him which many a man might envy.

But notwithstanding the attachment of soldiers, the defection, even of menials, wounded the shattered spirit of the Emperor. Rustan, his mameluke, and Constant, who for twelve years had occupied the post of valet, disappeared. But no reproach escaped the Emperor's lips. On the morning of the 20th of April, as he missed them at their accustomed posts, he only remarked, "Indeed, I had forgotten that Ingratitude was the order of the day."[1]

The pencil of the artist has consecrated even more than the pen of the historian the departure of the Emperor from his palace. Indeed, for one and the other, it is a scene full of pathos and painful interest.

Noon had struck, and the Emperor slowly descended the great staircase. He crossed the court of the Cheval Blanc in the midst of twelve hundred of his Guard, drawn up and silently watching him. At the gate he beheld all that remained to him—all whose feelings were sufficient to urge them to bid farewell to their benefactor. Bassano, Belliard, and Bussy; Montesquieu, Turenne, Megrigny; Fain, his private secretary, Fouler, Joanne, de la Place, Lelorgne, d'Ideville, Athalin, Gour-

[1] St. Hilaire.

gand, Kosakowski, and Vonsovitch: these were all who attended their master. Two were absent, unwillingly—Caulaincourt and Flahault. In addition, the Commissioners appointed by the Allied Powers to escort the Emperor, Count Schouwaloff for Russia, Colonel Campbell for England, General Koller for Austria, and General Waldebourg-Truchsess[1] for Prussia, were present.

On arriving at the gate, the Emperor ordered the troops to form a circle, and addressed them in a voice which, though distinct, occasionally faltered with emotion.

"Grenadiers and Chasseurs of the Old Guard," he said, "I bid you adieu! For twenty years I have led you to victory; for twenty years you have served me with honour and fidelity; receive my thanks.

"My object has always been the happiness and the glory of France. To-day circumstances have changed. When entire Europe is armed against me; when all the princes, all the powers are in league; when a great portion of France" (here he paused, and continued in a more subdued voice); "when another order of things is established . . . I have thought it right to yield.

"With you, and with the gallant men who have remained devoted, I could still have resisted

[1] Narrative of General Waldebourg-Truchsess.

all the efforts of my enemies; but I should have kindled, for more than five years, civil war in our France, in the bosom of our dear country.

"Officers, soldiers, abandon not your country, too long unhappy; be submissive to your chiefs, and continue to walk in the path of honour wherein you have ever met me.

"Be not anxious as to my lot. Great recollections remain to me. I shall be able still nobly to occupy my moments; I shall write the history of your campaigns.

"Officers, soldiers, who have remained faithful to the last moment, receive my thanks. I am satisfied with you. I cannot embrace you all; but I embrace your general. Adieu, my children! Adieu, my friends! Keep me in your memory... I shall be happy when I know that you yourselves are so. Come, general."

Then their commander, General Petit, approached, and the Emperor cordially embraced him.

"Bring me the eagle, that I may also embrace it!"

The standard-bearers advanced, inclined his eagle, and the Emperor embraced its flag three times, with the deepest emotion.

"Adieu, my children!"

All who were witnesses of this scene shed tears. Tears rolled down the furrowed cheeks of

the old warriors, and even the foreign officers could not restrain, and did not attempt to disguise, the emotion which it caused them.

Then, amidst the cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" shouted despairingly by the Guard, and repeated by the crowd of soldiers, the object of all this adoration entered the carriage that was to carry him from them. As it drove away he lowered the window; and, it is said, that tears were in his eyes, and that he appeared to be suffocated by emotion.[1]

The eagle was preserved by General Petit. Its red silk flag, powdered with gold bees, and pierced with balls, can still be seen in the same state as when the Emperor bid farewell to the emblem of his glory and his power.

Some officers, after seeing the Emperor, broke their swords and resigned their commissions. They could not serve any other.

The journey through France was not performed without danger.[3] Fanatic royalists, the admirers of despotism, and fanatic republicans, the predecessors of the "*rouges*" of our days, uniting as they now do, with a concerted or fortuitous combination, endeavoured to terminate the life of the Emperor, whom they equally detested

1 Une Année, &c. 2 Histoire de la Garde Impériale.
3 Capefigue gives documents in full.

as the mean of the two extremes. That the designs of the first were countenanced by those high in authority there can be little doubt. Maubreuil, one of the household of the Queen of Westphalia, who subsequently confessed the object of his mission, was furnished with extraordinary powers, for which no other reasons have been assigned. The Minister of Police placed his officers at the command of Maubreuil, and the Minister of War, Dupont, gave similar orders to his troops; while Generals Sacken and Brockenhausen, the commanders of the Russian and Prussian forces (the latter with that strength of language which generally characterises innate weakness), gave strict directions that Maubreuil should be obeyed, by the respective armies, in any manner he should require.

But the Emperor was reserved for more glory and more misfortune; and on the 27th of April he arrived at Fréjus, together with his sister, the Princess Pauline, who accompanied him from her residence in the neighbourhood of Hyères.[1]

On the 25th of April, Captain Ussher, commanding the vessels on the naval station, being off Marseilles, in company with the "Euryalus," Captain, now Sir Charles Napier, and other ships, received a note from the English Commissioner,

[1] Waldebourg-Truchsess.

Colonel Campbell, communicating the instructions, given by Lord Castlereagh, respecting the manner in which "the late chief of the French government, Napoleon Bonaparte," was to be conducted to his island. Colonel Campbell had left the Emperor on the road to St. Tropez, where it had been arranged the embarkation was to take place, and Captain Ussher, in consequence, sailed for that place on the 26th.[1]

From St. Tropez, Captain Ussher proceeded to Fréjus, at which place he had been informed, by Colonel Campbell, that it was the wish of the Emperor to embark. And here, at an inn known as the Chapeau Rouge, he was introduced by Colonel Campbell to his illustrious passenger.

The Emperor wore the uniform of the Old Guard, together with the star of the Legion of Honour, holding in his hand a book on the statistics of Elba, to which he constantly referred when asking questions respecting the island. He conversed some time with the two English officers, and ended the interview, which had been conducted, on his part, with dignity and kindness, by inviting them to dine with him. The party at dinner consisted, in addition to the Emperor and Captain Ussher, of the four Commissioners, Count Clam, Aide-de-Camp to Prince Schwartzenberg,

[1] Narrative by Sir Thomas Ussher.

and the two generals, Bertrand and Drouot. General Cambronne was absent in command of the little army that had for some days been on its march.

The Emperor was not at all reserved during the meal. On the contrary, he spoke with much animation, showing marked attention to Baron Koller, as representative of the family of the Empress, who sat on his right hand. His conversation was turned, with his usual tact, to the subject in which the newest arrival was the best versed. He spoke principally of naval matters, alluding in slighting terms to the Dutch navy, and saying that he had improved it by sending able naval architects to Holland. "The 'Austerlitz,'" he said, "was one of the finest ships in the world;" and the Russian Commissioner did not appear to enjoy the allusion. He also talked of the Elbe, and of the importance of that river, by which the finest timber could be brought from Poland.

The next day was fixed upon for the departure, and Count Bertrand was instructed to have the carriages ready by seven o'clock. A few minutes before that hour, Captain Ussher waited upon the Emperor, and remained with him alone until all was prepared. But little conversation passed. The Emperor seemed engaged in deep thought as he walked anxiously about the room. It was at

this place, at Fréjus, he had landed on his return from Egypt. How few years had passed since that event—a few rapid years, in which a dream, such as none but he have dreamt, had been enacted! The arrival of the carriages roused him from his reverie. "Allons, Capitaine," he said, as he buckled on his sword, which lay on the table, and ordered the folding-doors to be thrown open.

On the large landing-place a considerable number of persons were collected—all waiting to have one last glimpse of their Emperor. The ladies were in full dress, silent, and making low reverences. One of these the Emperor accosted,—an interesting young woman,—asking her if she were married, and the number of her children; but, scarcely waiting for a reply, he bowed to each individual, and hastened to his carriage. Baron Koller, Captain Ussher, and Count Bertrand, accompanied him.[1]

The scene at St. Rapheau, the place of embarkation, must have been eminently picturesque. The interest of the moment rendered it one never to be forgotten. A regiment of cavalry drawn up under the trees—a bright moon—the neighing of horses—the sailors' torches—the soft notes of the bugles—the shouts of the crowd, crying "Farewell!"—their animated gestures—the British ship

[1] Narrative by Sir Thomas Ussher.

close to, bedecked to receive a monarch, were the constituents of the picture.[1]

On arriving on board, the Emperor bowed courteously to the officers assembled on the quarter-deck, and immediately proceeding to the forecastle, he began to converse with those of the crew who understood a little French, turning his attention to all the details of a ship's equipment. He felt the necessity of distracting his thoughts, at that moment so awful for him.

Notwithstanding the rule that precludes the firing of salutes after sunset, the cannon of the "Undaunted" fired a royal salvo,[2] in honour of him who still ranked high amongst sovereigns. Then the "Undaunted" sailed, and the Emperor turned his back for ever on the land for which he had done so much. For ever! "Il n'y a que les morts qui ne reviennent pas." These were almost the last words he had spoken to the Prefect of his Palace.[3]

The passage from Fréjus to Porto Ferrajo occupied five days. During this time the Emperor astonished his English hosts, not only by the gaiety of his nature, but by the simplicity of his habits. He declared that his health had never been better, and the novelty of inaction was, probably, for the moment, a sensible relief. At four in the morn-

[1] Narrative by Sir Thomas Ussher.
[2] Sir Niel Campbell. [3] Beausset.

ing he awoke, and drank a cup of strong coffee; but did not appear on deck till seven. At ten he breakfasted. At this meal, besides his personal suite, the English and Austrian Commissioners were present (the Russian and Prussian had taken leave at Fréjus), together with Count Clam and the officer of the watch. All were intent on hearing the opinions of one who for years had been regarded with apprehension. His conversation generally turned upon public affairs. He maintained the justice of the principles of commerce proposed by him to Lord Sidmouth as the bases of a convention after the Peace of Amiens, viz.:— that Great Britain should take, in exchange for her exports to France, an equivalent in French manufactures. The Americans, he said, acknowledged the justice of the principle. Formerly they took the amount of their tobacco and cotton in specie, with which they afterwards purchased British manufactures, but on his refusing to admit American goods, they acceded to his arrangement.

He spoke on these occasions of the ill-starred Walcheren expedition, on the plans he had made for increasing the naval power of France, and on many other matters; but that which is at present the most curious and interesting of any, as showing the justice of his views and his wonderful foresight, is the fact recorded by Sir Niel Campbell, that the Emperor seemed desirous to impress

upon the Austrian Commissioner and Count Clam notions of the apprehensions which ought to be entertained by the Emperor of Austria and Prince Metternich, in consequence of the increasing power of Russia.[1]

After breakfast the Emperor occupied himself in study for some hours until two o'clock, when, coming on deck, he watched the men employed in their regular tasks, asking questions through General Bertrand, who spoke English. He took great interest in naval matters, and surprised the officers by his evident familiarity with many of the details of the management of ships. On one occasion, to the astonishment of Captain Ussher, he explained to Baron Koller, exemplifying it with two forks, "and that very well, a very nice point of seamanship—that of keeping a ship clear of her anchor in a tideway."[2]

One day the ship was tacked, and stood towards the Ligurian coast. Here the Emperor gazed long and earnestly upon the Alps. It was observed that "his eye appeared quite fixed." As he gazed, the sky, which before had been clear, became clouded, and a storm arose. Then the ship tacked again, and stood towards Corsica. The facts are chronicled by the honest sailor[3] who witnessed them,

[1] Sir Niel Campbell.
[2] Ussher. Lord Holland's Foreign Reminiscences.
[3] Ussher.

with scarce a comment, but to the Emperor's impressionable mind they must have betokened much.

With the storm, however, his spirits appeared to rise, and he laughingly asked if there were any danger, with a view of rallying Baron Koller, who, it appears, was no great sailor. On himself the sea had no effect, and, conversing on naval matters, he showed his knowledge in an extraordinary manner. In advising the Captain to make for Calvi, in case of danger, instead of Bastia, he seemed perfectly acquainted with the soundings of that port, and with other details, which convinced Captain Ussher that, had it been necessary, the Emperor's acquaintance of the shore might have been of great practical use in piloting the ship.

The passage was diversified by some incidents. One evening, the captain of a small Genoese merchant-vessel was desired to come on board, and the Emperor, who was dressed in a greatcoat and round hat, conversed with him some time. "Your captain," said the Italian, in Captain Ussher's cabin, after leaving the Emperor, "is the most extraordinary man I ever saw. He asks all manner of questions, and, without waiting for an answer, repeats them rapidly a second time." Great was the poor man's astonishment on hearing who had been his collocutor, and equally great his disap-

pointment when, hastening on deck to obtain another and more careful view of the Emperor, he found him no longer there.

On the morning of the 1st of May, the "Undaunted," when off Calvi, fell in with three English vessels—the "Berwick," the "Aigle," and the "Alliance"—on board of which were General Montresor and Captain Brisbane, commanding a naval and military force which had been detached by Sir Edward Pellew and Lord William Bentinck to occupy Bastia and Calvi. Two of the Captains, Sir John Lewis and Captain Coghlan, were invited to dine on board the "Undaunted," and were equally astonished with the officers of that vessel by the various questions on nautical and other matters put to them by the Emperor on their presentation. Amongst those of a general character, one not a little surprised Captain Coghlan, who was asked if he were not an Irishman and a Roman Catholic. As they approached the town of Calvi the Emperor seemed pleased, as the wind, coming off the land, enabled the ship to haul close in shore; and he told many anecdotes of his early days as he beheld the scenes in which they had been passed. As the two Captains prepared to leave the ship, delighted with their reception, they were requested by General Bertrand to convey on shore two letters, for old friends of the Emperor on the island.

Shortly after this the "Undaunted" made all sail, shaping her course for Elba. The Emperor was exceedingly anxious to reach the island, and asked if every sail were set. He was answered, all that could be of any use. "But," he urged, "were you in chase of an enemy's frigate, should you make more sail." Captain Ussher saw that one of the sails—the starboard top-gallant stern-sail—was not set, and observed, that if he were in pursuit of an enemy he should certainly carry it. "If it could be of use in that case, it may be so now," replied the Emperor, who never allowed anything to escape his close observation.

CHAPTER II.

Emperor arrives at Porto Ferrajo—Deputation of Inhabitants —Proclamation of General Dalesme—Of Signor Balbiani— Private Landing—Choice of Flag—State Disembarkation —Te Deum—Reception—An Old Soldier—Illuminations.

On the afternoon of the 3d of May, the "Undaunted" arrived in the beautiful roads of Porto Ferrajo. Count Drouot, Lieutenant Hastings of the "Undaunted," and Colonel Campbell, together with Baron Germanowski, a light cavalry officer, and the Chevalier Baillon, one of the officers of the Palace, were sent on shore to take possession. Drouot, as the future Governor of the island, was charged with a letter to General Dalesme, Commandant of the place, which had been written at Fréjus, requesting the delivery of the island, together with the war-stores and provisions, and a list of those officers and men already garrisoned on the island who might be disposed to remain in the Emperor's service.[1]

[1] Ussher. Campbell, MS.

At eight o'clock the same evening the "Undaunted" anchored at the entrance of the harbour. According to a native historian,[1] an eye-witness of the vessel's arrival, the joy of the Elban population was immeasurable. All the authorities, civil, military, and judicial, the clergy, the principal citizens, and the municipal council, hastened on board the English frigate to pay their respects to their sovereign. It was indeed an event for them. Their first and only independent existence was begun under happy auspices. Their little island, until lately subdivided amongst petty powers, was to be united under one of those Emperors who make epochs. No wonder, therefore, that the dignitaries hastened to the "Undaunted," and, to use the words of their own chronicler, "signalised, on their own part, and on that of all the people of the Island of Elba, their most humble respect, sincere devotion, and eternal fidelity."

The deputation was immediately admitted to the presence of the Emperor, who received them with kindness and condescension, expressing his strong desire to make the acquaintance of his subjects, and to let them know how much he had at heart their interests and their happiness. Delighted with their reception, the public functionaries and other members of the deputation returned

[1] Ninci, Storia dell' Isola dell' Elba.

on shore, and their chiefs hastened to publish to their fellow-citizens the kind expressions of their new master. Thus ran the proclamation of General Dalesme:—

"Inhabitants of the Island of Elba! Human vicissitudes have led the Emperor Napoleon among you, and his own choice has given him to you for your sovereign.

"Before entering your walls, your new and august monarch has addressed to me the following words: 'General, I have sacrificed my rights to the interests of my country, and have reserved to myself the sovereignty and possession of the Island of Elba, with the consent of all the Powers. Please to inform the inhabitants of this state of things, and of the choice I have made of their island for my residence, in consideration of the mildness of their manners and of their climate. Tell them that they will be the object of my liveliest interest.'

"Elbans! These words require no commentary. They will form your destiny. The Emperor has judged rightly of you. I owe you this justice, and I render it to you.

"Inhabitants of the Island of Elba, I am about to leave you. This absence will be painful to me, because I am sincerely attached to you; but the idea of your happiness softens the bitterness of my departure; and in whatever place I may be, I

shall still be near this island, by means of the recollection of the virtues of its inhabitants, and of the wishes I shall form for their prosperity."

The words quoted in this address were extracted from the letter before mentioned, written at Fréjus, which General Drouot had presented that morning to the Governor. Balbiani, the Vice-Prefect of the island, doing duty as Prefect, also published a short proclamation,[1] as head of the civil portion of the islanders:—

"The most auspicious event which can ever illustrate the history of the Island of Elba has this day happened!

"Our august sovereign, the Emperor Napoleon, has arrived amongst us.

"Give then free course to the joy which should inundate your souls: our aspirations are fulfilled, and the happiness of our island is secured.

"Listen to the first memorable words which he has deigned to address to you all, speaking to the functionaries who represent you: 'I shall be to you a good father. Be to me good children.'

"These will remain eternally impressed on your grateful hearts.

"Let us unite around his sacred person; let us vie in zeal and in fidelity in his service. That will be the sweetest recompense for his paternal

[1] Campbell, MS. See also Narrative of Waldebourg-Truchsess and General Koller.

heart, and we shall thus render ourselves worthy of the signal favour which Providence accords us."

Arrighi, the Vicar-general of the island, and subsequently chaplain to the Emperor, as head of the clergy, issued a proclamation on the same subject, the flowery style of which has been criticised by persons who make no allowance for the language in which it was written. At any rate, this and its fellow-proclamations were, for the people to whom they were addressed, as apposite and as valuable as any of those that, at the period, inundated the press, and tapestried the walls, of the other capitals of Europe.

The Emperor was impatient to see his new states. On the morning of the 4th, therefore, after having questioned the harbour-master for two hours respecting the city and the fortifications, he landed privately on the opposite shore of the bay, near S. Giovanni, accompanied by the Grand Marshal, Colonel Campbell, and Colonel Vincent of the Engineers. After returning on board ship, he chose a flag for his new nationality from a collection of old Tuscan ensigns,—white, with a red band running diagonally, on which were three golden bees, his favourite emblem. Two of these flags having been made by the ship's tailors, they were hoisted on the fortifications, and saluted by the guns of the town and of the English frigate, and by two French war-vessels that happened to be

in the port. At the same time the Emperor disembarked in state. He was dressed in the uniform of the Chasseurs of his Guard, wearing on his hat the cockade of Elba, consisting of the colours and bees of his flag. The semicircle formed by the *darsena*, or port, was lined by crowds collected from all parts of the island, by the authorities in full dress, and the clergy in canonicals, the municipal body and the citizens ranged together. Boats and vessels, gaily adorned with flags, shot quickly here and there on the deep water of the port, some carrying musicians, whose strains mingled with the roar of the cannon, while the populace shouted "*Viva*," as a welcome, and the British seamen gave a British cheer, as a farewell. And, indeed, the Emperor had left special cause for recollection and gratitude on board the "Undaunted." A number of Napoleons, such as the honest tars had seldom seen as a free gift, were left with their boatswain, who in their name took a rough leave of him. The crowd was so great that the Emperor's boat went from one side of the harbour to the other, uncertain where the landing could take place.[1]

So soon as the Emperor had placed his foot on the shore, the mayor, Signor Pietro Traditi, afterwards one of the Emperor's chamberlains, pre-

[1] Private MS.

sented to him the keys of the city on a silver plate; and then the clergy advanced, and, receiving the anointed person of the Emperor under a grand canopy, led him between two lines of soldiers across the two squares, the houses of which were decorated with tapestry and flowers, to the Cathedral. A solemn *Te Deum* was sung, after which the procession repaired in the same order to the Town Hall, which had been chosen, at the moment for the Emperor's residence. Here the Emperor received the homage of his subjects, who were delighted with the kind manner of their reception, as he spoke to them of their labours, their fortunes, and their families.

The procession was marked by an interesting incident. Observing an old soldier in the crowd, wearing the cross of the Legion of Honoûr, the Emperor beckoned to him, and, addressing him by name, recalled the fact of having given him the decoration on the field of Eylau. The brave old man shed tears. Such occurrences are the real secret of the deeds of the Hundred Days.[1]

The city was illuminated brilliantly for two evenings, and the Emperor retired to rest amidst every expression of joy and goodwill at his arrival.

Thus began this portion of the life of Napoleon I.

[1] Ussher.

CHAPTER III.

Marine Guard—Statistics of Battalion—Captain Ussher—Excursions — Plans — Pianosa — Marciana — Arrival of Troops—Disembarkation—Departure of Captain Ussher—Letter from Empress Joséphine.

THE first care of the Emperor on his arrival was to provide for the comfort and conveyance of his beloved sister and of the troops. The British authorities, therefore, courteously undertook to place a British vessel, the "Curaçoa," at the disposal of the first, and to provide for the secure transport of the second, whose place about the Emperor's person was for some time filled by a party of British Marines from the "Undaunted." One of these, O'Gorum, one of the best soldiers ever known, was selected by him to sleep on a mattress outside the door of his bedroom.[1]

The list of the men, carriages, and horses, of which consisted the little column that was to join

[1] Ussher.

the Emperor in his exile, commanded by the brave Cambronne, was thus given to Captain Ussher :—

	Men.	Horses.	Carriages.
Fourgons . .	...	...	8
Carriages . .	...	...	8
Saddle-horses . .	...	18	...
Carriage-horses .	...	24	...
Mules . . .	...	5	...
House-servants .	35	...	...
Cavalry . . .	80	80	...
Infantry . . .	600	...	...
Total . .	715	127	16 [1]

Having thus made arrangements for the safe arrival of his little army, the Emperor occupied himself with inspecting the fortifications, magazines, and storehouses of the town, and with making excursions in the neighbourhood. General Koller, Colonel Campbell, and Captain Ussher, generally accompanied him in these expeditions. For the latter officer the Emperor appears to have contracted a considerable liking. Frank, open, and generous, Captain Ussher considered him as a friend, who had ceased to be an enemy; and probably these qualities, added to the straightforward manner of the sailors of those days, contributed much to the kindly feelings which the Emperor evidently felt for him.

But the Emperor's suite on these occasions

[1] Sir N. Campbell's MS.

was not confined to those who officially attended him. Whatever place he visited, whether on horseback in the mountains, in the boats of the frigate examining the coast, or on foot among the fortifications, a crowd of Elbans followed at a distance to testify their pleasure at his arrival, both from the attachment which he inspired, and from the almost certain prospect of the advantages to be derived from his residence. Thus accompanied, he visited Rio and that portion of the island on the 6th of May.

Nearly all the plans that were to be put into execution were conceived during the few first days of the Emperor's arrival. He mentioned to Captain Ussher his intention of occupying the Island of Pianosa.[1]

He afterwards planned a palace and a country-house, a house for his sister, stables, a lazaretto, and a quarantine-ground, and means for forcing sea-water to the summit of the hill on which his new house stood.[2]

On the 8th of May, M. Locker, the Secretary of Sir Edward Pellew, afterwards Lord Exmouth, Commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean fleet, arrived at Porto Ferrajo in the "Curaçoa," Captain Towers, and presented to his Majesty a copy of the Treaty of Peace, which he read, with much

[1] Ussher. [2] Ibid.

apparent interest, in the presence of his usual companions. On the following day, the Austrian Commissioner, Baron Koller, took his departure, leaving Colonel Campbell as the only Commissioner resident at the island, and, consequently, England as the only one of the Allied Powers there represented, although she had by no public act acknowledged the Treaty of Fontainebleau. His presence, however, was welcome,—nay, by a note of General Bertrand, was declared to be indispensable, and at the same time agreeable to the Emperor, still occupied in his plans for the improvement of his territory and for his own establishment. One of his valets was sent to Milan to obtain some furniture that was private property of the Emperor. Postal and other communication was opened with Piombino, and the flag of Elba was sent, according to the treaty-stipulations, to Algiers.[1]

* * * * *

On the 18th of May, the Emperor began a grand progress, with the view of visiting every portion of his domain. He embarked in a brig of eighteen guns, the "Inconstant," commanded by Lieutenant Taillade, of the French navy, which had been secured to the Emperor by treaty, and arriving at Marciana, was received with acclamations and joy. All the inhabitants

[1] Sir N. Campbell.

were under arms; while young maidens, crowned with flowers, and their locks tied up with ribbons, walked before him: some dressed in white, others in the picturesque costume of the country,—a black hat, white boddice, and short red or blue petticoat. These offered him the fruits and flowers of their garden.[1]

On the 19th he proceeded to Marciana Alta, where the same scenes were enacted; and, it being Ascension-day, the religious ceremonies were performed with more than ordinary pomp. With the same solemnities he visited all the hamlets of his island, till, on the 21st, he crossed over to Pianosa.

On the 26th the transports conveying the troops, which had been some time delayed, arrived, with the gallant Cambronne at their head, who, although not recovered from a severe wound received at the battle of Craonne, had insisted on following with the little army which for the future he was to command.[2]

They had met with some adventures on the road—kindness and rudeness, according to the city through which they passed; but the great majority of their fellow-countrymen regarded them with admiration; and since that time, in the history of France, the "Bataillon de l'Ile d'Elbe," is known

[1] Une Année, &c. [2] Hist. de la Garde Impériale.

as the "Bataillon Sacré."[1] As they passed, the people often cried, "Ah! look at them, the brave; they, at least, have not abandoned him,—they are about to rejoin Him at Elba!"

The anxiety of the Emperor for the arrival of his troops, after the approach of the transports had been signalled, was very great, and he rose at four o'clock the following morning to superintend the landing. The magazines of the tunny-fisheries were converted into stables, and the old convent of Franciscans, together with the Stella fort, had been prepared as barracks. General Cambronne was appointed commandant of the latter.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 27th the troops were landed, and Napoleon spoke to them all, officers and privates. Subsequently, Captain Ussher ordered half his crew on board the transports to disembark all the baggage, carriages, &c. The whole was completed in eight hours, to the surprise of the Emperor, who, pointing to some Italians, declared that they would have been eight days in doing what the English had done in as many hours, besides having broken the legs of his horses, while, as it was, the animals had not received a scratch. Shortly after this, the agent of the transports, Lieutenant Bailey, was presented to the Emperor by Captain Ussher, who at the same

[1] Lamartine.

time took leave. They parted with mutual goodwill.[1]

It was about this time that Napoleon received his last letter from her—"whom living he loved, and whom dead he could never cease to love."

These words our Edward I. wrote to the Abbot of Cluny when he desired prayers for Eleanor of Castile. With how much force could the Emperor have used them!

"*Malmaison* (*no date*).

"SIR,

"It is only to-day that I can calculate the full extent of the misfortune of seeing my union with you severed by law, and that I weep because I am no more to you than a friend, who can only weep for a misfortune as great as it is unexpected.

"It is not for the loss of a throne that I mourn for you; I know from myself that for that there is consolation, but I am desolated at the grief which you must have felt in separating yourself from your ancient companions in glory. You will have regretted not only your officers, but your soldiers, whose faces, names, and brilliant feats you used to recollect,—whom you used to say you could not recompense, because they were too numerous. To have left such heroes bereaved of their chief, who so often partook their fatigues, must have been to you an insupportable grief; it is that in which, above all, I partake.

"You must also have wept the ingratitude and desertion of friends on whom you thought you could depend. Ah! Sire, that I cannot fly to you to give you the assurance that Exile can only frighten vulgar minds, and that, far from diminishing a sincere attachment, Misfortune lends to it renewed force!

[1] Ussher.

"I have been on the point of leaving France, to follow your footsteps, to consecrate to you the remainder of an existence which you have so long embellished. One onl ymotive has kept me back, and you will divine it.

"If I learn that, contrary to all appearance, *I am the only one*[1] to discharge my duty, nothing will restrain me; and I will go to the only place where, henceforward, there can be happiness for me, since I could console you when you are there, isolated and unhappy! Say one word, and I leave.

"Adieu, Sire! Whatever I could add would be superfluous. It is no longer with words that one must prove to you what you inspire, and for actions I require your consent.

"JOSÉPHINE.

"La Malmaison has been respected. I am surrounded with attentions from the foreign sovereigns, but I would willingly not remain here."[2]

This must have been the last communication that passed between the Emperor and his first wife. Ere long the hand that wrote it was in the grave; and the noble heart, that thus sympathised with his minor downfall, had ceased to beat ere it could be lacerated by the spectacle that soon was presented to the world.

[1] *Je suis la seule*, underlined in the original.

[2] Memoirs of Joséphine.

CHAPTER IV.

Arrival of Princess Pauline—Mr. Fiott—General Montresor—4th of June—Emperor at Ball on H.M.S. Curaçoa—Diary—Party at Lungone—Arrival from Corsica—News from Turkey—Arrivals—Major Paoli—Colombani—Reports—New Saltworks—Projected Purchase of S. Martino, and of Building at Rio—Recruits from Corsica—Colonels and Commissaries arrive from Italy—Emperor at a Café—More Recruits—Visit to Lungone—To S. Martino—Ball at Porto Ferrajo—Emperor at Tunny Fishery—General Bartolacci.

At the beginning of the month of June (the hottest that had been known for years),[1] a Neapolitan frigate, the "Princess Letitia," anchored at Porto Ferrájo. She had on board Napoleon's best-loved sister, the Princess Pauline, who had been too ill to accompany Napoleon originally from Fréjus, notwithstanding her determination made, on hearing of the dangers her brother had undergone on his journey, never more to leave him.[2] An English frigate, the "Curaçoa," had been selected

[1] Drouot. [2] Waldebourg-Truchsess.

for the purpose of conveying her to the island; but, in consequence of some delay, the Princess availed herself of the Neapolitan vessel which Murat had placed at her disposal. The frigate had on its way been obliged to put into the port of Villa Franca, near Nice, on account of stress of weather. Nothing daunted, however, and although still weak, twenty-four hours after her arrival the Princess once more set sail for the purpose of visiting her sister, the Queen of Naples.[1]

About this time, Mr. Fiott, an English gentleman, of Cambridge, and General Montresor, were presented to the Emperor, and graciously received,—the Emperor speaking of English affairs most likely to be pleasing to them. The Emperor still further showed the friendly feeling he entertained towards the English.[2]

On the 4th of June, being the anniversary of the birth of George III., great festivities took place on board the two English vessels, the "Curaçoa" and "Swallow," stationed in the harbour of Porto Ferrajo. A royal salute was fired; the yards were manned, and three cheers were given. The royal standard and the flag of Elba were hoisted; and the French frigate, the "Dryade," together with the "Inconstant," Napoleon's brig, displayed the British ensign at the

[1] Une Année, &c. [2] Sir N. Campbell's MS.

fore during the whole day. In the evening a ball was given on board the "Curaçoa," which was attended by the three generals, the officers of the French vessel, and by some of the principal inhabitants. At about nine o'clock, when the festivity was at its highest, the Emperor himself was perceived approaching in his barge; and he remained for an hour, as a testimony of his respect for the sovereign in whose honour it was celebrated.

It will naturally be impossible to follow, day by day, the proceedings of the Emperor during the whole of his stay at Elba; but some extracts from a diary, somewhat quaintly kept by a person resident at the time on the island, are here given, to show the interest attached to every action of the great man, and the close manner in which those actions were recorded:—

June 8.—In the evening the Emperor was at Lungone, on the previous day having ordered an assembly of the most distinguished persons of either sex. In consequence of this demand, the Mayor presented a list of fifteen ladies and girls, chosen by himself. The hour indicated was eight o'clock in the evening, and the party took place as had been prescribed; but, instead of there being the number on the aforesaid list, there were only five. The General (Bertrand) complained of this

to the Mayor, and asked the reason of the absence of the ladies. It is not known what answer the Mayor was able to give to this demand.[1]

June 9.—Arrived a certain Thomas Sarri, of Ajaccio, in Corsica, who left that place on purpose to have an interview with the Emperor. He made application to this effect the second day of his arrival, and, it appears, this subject was well known to Napoleon. As soon as he presented himself, the Emperor said, "Eh bien! Sarri! a tu amené tes enfans ici à Porto Ferrajo?"

He answers him, "No, Sire; first I wished to have the honour to present myself to your Majesty, and then I wish to obey your desires, since I have come on purpose in a felucca which costs me a Napoleon a-day."

The Emperor answers him, "Well, take care and bring them directly, that I may employ them about my person."

It must be known that this subject had an audience with the Emperor of one hour. His two children, who are to come, have been educated by the Emperor, at Paris, for several years. The same day arrived at Lungone a gentleman from Viterbo, of the Roman States, a traveller, declaring that the Grand Turk has invaded several provinces of Russia, and has found there a large quantity of

[1] MS.

French prisoners; that this sovereign immediately enrolled them in his service, assuring them that they must not despair of again placing on the throne the Emperor Napoleon.

* * * * *

June 11.—Arrived M. Paoli, an Italian major, coming from Milan, who declares that Napoleon's party in Italy increases daily. He further adds, that the Emperor was reproached for not having left France with fifty thousand men, that he might have preserved his empire by uniting his army with that of Italy. The same day another officer arrived from Milan, M. Colombani, major, commanding a battalion of the First Regiment of the Line in Italy. He had a private audience of the Emperor the day after his arrival, for the space of one hour, who questioned him in the following manner:—

"Well, Colombani, what is the reason of your arrival at Elba?"

"Sire, first to present my homage, then to offer myself as a simple grenadier of your Guard."

The Emperor answered, "That is too little; you shall have something greater;" and then inquired what was the reason that the Italians had not proclaimed Prince Eugène, king.

"Sire," answered Colombani, "some satellites of Austria collected a quantity of brigands, and the moment the Senate was assembled for that

purpose, they assailed the members composing it, menacing them with assassination; and, in fact, they massacred the Minister of Finance, while the others escaped."

The Emperor. "Have you learnt something of my wife?"

"Yes, Sire."

Emperor. "What do they say of her arrival at Parma?"

"Sire, the preparations are finished for the arrival of Her Majesty; but it is asserted she wishes to rejoin you."

Emperor. "*C'est bon!* Are there any Italian officers who wish to take service?"

Colombani. "Ah! Sire, they are now on the road, and in a short time they will arrive in large quantities."

[Colombani had subsequently a long private interview with the Emperor, and doubtless brought him some further intelligence. He was named major, commanding a battalion composed principally of Corsican soldiers, stationed at Lungone, which the Emperor occupied himself, almost from his arrival, in raising, by sending officers to recruit on the Continent, and in the neighbouring islands.]

June 17.—A report is current in the island, that the Emperor will no longer be here at the end of three or four months. This day he has

sent to Lungone, the head of the works, to construct saltponds at the extremity of the port, at the place named Mala. This day, being at Porto Ferrajo on business, I met Captain Ratini of the Free Battalion, who told me that Napoleon intends to purchase a property near San Martino, situated on the left of the road to Marciana, at the distance of two leagues from Porto Ferrajo. This estate belongs to Signor Manganaro, also of Porto Ferrajo. He (Ratini) also says, that he (the Emperor) wishes to obtain by purchase several other country-seats in the neighbourhood of that of the said Manganaro. The estimate is already made, but the value of the property is not yet known. An architect, who has arrived from Rome, and Calvici, are already making drawings of the château which he wishes to build on this land. He has calculated an expenditure of a million of francs, all comprised. He wants also to build a château at the Torre del Giove, in the neighbourhood of Rio.

This same captain assured me that Monsieur Vantini (one of the native chamberlains) has said, that the Emperor has already announced the arrival of six hundred men of his Guard, and one hundred cavalry, and that he also expects some great personages from the Continent.

The news which have been spread of the war of the Grand Signor against the Russians is given

as certain; and it is asserted that the French, who were prisoners in Russia, are in the service of this power [Turkey] in the hope of coming to rejoin Napoleon.

Thirty recruits have arrived from the Continent, who have enrolled themselves in the battalion, the dépôt of which is at Lungone. The greater number of these are Corsicans.

June 18.—Two colonels, two commissaries, have arrived from Italy. The Emperor has provisionally assigned to them an allowance; that is to say, to the colonels, twelve hundred francs a-year; to the commissaries, one thousand; to the *chef de bataillon*, Colombani, already mentioned, one thousand. The names of the four first "subjects" are hitherto unknown. The captain of the *gend'armerie*, Paoli, has declared that the Emperor has secured to these gentlemen a certain allowance.

June 20.—Some roads commenced have been discontinued.

June 23.—Having sent a friend to Porto Ferrajo on business, my friend, on the point of returning to Lungone about 6 P.M., was standing on the Piazza d'Arme at the moment that the Emperor passed it, who, seeing many officers of his Guards at the *café*, stopped at a distance of about ten

paces and called for a cup of coffee. At the moment he approached the said cup to his lips he pronounced these very words:—"This reminds me that ten thousand men of my Guard completely overcame forty thousand Austrians." He drank his coffee without saying another syllable, and got into his carriage with General Bertrand, and drove through Porta di Mare, followed by his chamberlains.

June 24.—The sub-lieutenant, Tintorucci, returned from Corsica, bringing with him twenty-seven recruits, the greater part from Ajaccio. They have been conducted to the corps at Lungone. The other officers have not yet returned from their different missions.

June 23.—The Emperor arrived at Lungone in a tilbury, together with the General-governor, his suite also in carriages, escorted by six lancers on horseback. He continued in his carriage to the spring called Barbarossa, and on arriving there he descended, and, getting on horseback, observed the carriage-road that is making to lead to the fortress. Two hours after his return to the Marina he stopped at the gate of the Vice-consul of Naples, Perez,[1] called down his wife, and asked her to

[1] This gentleman is still alive and holds the same office.

drive with him in the tilbury, to go to his *casino di campagna.* He also made the Governor and the Mayor of Lungone get into the carriages. When he was arrived at his country-house he put himself under an apricot-tree, ate half-a-dozen of the fruit, and tasted the wine. He then went away and returned to Porto Ferrajo.

June 26.—A great dinner took place at Porto Ferrajo, followed by a ball. This festival is at the expense of the general officers, and those of his Guard. All the authorities—civil, military, and ecclesiastic—have been invited to the dinner, except women. One hundred and twenty-five places were prepared at table, but twenty did not come, so those places remained empty. Many more were invited for the ball. All ended without noise.

On the morning of the 27th the Emperor, with a suite of one hundred people, went to see the fishing of the tunny. He insisted on trying to bring to land one of the fish, but it was too heavy, and he had not strength sufficient.

The country-house, before mentioned, has been bought and paid for at a fancy price; forty thousand francs for that belonging to Monsieur Manganaro, and ten thousand francs for some other small properties contiguous, belonging to different persons.

On the evening of the 27th General Bartolacci, Ex-commandant de Place of Milan, arrived. It is supposed that he comes to confer with the Emperor on affairs of great importance.

Most interesting.—The evening of the 28th a letter was confided by the Court to Signor Lorenzo Piachi of Lungone, tax-collector; but before it was intrusted to him he was forced to make an oath of secrecy; and, at the same time, a letter directed to him was placed in his hands, which he was not to open, except at a distance of three miles from land.

June 29. — It has been announced to-day that the Emperor will remain at Lungone from Saturday for some days in July. This same day news has been promulgated that the wife of the Emperor is arrived at Leghorn, on her way to the island.

During the last few days a friend of mine has spoken with a person in the confidence of General Bartolacci, who declares that the General has not yet been able to have an audience of the Emperor, who has been extremely occupied in reading several letters arrived from the Continent.

CHAPTER V.

July—Improvements—Conversation with Soldiers—Arrival of the Emperor's Mother—Recruitment—Arrest of Recruiting Officers—Arrival of Officers, some of whom enlist as Privates—Captain Folasse—Couriers from Naples—Reports of Departure—Exercise of Troops—Conversation of Sir Niel Campbell with the Emperor—Anecdote of Barbary Corsair—Assassins sent from Corsica—France—St. Domingo—Journey to Pianosa—Wild Horses—Arrival of Colonel Lebel—Provision for Military Pupils—Arrival of French General at Genoa—Medals—Goodwill of Emperor towards English.

DURING the month of July little occurred of any importance. The buildings and improvements were continued, and amongst the latter two were undertaken which were of peculiar benefit. The pavements of the streets of Porto Ferrajo, which, like those of most Tuscan cities, consisted of large flags, the Emperor caused to be hewn with a chisel, so as to be rendered less dangerous for horses than they were in their original shape. Works were also commenced for furnishing the town with water; but these, though considerably

advanced at the period of the Emperor's departure, have never been completed, and the want of good water is still severely felt. Mulberry-trees were also imported from various parts of Italy.

We have already seen, in the extracts from the Diary, the manner in which the Emperor could converse with the officers of his Guard. With the men he was equally, and even more, cordial. He called them his grumblers (*ses grognards*)—a name of which they were not a little proud. "Eh, bien! grognard," he said to one of them; "tu t'ennuie." "No, Sire, but I confess I do not amuse myself overmuch." "You are wrong; you must take time as it comes," replied the Emperor, as he threw a gold piece to his grumbler.[1]

In his conversation with these veterans they constantly reminded him of the country for which they had fought together. Sometimes by hints, sometimes by jests—for which the Guard were celebrated—they conveyed to the Emperor their repugnance for the somewhat dreary life they were compelled to lead.[2]

The society of Elba was to receive an addition, and one most pleasing to the feelings of the Emperor, whose filial piety is a bright point of his character, which no prejudice or enmity has ever endeavoured to dispute. His mother, Ma-

[1] Une Année, &c. [2] Hist. de la Garde Impériale.

dame Mère, having arrived at Leghorn on the 29th of July, was, on a request to that effect being conveyed by her Secretary, M. Colonna, to Sir Niel Campbell, who then happened to be at that place, provided with a passage for Elba in His Majesty's ship "Grasshopper."[1]

Beyond the arrival of this exalted lady, whose virtues and character soon endeared her to the Elban population, little of consequence seems to have passed. Several persons were, it is known, engaged in obtaining recruits for the Elban battalions, some of whom were in consequence arrested on the Italian Continent.

One, a native of Corsica, was charged with having spoken to some recruits at Leghorn, and with having paid them money;[2] and a list was found in his possession containing a number of names. On arriving at Leghorn, he stated himself to have left his employment as an officer in Napoleon's forces; but letters addressed to him on service matters having been intercepted, it appeared that such was not the case. Another person, a Piedmontese, also made the same declaration; but, on being arrested, he claimed the protection of the Emperor, and contradicted his former statement. He subsequently made a confession. From all that can be gathered from this, it appears

[1] Sir Niel Campbell. [2] MS.

only that he was employed to collect a musical band of sixteen performers, and that the Emperor wished to increase the force necessary for the defence of the island, as considerable fears were constantly entertained of incursions on the part of Barbary pirates, *and no steps had been taken*, in accordance with the provisions of the Treaty of Fontainebleau, to cause the Elban flag to be respected by these Corsairs.

At the same time many officers from the different armies of Continental Italy resorted to Porto Ferrajo, entreating to be allowed to serve as privates. It was reported that these were to be enrolled as a body-guard, but such was not the case; and one of them, the Captain Folasse, actually entered Paris in 1815, carrying a musket and a knapsack in the lines of the battalion.[1] Amongst these arrivals, doubtless, many served to convey intelligence to the Emperor; and the frequent passages of his corvette, plying between the island and the different ports of the Continent to obtain provisions, ammunition, and other necessaries, probably often performed a similar office. On one occasion it went to procure fireworks for the celebration of the birthdays of the Emperor and the Empress, both of which were to be cele-

[1] Une Année, &c.

brated on the anniversary of the latter, the 27th of August; and then it was that the Emperor received from his wife, then at Aix, in Savoy, the last letter she ever addressed to him.[1]

Towards the end of the month it was observed that more than one courier arrived from Naples and elsewhere with despatches, while rumours were in circulation that the Emperor would not be in Elba after the month of October; that his return was anxiously expected in Italy and France, where cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" were universal in the army; and that preparations were made at Rome and Civita Vecchia for the army of Murat. Nearly a hundred recruits had meanwhile arrived at Leghorn, and the soldiers and officers were constantly exercised at the guns.

In the midst of all these conflicting statements and mysterious occurrences, Sir Niel Campbell[2] had an audience of the Emperor, who sent a carriage to bring him to Lungone, where the Court had, for some time, been staying. The interview lasted three hours, during which time no pause took place in the conversation. The Emperor constantly walked from one side of the room to the other, asking questions after his manner, and touching on a variety of topics with temper and

[1] Beausset. [2] MS.

calmness, except when the conversation turned on the absence of his wife and child, and the defection of Marshal Marmont.

He commenced by questions as to Genoa, saying, that he understood Lord William Bentinck was soon to return to that place, and asking if there was a British regiment at Nice. The different manners and language of the Austrians, he said, rendered it impossible for them to become popular with the Italians, who had been flattered by the formation of the kingdom of Italy. This kingdom ought to have been sustained by England, as a matter of policy, to secure an ally; and it would equally be her policy to keep Naples separate from Sicily, as the latter, from being an island, would be entirely under the influence of England. He inquired where the Queen of Sicily was; whether Sir Niel knew the intentions of the allies towards Murat; whether the late King of Spain was to remain at Rome. On being informed that Ferdinand VII. had invited his father and mother to return to Spain, provided the Prince of Peace did not accompany them, he inveighed against the latter, and declared that the countenance given to Godoy had much prejudiced the Imperial cause in Spain.

England, he presumed, would keep Corfu. There he had done a great deal for the English.

It being remarked that the proclamation of the British General, on taking possession as Commissioner, purported to be "on behalf of His Majesty and his Allies," and that it was generally supposed Austria and Russia would also have claims on it, he derided this idea, saying, that Russia in particular could have no just pretensions.

He adverted cursorily to the threats of some Algerine pirates, and complained that the stipulations made by the Treaty of Fontainebleau, bearing on this subject, were not adhered to. The discharge of those duties rested with the Court of France. He, however, appeared to have no immediate apprehensions on the subject, expressing his conviction that the Algerines, at least, were not hostile towards him, and relating, with great good humour, that they had ridiculed some vessels belonging to Louis XVIII. in the neighbourhood of Elba, calling out to them, "You have deserted your Emperor!" He added, that all the subjects of the Grand Signor were well inclined towards him, considering him as the enemy of Russia and the destroyer of Moscow.

Indeed he had good cause for these opinions. A few days previously, while coasting along the shores of Elba, he found that an Algerine felucca had been wrecked on the shore near Lungone. He landed himself at the scene of the disaster;

but scarcely had he been announced to the crew when a cry of admiration burst from them. They were in the presence of *Bonabardi*, that Sultan of Fire. General Bertrand interrogated the chiefs of the African band on their intentions in coasting along the shore of Elba, asking if they had intended to make an attack on the Emperor. "We!—against the great Sultan of Fire!" answered the pirate. "We do not make war against Allah!" and he and his men prostrated themselves at the Emperor's feet.[1] By judicious treatment of these persons the Emperor gained a double object—security for the island commerce, and a safe means of communication with the Continent.

The Emperor continued to ask what were the intentions of the Austrians with respect to his wife and son? He animadverted with just wrath and strength of language upon the obstacles to a journey which were placed in their way. He declared that it excited universal reprobation even in Vienna. No such instance of barbarity and injustice could be selected in modern times. England, he was persuaded, was too just and liberal to approve of it. The Empress had written to him, and he knew her wishes. She was absolutely a prisoner, although, before she left Orleans, it was

[1] Lascases. Chautard.

promised that she should receive passports for Elba; and he requested Colonel Campbell to write to Lord Castlereagh on the matter.

On the recruitment being mentioned, the Emperor admitted the fact, but treated it with ridicule. His five or six hundred Old Guards were not sufficiently numerous to guard all the villages and fortifications, and the population of the island did not admit of recruiting for the battalion of Chasseurs. The Corsican officers, who had remained at Elba in lieu of going to France with the rest of the garrison, endeavoured to obtain troops in Italy and Corsica. Could any one be so weak as to be alarmed at this? "I am glad," he said to Sir Niel, "that you are here to break the chimera. I think of nothing beyond my little island. I could have sustained the war for twenty years, had I wished it. I no longer exist for the world—I am a dead man. I occupy myself only with my family and my retreat; my house, my cows, and my chickens."

He expressed regrets at some difficulties which some English travellers had met with, some days before, from the police of Porto Ferrajo. He reprobated the conduct of the latter, for it was his wish that every traveller should meet with facilities and attention. The mistake arose from advice having been received that an assassin had been

sent by Monsieur Brulart, the newly-appointed Governor of Corsica, who, as a friend of Cadoudal, had vowed vengeance on the Emperor.

There can be no doubt that on two occasions[1] ruffians arrived at the island with the intention of attempting the life of the Emperor. One of them was found behind a fountain on the lands adjoining San Martino; the other some time subsequently near the saltponds.

The discovery of one of these assassins bears, like every action of the Emperor, the stamp of his genius. On going to San Martino one afternoon, he observed a beggar, evidently a foreigner, standing near a rock by the roadside. Again, on the following day, the beggar was there. On both these occasions the Emperor gave him a five-franc piece.

On the third day the beggar was still at the same spot, and the Emperor ordered his immediate arrest. In his pockets and loose sleeves were found pistols and two long knives. These corroborated a confession, tremblingly made, of his real object, which was nothing less than assassination. This fact, narrated in 1827,[2] to a friend, by a credible eye-witness of the whole transaction, is of itself sufficient evidence that the assassination was not, as some have endeavoured to prove it, an hallucination.

[1] Local tradition. See also Chautard, St. Helène aux Invalides.

[2] L. H.

The Emperor paid many compliments to the English, expatiating in praise of their character, and requesting Colonel Campbell to obtain for him an English grammar the next time he went to the Continent. He declared that the imitation of Great Britain in the government and constitution of France was not feasible, and that it was impossible to establish, in the latter country, houses of parliament on the plan of those of England, as France did not possess an aristocracy similar to that of the English.[1] He spoke with some warmth of the cessions made by France since his abdication—in the character of a spectator without hopes or interest—as showing an ignorance of the French character and temperament. The chief feeling of the French was pride and glory, and it was impossible for them to look forward with satisfaction and tranquillity while feeling such sacrifices. They were conquered only by a great superiority of number, but not humiliated. The population of France had not suffered to the extent that might have been supposed. Their lives had been spared by the addition of Italians, Germans, and other foreigners to the army.[2]

In talking of Saint Domingo, it was remarked to him that the superfluous portion of the discontented military could there be employed. It

[1] The same opinions were later expressed by the Emperor to Lord Ebrington.

[2] MS. Sir Niel Campbell.

would be bad policy, he answered, to attempt to re-establish that colony. It would be better to blockade it, and force the natives to export their produce to France only. Such had been his own plan, in case of the re-establishment of peace.

He asked whether it were true that Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, were not to be given to Marie Louise, but to the Queen of Etruria, while an indemnity in Germany was to be assigned to the Empress.

At this period the Emperor appeared to have lost all habits of study or sedentary application. He had four places of residence in different parts of the island, besides his house at Porto Ferrajo—improvements and changes in these being his principal occupation.[1] Though his health and spirits were good, he seemed to seek repose, both by staying for some hours in his bedroom in the heat of the day, and by preferring carriage to horse exercise. The monotony of his life, however, seemed to weigh on him; and he sought by every means to distract his mind, as well as to prevent his followers from falling into the dangers of inactivity.

On the 21st of September he embarked for Pianosa, with some ladies of Elba attached to his household.[2] The works in progress at this

[1] St. Hilaire. [2] Sir Niel Campbell.

place interested him much. Its flat, low surface, better calculated than that of Elba to be easily irrigated, seemed likely in time to furnish to the larger island the corn necessary for its population and forces. On his first arrival Pianosa was an absolute desert; its only inhabitants being some horses, which at first sight appeared to be wild. It was afterwards discovered that they belonged to some Elbans, who had brought them thither to allow them to pasture on the scanty produce of the plain. These horses in a short time had yielded themselves up to all the delights of freedom, and in time became so demoralised, that their masters were unable to catch them, except at the moment when thirst led them to the fountain already described, when they were obliged to pass through the narrow stone passage leading to the water.[1]

The officers and soldiers were also kept in perpetual exercise, throwing shells and red-hot shot. They received an addition by the arrival of a detachment of sixty Polish lancers, which had been sent by the Emperor, on his first arrival, to Parma, to act as a body-guard to the Empress, but which had been sent away by order of the Emperor of Austria. Besides this, a Colonel Lebel arrived at Elba, with his family, and was employed as adjutant-general. But the Emperor

[1] Une Année, &c.

also provided for all future military contingencies, and showed his regard for his subjects by a decree, which ordered that ten military pupils from the island should be attached to the company of artillery of the guard. They were to be instructed in all the arts of artillery and infantry. An officer of the grenadiers of the guard was charged with their instruction in all relating to the manœuvres of infantry discipline and military regulations, and another officer taught them mathematics, fortification, and drawing. The young men were to be selected from the best-educated of the island, and were to receive from their family three hundred and sixty francs a-year and their clothing, and one hundred and eighty francs from the government, with a soldier's rations.[1]

Reports and rumours never ceased. On the 5th of October a French general, named Boursigny, or Persigny, arrived at Genoa, stating that he had left Paris ten days before; that he meant to travel two weeks more in Italy, and then to return to Paris. It was discovered, however, that he had chartered a felucca to convey him to Elba. This design was prevented, and he consequently went to Milan. It was also generally believed, in Tuscany, that medals or coins had been struck off at Elba

[1] MS. Sir Niel Campbell.

by the Emperor; and persons arriving from Paris asserted that they had seen some in that city, and described them as bearing the motto attributed to them in Italy,—"Ubicunque felix." It, however, does not seem possible that these could have been manufactured on the island secretly.

At the same time the name and return of Napoleon were consequently in the minds of a large body of the French. He was known by them as the Caporal Violette, signifying their hopes that he would return in the spring with that flower; and rings, and other tokens bearing this emblem, distinguished those who were hostile to the Bourbon dynasty.

The goodwill of the Emperor towards the English nation was shown in a marked manner in the course of the autumn. A small Tunisian Corsair, at anchor in the harbour, evinced an anxiety to pursue two Genoese vessels carrying British colours, which had put into Porto Ferrajo under stress of weather. But the Emperor, in honour to the flag they bore, prevented the Corsair from leaving the harbour.

CHAPTER VI.

Arrival of Princess Pauline—Her Influence on the Island—Wish to restore to Elba its Ancient Name—List of Court—Uniform—English Guests—Their Reception—Libels—Occupations of the Emperor—Improvements—San Martino—Old Guard—Punctuality of Emperor—Plays at Chess—Anecdote—Private Theatricals—Pecuniary Distress of Emperor—Statement of Island Revenues—Flotilla—Rumour of Removal to St. Helena—Devotion of Drouot—Reductions in Household.

On the 1st of November the "Inconstant," the Emperor's corvette, brought the Princess Pauline back from Naples to Elba, where she remained. Her presence shed an agreeable influence over the place; and balls, concerts, and theatricals, created a new and undreamt-of phase in the character of life at Elba; and it seemed probable that the Court of Elba would fulfil the lot to which it appeared to be destined, becoming the resort for the wise and the gay—a little kingdom devoted to the culture of science and the fine arts, from which, notwithstanding its size, might emanate great influences.

The Emperor now wished to restore to Porto

Ferrajo its ancient name of Cosmopoli, but with a view rather to a modern than its original signification. And, indeed, the vessels that filled the port, the crowds who constantly assembled in its streets of strangers speaking every variety of language, and professing every variety of creed, seemed to entitle it to the collective denomination. The attempt, however, was vain, and the name which had formerly resisted the innovating attempts of a Grand Duke, as successfully resisted the attacks of a king of men.[1]

A Court was organised on a scale commensurate with the Emperor's dignity, and with the revenues assigned to him by the Treaty.

The following lists, furnished to the writer from memory by more than one inhabitant of the island, and verified, as far as possible, by detached allusions in many works, is believed to be as nearly accurate as is possible under the circumstances:—

General Count Bertrand, Grand Marshal.
General Count Drouot, First Aide-de-Camp, and Governor of the Island.
General Baron Cambronne, Commander of the Troops, and Governor of Porto Ferrajo.
Baron Germanowski, Governor of Porto Lungone.
Colonel Lebel, Adjutant-general.
General Bartolozzi, or Bartolacci.
Baron Chautard, Captain of the Corvette.

[1] Laborde. Sir Niel Campbell.

Chamberlains.

Monsieur Vantini.
General Lapi.
Monsieur Traditi, Mayor of Porto Ferrajo.
Gualandi, Mayor of Lungone.

Paymaster of the Household.—Baron de la Peyrusse.

Orderly Officers—Officiers d'Ordonnance.

Major Roul, Principal.
Captain Bernotti, of Marciana.
Captain Vantini, of Porto Ferrajo.
Captain Fortunato Senno.
Captain Ponz, of Capoliveri.
Captain Binelli, of Rio.

[These, with the exception of Major Roul, of the Guard, were officers of the Insular Corps.]

Grooms of the Palace.

Captain Deschamps, charged with the interior arrangements.
Captain Baillon, charged with those of the Stables.

Inspector of Reviews.—Monsieur Boinod.

Councillors of State.

Bartolini, Arch-priest of Capoliveri, and Master of Religious Ceremonies.
Agostino Sardi, of Poggio, Financier of the Island.
Giuseppe Balbiani, Intendant.
Baron Galeuzzinio, Ditto.

Director of the Mines.—Monsieur Pons de l'Hérault.

Physician.—Dr. Fourreau de Beauregard.

Apothecary.—Monsieur Gatte.

Purveyor of the Household.—Monsieur Callin.

Secretary to the Grand Marshal.—Monsieur Rothéry.

Clerk.—Monsieur Guéval.

Principal Valet.—Monsieur Marchand.

Valet.—Noel Santini.[1]

Director of the Gardens.—Claude Hollard.

Household of Madame Mère.

Monsieur Colonna.
Madame Colombani, Madame Traditi, } Dame d'Atours.

[An Elban lady, Mademoiselle Mellini, was appointed on the departure of Madame, and remained until her Highness's death at Rome.]

Household of the Princess Pauline.

Madame Socoski.
Mademoiselle Lebel.
Mademoiselle Henriette Vantini.
Chevalier d'Honneur, Captain Cornuel, of the Guard.

Physician.—Dr. Espièux.

The uniform of the officers of the palace was sky-blue, turned up with scarlet.

The persons forming this Court would have been sufficiently numerous for the amusements that were now constantly devised; but, besides these, a large number of persons were constantly arriving from the Continent, with the view of seeing the Emperor in his retirement. Not less, it is said, than a thousand presentations[2] of strangers took place during the twelve months of the

[1] St. Helène aux Invalides, by Chautard. In this work a highly interesting sketch of the noble-minded Santini is to be found.

[2] Valéry.

Emperor's stay on the island, and of these many were English. Amongst others, it is said, members of the noble families of Bentinck and of Douglas.[1]

The English guests were astonished at their reception. While the press of despotic Europe was showering libels on the head of the Emperor, whose only thought was repose, while his character was represented by them as crabbed, his disposition as cruel and oppressive, and his mind as entirely lost, they found a man whose precision and simplicity of discourse made them feel that they were discoursing rather with a philosopher than a general.[2]

An Englishman one morning accompanied the Emperor, after breakfast, in one of his excursions to the fortifications, when they met the Grand Marshal loaded with newspapers, which he was taking to the palace.

"Are those the French papers?" inquired the Emperor.

"Yes, Sire."

"Am I well cut up?"

"No, Sire, your Majesty is not mentioned to-day."

"Well, I shall be to-morrow," rejoined the Emperor; "it is an intermittent fever, the fits of which will pass."

[1] Une Année, &c.

[2] Memoirs of Bertrand.

The days of the Emperor were passed in greater activity after the arrival of the Princess. Her presence seemed to have given an impetus to his nature, and he resumed the pursuit of the plans he had sketched out. The morning he shut himself in his library, after working from three o'clock till seven or eight. In the forenoon he left his house, and visited the progress of the works, generally accompanied by the Grand Marshal or Drouot. Two Italian architects, M. Bargilli, a Roman, and M. Bettarini, a Tuscan, were employed upon them, and, in addition to these, with a larger amount of his Chief's confidence, Monsieur de Larabit, a young officer of Engineers, who, although he had but lately received his commission, had sacrificed his home and hopes of advancement, to devote himself to the service of the Emperor. A small tower, at the end of the slip of land called the Linguella, was rebuilt under the Emperor; the Porta di Terra, a subterranean way, was enlarged, to allow the passage of horses and carriages. Roads were projected and some accomplished, and the country-house of San Martino was completed. As the works of this house were in progress, the Emperor observed to the young officer who was superintending them, "Ce sera la maison d'un bon bourgeois riche de quinze mille livres de rente."[1]

[1] Narrated by M. Larabit to the writer.

The situation of San Martino has already been described; but the following short sketch, made at the time of Napoleon's residence, will not be out of place:—

"This cottage, placed in the centre of considerable vineyards, offered a most picturesque aspect. A torrent murmured at its side. Seated at the foot of a mountain surrounded by verdure, the sight could embrace at the same moment the animated development of the city and the port, the vast extent of sea where floated the flags of divers nations, and, in a misty distance, the shores of ancient Etruria."[1]

This villa received the nickname of St. Cloud, and was regarded by the soldiers as their own property. Often would they amuse themselves by assisting at the vintage on its grounds, and sometimes even consume the grapes, while the Emperor would stand at a distance and smile at these petty thefts.[2] The Emperor also partook in the amusements of his subjects. He presided at their races and their dances, distributing with his own hand the prizes to the victors.

At dinner, which was graced by his sister, he generally received as guests any strangers of distinction, some of the principal inhabitants of the island, and officers of the household. Drouot

[1] Une Année, &c. [2] Laborde, Voyage à l'Ile d'Elbe.

invariably dined at the palace; but the Grand Marshal, whose wife and family were lodged at the Hôtel de Ville, only attended occasionally. To the hour of this repast the Emperor was very punctual, and Madame Bertrand, who did not include that quality amongst her many good ones, on more than one occasion found the meal nearly over before her arrival. The short time devoted to it by the Emperor is proverbial, and often many of his guests had scarce commenced when he himself had finished.[1]

The evening was devoted to social amusements. The Emperor would play sometimes with his mother at chess, paying and exacting the stakes that were lost or won with great precision. On one occasion, having been the victor of several games from his mother, he was heard to say to her, playfully,—"Payez vos dettes, Madame."[2] At these times plays were acted by the Princess Pauline, the ladies of the Court, and the officers of the Guard. A deserted barrack near the palace was turned into a theatre, and here were represented the plays, "Les Fausses Infidélités," and "Les Folies Amoureuses."[3] One of the actors, a native, is still resident at Elba. He is now captain of the port at Porto Ferrajo.

Thus passed the life of the Emperor for some

[1] Memoirs of Bertrand. [2] Local Anecdote.
[3] Une Année, &c.

months of his stay; but at length the "*res angustæ domi*," the want of money occasioned by the non-payment of the sums stipulated, began to be severely felt. At first, the little that had been saved from his private revenue, seized by the Bourbon government at Orleans, had sufficed to support his expenses; but when, little by little, that sum had dwindled away, the distress naturally consequent on the disreputable want of honesty of the government of France became very great. The revenues arising from the island were all that the Emperor possessed, and these, as will be seen from the following statement, were by no means equal to meet the expenses of his household, army, and government.[1]

The iron mines of Rio produced about five hundred thousand francs a-year nett, the salt-ponds about fifty thousand, the tunny-fisheries twenty-four thousand, the taxes upon wine and oil twenty-five thousand, minus two per cent paid to the collectors; stamps and register duties, thirty thousand francs, which would seem large, and only to be accounted for by the constant transfer of the small portions of divided and subdivided estates; and fifteen thousand francs for tonnage dues were levied by the health-officers, making a total

[1] Laborde.

of six hundred and forty-four thousand francs, or about twenty-five thousand seven hundred pounds. Out of this was to be paid the amount of the whole civil and military expense of the island; and the disproportion that existed between the two sides of the account may be seen at a glance :—

	Francs.
alaries of the Civil and Judicial Officers . .	14,000
Pay of the Officers of the New Companies . .	35,000
Pay and Rations, at two francs a-day, for 1500 men, exclusive of Clothing	1,095,000
	1,144,000

The pay of the officers of the Guard, the three Generals, Chamberlains, and other members of the household, not being included. In addition to these expenses must be mentioned, also, that of the Emperor's small flotilla, which consisted of the following vessels :—

One brig, "l'Inconstant," commanded at first by Lieutenant Taillade, and subsequently by Captain Chautard, of the French navy; a *bombarde*, unarmed, of ninety tons, commanded by Monsieur Richaud; one felucca, "La Carolina," two four-pounders, six tons; and an unarmed felucca, "La Pesticetta," of five tons, commanded by M. Cornevall.[1]

[1] MS.

The results of this discrepancy between receipts and expenditure naturally produced the most painful results. The wife of General Bertrand declared that the Emperor had scarcely a shilling, not even a ring to present to a friend, and that his situation was frightful; while, in addition to the breach of stipulations committed by the non-payment of the guaranteed allowance, it was rumoured that another was contemplated by the Congress, namely, that of sending him to St. Helena. It is said that the Emperor, on hearing of this idea, exclaimed, "Vim vi repellere licet!"

It was at this time that one of those striking acts, creditable to all parties concerned in them, occurred in the relations between the Emperor and his disinterested follower, Drouot. As Governor of the Island, the latter was called upon to furnish a budget for the military expenses of the following year. The Emperor remarked to him that he had forgotten himself on the list of salaries, and inquired the reason. "Sire," answered Drouot, "your Majesty lodges and feeds me, you give me a horse from your stable when I have the honour to accompany you in your rides. The expenses of my living, therefore, are reduced to a small salary for my secretary, and the wages of one servant. My income, which is known to your Majesty, is more than sufficient for these wants." The budget was returned to the General in two days,

when an item of six thousand francs was added to his name as an annual allowance.[1]

Great reductions were, however, made in the expenses of the household, the extent of which may be calculated when it is known that they were estimated at thirty-five thousand francs a-month, or nearly sixteen thousand eight hundred pounds a-year. Brass guns, and other warlike stores, were also sold, with a view of obtaining funds necessary for existence.

[1] Nollet. Lacordaire.

CHAPTER VII.

Excursions of Colonel Campbell—His Anomalous Position—Conversation with the Emperor—Emperor's Opinion of Italians — His Policy as to Italy — Congress — Opinions regarding Russia—Poland—France—England—An Emissary of Napoleon's—His Confession—First a Monk, then a Revolutionist—His Career—Amount of Credit due to his Statements—Conversation of Emperor with a Milanese.

An English vessel had been placed at the disposal of Colonel Campbell, on which he frequently took excursions to the Continent, both for the sake of obtaining general information, and of creating opportunities for an interview with the Emperor, which was necessary as an act of courtesy, both on his departure and arrival. Many circumstances, doubtless, contributed to the fact that the communications between the latter and the English officer became less frequent. The anomalous position in which Colonel Campbell was placed was certainly felt by both parties. He was neither diplomatist nor gaoler; for in the first capacity he

could neither be accredited nor recognised, and the second was not at the time in discussion.[1]

It was after one of those excursions of the British Commissioner that he held a conversation with the Emperor, the substance of which had best be given without remark or comment.

After putting some questions as to the state of Europe and of its politics, and as to what Colonel Campbell had observed in his late visit to the Continent, and the likelihood of Murat being able to retain his throne, he traced out the evils which existed in Italy, and the discontents increasing daily from the wound inflicted on the national pride by the want of unity as one kingdom.

He praised the Italians, contrasting them with the Germans, and declaring that he would always engage to beat thirty thousand Germans with twenty thousand Italians. The Germans were stupid, slow, and without pride; the Italians, quick and proud, had now become military. He had changed their habits, and abolished much of their degeneracy. All the young men were attached to the French from a similarity in many qualities, and from having served together in the army. Their minds were bent upon forming Italy into one kingdom. The Government of France over them had been merely nominal,—that part which

[1] Sir Niel Campbell.

was united to France in departments would afterwards have become a portion of Italy, so soon as certain of his projects should have been realised. The people knew that Italians enjoyed all the appointments in their government, and they had of late felt themselves as subjects of one kingdom from Piedmont to Naples. After this, it is impossible for them to be reconciled to the changes which have taken place—to the different language and manners of the Austrians, which disgust, and to the irritating demeanour of the King of Sardinia, the Pope, and the clergy.

He made several inquiries respecting Genoa; whether Lord William Bentinck was expected soon; whether the British troops still remained there; and whether the Republic was to be restored.

He asked much as to the probable duration of the Congress, alluding to the reports of its long duration, and that the Sovereigns would separate before it was finished. From this he anticipated the most serious results. He had thought that all arrangements had been made and thoroughly understood before their arrival at Vienna, and that their ratification alone was wanting. So many Sovereigns could not remain together for any length of time, and their separation without a final settlement for Europe, and a publication of the terms on which it was made, would have a danger-

ous effect, especially upon the people of Poland, Italy, and France. On this subject he said much, appearing to dread the consequences, but at the same time nobly expressing his wishes that the Congress would come to a speedy and amicable conclusion.

He remarked, that if Russia could attach the minds of the Poles so far as to unite them with her as one people, she would be the most powerful state in the world. But this was the difficulty, and the solution of the problem seemed improbable.

If the Emperor Alexander should send a Viceroy to Poland, still keeping the public appointments and the government in the hands of the Russians, the Poles never could be attached to him nor obedient; and such a union would not contribute to the strength of Russia. The nobles were numerous, high-spirited, well-educated, could not be deceived, and would not be satisfied with the name, devoid of the reality, of a kingdom. The rest of the people were in a manner slaves, destitute of education, and would follow with unbounded confidence and perseverance any cause which their own nobles might espouse.

If, however, Russia should succeed in uniting the Poles to a common interest, the whole of Europe would have reason to repent it, and the consequences could not be foreseen.

Hordes of Cossacks and Barbarians, who had seen the wealth of better countries, would be eager, as in former ages, to return; would overrun Europe, and effect some monstrous change. His own opinion, nevertheless, led him to believe that the interests of Russians and Poles could never be identified.

The conversation then changed to the state of France and his favourite object, Antwerp, on which subject he became much agitated. * * * * There was no want of male population in France; the people of which are martial beyond any other in Europe, from their natural disposition, their Revolution, and their ideas of glory. Louis XIV., notwithstanding their sufferings during his reign, was beloved, because these feelings were gratified. It was the battle of Rosbach which produced the Revolution in France, more than any other of the causes to which it was generally ascribed.

Louis XVIII. showed much wisdom in many parts of his conduct. In others, he and his friends evinced a total ignorance of the nation over which they ruled. Peltier directed the newspapers in France, and nothing could be more calculated to disgust the mass of the nation than those productions. If the spirit of the nation be roused into action, it is like a torrent, and neither ministers, marshals, nor others, can oppose it or divert it; and the Emperor expressed his conviction, that

before five years had passed, there would be a violent effort, a reaction of the whole, similar to the Revolution, in consequence of the humiliation which France had suffered since his abdication. England was not subject to such sudden ebullitions. The nation is there directed by parties and by reasoning. * * * * The King of France might send a part of his army to St. Domingo, to get rid of them; but that would be seen through, for the melancholy trial by which he (the Emperor) had incurred a loss of thirty thousand men, had proved the inutility of such an expedition.

The Emperor seemed well aware of the discontent that prevailed in France, and of the fact that the Bourbons had very few partisans, either in the army or among the people; but he showed that he had no personal feelings or expressions.

"I am a dead man," he said. "I was born a soldier. I ascended the throne and left it. I am prepared for any sacrifice. * * * * As General Bonaparte, I had property of my own, which I had earned, but they have deprived me of all." He then repeated his request, that Lord Castlereagh's influence might be employed to obtain for him the society of his wife and child, and there ended the conversation.

A person, supposed to be an emissary of the Emperor, named Domenico Ettori, was, in the month of November, observed to be in a state of

considerable activity, and inquiries were instituted, with a view to discover the object of his journeys to and from Elba and the Continent. His life seems to have been highly adventurous. Born of a family of Lugo, he had been a monk and priest in a convent of bare-footed Carmelites, at Ferrara, until the year 1798, and had preached in different towns of Italy.[1] At this time he left the convent and gave himself up to a revolutionary career. Being charged with important functions in the administration of finance and the police, he attained the post of Secretary to Count Costabile, Intendant-general of Crown Property at Milan.

This situation he lost towards the end of 1812, when he was banished from Milan to Bologna, by order of the Prince Vice-roy, having embezzled a sum, equivalent to about one hundred pounds sterling, belonging to his employers, and being also suspected of other delinquencies.

Arrived at Bologna, he exhausted every species of intrigue to reinstate himself in the favour of his government, and amongst other plans projected with this object, he determined to avail himself of a supposed means of so doing, which chance had thrown in his way a considerable time before.

At the time of the Emperor's last journey to Venice, he, Ettori, being employed under the

[1] MS. Confession.

Intendant of the Crown, managed to obtain access to the Emperor's cabinet, and perceiving in the fire-place some papers which were not as yet burnt, he took possession of them, and found that one of them, written in the Emperor's own hand, contained the plan of a universal monarchy. He retained possession of this paper for some time; but, thinking that the Emperor would attach much importance thereto, and would reward him for having carefully concealed it, he resolved to go to Paris, and confide his secret to His Majesty. He procured a passport, after a series of indescribable stratagems and intrigues; but, before his arrival, the Emperor's departure for the Russian war compelled him to retrace his steps.

He kept silence for another year, but then wrote to Savary, Minister of Police, who answered, that if he had anything of importance to communicate, he had better address himself to the Prince Vice-roy, and, in consequence, Ettori repaired to Milan; but he was not able to obtain an interview until the month of January, 1814, at Verona. He declared that the Prince had not succeeded in regaining possession of the document. Thus ended the first portion of the career of Monsieur Ettori; its history being furnished by himself, and not calculated to prejudice the world in his favour. By his daring and unscrupulous character, however, he probably proved, at times, a serviceable

agent, while a species of fidelity and affection might have rendered him worthy of a certain amount of confidence. Yet, as the information he gave was to governments opposed to Napoleon, it is by no means improbable that he exaggerated any employment he had received from the latter Sovereign, with a view of increasing a reward offered for the betrayal of secrets, probably owing their origin to the fine intellect and imagination he is represented to have possessed. At any rate, his statements, though interesting, must be taken with reservation. If faithful to Napoleon, he probably withheld the truth; if not, he exaggerated it to prove himself worthy of corruption.

According to his own account, however, he had passed eight days at Elba, during which time he had held long conversations with the Emperor, who had confided to him affairs of much consequence; had charged him with important missions for the Continent; and had mentioned the persons with whom he was in correspondence. Amongst his papers was a real or manufactured note from an officer of distinction in Napoleon's household, wherein he was informed, in civil terms, that he was at liberty to leave the island.

In addition to this, two letters were found in his portfolio, addressed to individuals at Paris, one of which, although professedly treating of private matters, was worded in such a vague manner, and

contained so many allegorical expressions, that it evidently concealed a hidden meaning, and, in consequence, gave some value to the man's confessions. At the same time, it was observed, as a curious fact, that this man should appear to be utterly destitute of money. He talked of a tempest and an illness, during which he had lost all he had with him; but this is a story generally put forward by moneyless travellers; and in any capacity, whether as a friend or an enemy of the Emperor, he may have had means, unknown to the authorities, of supplying himself with necessary funds.

That Ettori was playing a double game, during his examination, there can be no doubt. His declaration, that he had held long conversations with the Emperor, was utterly unnecessary, unless made with a view to throwing out a bait to his examiners. Nevertheless, the fact of Ettori's employment, either directly or indirectly, by the Emperor, need not be entirely discredited, as it certainly appears that, during the month of December, active communications were going on between the Emperor and the Continent, both in Italy and France. The following conversation between Napoleon and a gentleman of Milan, that took place in the beginning of the month, will show the many sources through which these could be carried on. It certainly does not contain much

information; but, having been furnished by the Milanese, it is evident that so much only is given as is convenient to the narrator, and that he was perfectly ready to execute any commands he might receive:—

Emperor. What do you want?

Milanese. I come to offer my homage to you, and the faithful assurance of a life consecrated to the cause of your Majesty.

E. Is the Marshal Bellegarde at Milan?

M. Yes, Sire.

E. Is he popular?

M. No, Sire.

E. Is the Duke of Modena beloved?

M. He tries to become so; but, as all his subjects are disgusted at having been made so small, that cannot be.

E. I wished to do great things for Italy.

Here Napoleon asked questions on the feeling of the inhabitants of Piedmont, Lombardy, Tuscany, &c. The Milanese answered, that there was but one sentiment amongst all the inhabitants of Italy, with the exception of some priests and some men sixty years of age.

E. But are they firm?

M. Your Majesty can always count on them, and had you been with us affairs would have turned out differently.

E. But did not the Prince Eugène govern you well?

M. Sire, the Prince Eugène despised us too much.

E. And my Great Chamberlain, Caprara,—what is he doing?

M. Ah, Sire, he is much afflicted.

E. How many of your troops have taken service with the Austrians?

M. I think nearly six thousand, and General Palombini.

E. Palombini!—and my Guards, have many of them taken service?

M. No, Sire. The greater number have entered the service of Naples.

E. How many Austrian troops are there in Italy?

M. There were sixty thousand some time ago, but many have left.

E. Are you alone here?

M. I am accompanied by a young man who has also served under the Eagles of your Majesty.

E. And whither are you going?

M. I am going to Naples, Sire.

E. To Naples!—and after a long and thoughtful pause, he added, I will see you again before your departure.

CHAPTER VIII.

English Visitors—Pecuniary Distresses—Presentation of Captain Adye—Conversation—Talleyrand—Spain—Duke of Enghien—Complaints respecting his Wife and Child—His Marriage—Rumoured Removal from Elba—Brulard, Governor of Corsica—Libels—Murat—Congress—Character of Emperor—Alexander—Grand Duke Constantine—Marmont—American War—Expected Arrival of Baron Koller—Another Conversation with the Emperor—Differences in Congress of Vienna—State of France—Discharge of Guards—Proceedings at Porto Ferrajo—Anecdote of Emperor.

In the month of December the Emperor received a visit from several English persons, amongst whom may be named, Mr. Lyttelton, Mr. Fazakerley, and Lord Ebrington. Their relations of these interviews made an impression in England which tended to dissipate much prejudice; and the pamphlet published in 1823 by the last of these enlightened Englishmen is characteristic, not only of the Emperor, but of the liberal disposition of the writer.

No wonder should be excited by any steps taken at this time by the Emperor. His income proved to be less than the estimate given in a previous Chapter, amounting only to the sum of four hundred thousand francs a-year, while his expenses had, on

the contrary, passed the anticipated limit. A public building was sold, servants were discharged, and the salaries of his chief attendants diminished one half, when, as a crowning evil, the government of the Roman States refused to allow any further supplies of corn to be furnished to his vessels.[1] Nevertheless, no decided step was taken beyond the despatch of emissaries to examine into the state of France and Italy, and to consult with persons in those countries friendly to the Imperial cause.[2]

On the 4th of December Sir Niel Campbell had an interview with the Emperor, for the purpose of presenting Captain Adye, of the British ship of war "Partridge." In recording this we will, without any apology, follow as far as possible the document which contains it, as, being written under the fresh impression of the Emperor's own words, its principal merits will thereby be retained. After some general conversations and questions respecting the Congress, which led to the name of Talleyrand, he spoke of him in the strongest terms. He had long known that Talleyrand was inimical to him, and would betray him whenever an opportunity should present itself; and he had therefore charged Cambronne, who had been left at Paris with the Empress Marie Louise, not to allow Talleyrand to remain in Paris when he (Cambronne) should leave it. The General was, however, weak

[1] Campbell. [2] La Vérité sur les Cent Jours.

enough to yield to the pitiful supplications of the statesman. Sir Niel Campbell asked whether the letter was authentic which appeared in the public journals, as a copy of one addressed to him by Talleyrand, to dissuade him from the war in Spain. The Emperor replied that it was not. No such letter was ever written. On the contrary, Talleyrand first proposed to him the invasion of Spain.

After Talleyrand had been turned out of office, in consequence of repeated complaints from the Kings of Bavaria and Wurtemberg of shameful and unjust exactions of money made by him, he continued to frequent the evening society of the Emperor, together with Fouché, who was then in office; and as a method of recovering his lost influence, he advised the Emperor to avail himself of the dissensions in Spain, by placing one of his own family on the throne of that country; and he presented a memorandum containing information and a plan made by a person employed under the Prince of Peace. Talleyrand had often urged him to get rid of the Bourbons by assassination, or by employing smugglers to carry them off and bring them over to France. This the Emperor always refused, saying he would not injure their persons so long as they kept out of France.

It was quite another affair with the Duke of Enghien, who came to the frontier of France, even to Strasbourg, to foment conspiracies. His death

was likewise an act of Talleyrand's. It was proposed by him, and had it not been for him his life would have been saved, even after the trial, when the Duke wished to have an interview of the Emperor. "This touched me," he said; "I wished to see the young man, but it was already too late. He (Talleyrand) had taken steps to prevent me. It was Talleyrand who was the cause."

The Emperor then inquired if Sir Niel knew anything of the reports respecting the Empress, and the divorce which, it was stated, was about to take place. He said it had appeared in the journals of Genoa and Milan; and he inveighed against the cruelty of keeping his wife away from him. She had promised to write to him every day upon her return from Switzerland to Vienna, but no letter had been received since that period.

His child was kept there, like those taken by conquerors in ancient times, to grace their triumphs. The Emperor of Austria ought to recollect the different treatment pursued towards him when entirely at the mercy of the French, and when no ties of marriage united him to his conqueror,—in which capacity Napoleon had twice entered Vienna. The marriage was forced upon him unsolicited. "I was very happy with my wife," he exclaimed; "but the marriage has been very disastrous for me." He considered that it would have been much more advantageous for

him to have married a Russian Princess, which would have been the case had not the difference of religion intervened.

He was prepared for any act of personal hostility and oppression, even to that of taking his life. He spoke of reports of his removal from Elba to England, expressing the belief that it would be less politic than leaving him in Elba. He presumed he would, in England, enjoy personal freedom; and he would have society, and an opportunity of doing away prejudice against himself, by explaining many circumstances of his life and conduct which had not been understood. As to his connection with France (where four-fifths of the population were for him, in preference to the Bourbons), in Elba he could have no communication but what must be known. In England he could freely communicate with those who wished to see him. He described the humiliation of France, the feelings of the people, and the results to be expected from it; adding, that the consequence might be of that magnitude that the sovereigns of Europe would hereafter, for their own security, call upon him to check them.

The appointment of Brulard as Governor of Corsica could have been made by the Bourbons with no other view than that of attempting his life. Brulard had no connection with Corsica. He had always been employed in conspiracies with

Georges, Pichegru, and others; and it was evident with what design he had been selected. Brulard had lately moved from Ajaccio to Bastia, to be nearer to Elba.

In speaking of the invectives directed against him in various publications, and the epithets, such as Nero, *lache*, &c., which were applied to him by the authors of these works, he said, "I shall not mention my life as a soldier. Is not every day of my present life a proof of my courage, shut up here in this *bicoque* of a house, separated from the world, deprived of every interesting occupation, and of society to afford interest, and even without money?" And he stated the sums he had left in France, and the amount brought with him, which was so trifling, that, before leaving Fontainebleau, he was obliged to send to Marie Louise, at Orleans, for an additional sum. Even in the French *exposé* of the budgets there was abuse against him, while it was itself a false statement; for there was no notice taken of four millions of *domaines privées* received by the royal family. It was at one time his intention to have replied to those attacks upon himself, but afterwards he thought it better not to do so. The Bourbons ought to follow the same line of conduct which he had adopted towards them after he had ascended the throne of France, which was, to permit neither abuse nor praise.

In conversing upon the state of affairs in Naples, and on the report that Murat had ordered a levy of twenty-five thousand infantry and six thousand cavalry, which betokened a want of confidence on his part in the decision of the Allies, he said, "Depend upon it, Murat does nothing but in concert with Austria. When my sister, the Princess Pauline, left Naples, the minister of Austria was more the sovereign of the kingdom than Murat. Whatever terms the Allies choose to impose on him he must subscribe to—at least his resistance would be fruitless, unless to seek his own death, and to fall with arms in his hands, rather than yield to the decision of the Congress."

He repeated former observations upon the want of good policy on the part of England in wishing to remove Murat, the uncertain prospect of tranquillity in Europe, with discontent in Italy, and the same fermentation in every part of France. Even in Germany, he said, the arrangements of the Congress had not been well received, for many of the petty princes were not satisfied. Prince Furstemberg, and many others, had presented a petition to the Emperor of Austria, which so affected him that he shed tears. Bavaria and Wurtemberg must observe this with uneasiness.

He criticised in a strain of great ridicule the nomination of the Sovereigns of Russia and Prussia to be Colonels of Austrian regiments. What

childishness! The circumstances bore no resemblance to those under which Frederick the Great paid a visit to the Emperor of Germany in Bohemia, dressed in the uniform of the Austrian new levies, as Frederick was a member of the Germanic Empire. These regiments, however, might be employed against their colonels.

"The Emperor Alexander is an actor, and false—altogether a Greek. It would have been very well to give the use of a regiment at Vienna to that Ostrogoth, Constantine, to exercise for his amusement."

The Emperor now detailed the operations of his army in France during the year. Had Marmont been true, and had he marched in the first place to Chalons, as he was ordered, at the time that he, the Emperor, left Arcis, he would have cut up the whole of Prince Schwartzenberg's army, by falling on his flank and rear; but Marmont's desertion subsequently prevented every effort. The Emperor felt no regret in having refused to make peace upon the terms proposed at Chatillon; he would do the same over again, even though foreseeing the consequences which had followed. The terms proposed at Frankfort were those which alone could be considered equitable.

The conduct of England towards America, in the prosecution of the war, betrayed revenge.

It would have been more generous to have made an equitable peace with her immediately after his abdication; and it would likewise have been more politic in England; for her voice in the Congress would have had more weight, had not so great a portion of her force been employed in this contest. The English had not occupied Louisiana, as he expected, nor had they acquired any considerable or permanent object. The Americans would gradually improve, and, in the end, Great Britain would be glad to make peace without any accession of power or territory. Her character, too, after standing so high in the eyes of the world, would suffer by the kind of warfare which was carried on against private property.

Later on in the month, a statement reached Elba, which had appeared in some of the Continental journals, to the effect that General Koller was now on his way from Vienna to Porto Ferrajo.

Napoleon, in consequence, requested Sir Niel Campbell to visit him, to satisfy the anxiety he naturally felt on the subject. He seemed, it is said, to regard the report with feelings of hope and eager curiosity, rather than with apprehension.

After having made several questions on the subject, he proceeded to discuss the proceedings of the Congress of Vienna, and inquired whether a

renewal of the war was expected. He knew there were serious differences of opinion, and he did not think they would be easily adjusted. The Congress might, perhaps, be continued for five years. Holland would get possession of Belgium, and Russia of Poland.

In talking of France, he said that many of his Guards received letters from their comrades and relations, who describe "the discontent to be very general, and congratulate them on having accompanied their Emperor to Elba." Great fears were expressed of another revolution and reign of terror. "The present government is too feeble," he continued; "the Bourbons should make war as soon as possible, in order to establish themselves upon the throne. With such an army as they could assemble, it would not be difficult."

At the end of 1814, several of the Emperor's Guards received their discharge; and this measure, rendered necessary by the want of means to support them, converted the faithful soldiers into as many emissaries, who, indignant at the treatment experienced by their Emperor, would, by narrating his circumstances, increase the discontent already existing, both in the army and the people. Never was there a greater fault of policy—not to say a crime—committed, than that of the Bourbons in withholding from Napoleon the revenue that was his due. It not only gave a reason, and a just

one, for any step he might think fit to take, but it forced him to resort to measures that otherwise he, probably, would never have devised, as simple acts of self-preservation. The result was soon to be discovered. Some great event was evidently now the subject of the Emperor's thoughts. His spirits did not any longer seem depressed at his pecuniary difficulties, although his mother and others who followed his fortunes were deeply afflicted by them, while they still hoped the Congress would fix the regular payment of the annuity, and that the Empress would come to Elba.

The Milanese before mentioned was known to have proceeded to Naples, and a Greek monk, named Theologos, to have come from Paris; while a Neapolitan frigate anchored in the port, nominally under stress of weather, but, probably, with some other view.

The corvette, also, made frequent journeys, and more than one person was seen to arrive at and leave the island, without any ostensible purpose. A trivial circumstance, derived from an authentic source, throws some light on the state of the Emperor's mind, and on the bent of his thoughts at this period.

A balustrade was made by his direction in some portion of his residence. When finished, one of his attendants remarked that the wood was

so bad, and the bars so thin, that it could not last long. "How long?" asked the Emperor—"a year?"

"Yes, Sire," was the reply.

"That will do," rejoined the Emperor, with a smile.

CHAPTER IX.

Conversation—Arrests at Milan—Plans for Emperor's Removal —Emissary—Conversation—News from France—Preparations for Departure—Opinions of Generals—Princess Pauline's Ascendancy over Drouot—Her Plate—Orders for Embarkation—Flotilla—Followers—Proclamation—Signals —Departure.

In the month of January the Emperor still occupied himself in the affairs of his State; adding to it by taking possession of a small island known as Palmajolo, in the channel of Piombino; and there was reason to suppose that he would shortly likewise invade Monte Christo. Quarters were provided for soldiers in each of the villages nearest to Corsica, which occasioned a report that "a very great personage was to embark there soon." Reviews were of constant occurrence, but the works at S. Martino and on the roads were necessarily relinquished, on account of the expense.

While these circumstances were going on Sir Niel Campbell had an interview with the Emperor,

which, as it proved, was the last. The Emperor made inquiries relative to a series of arrests that had taken place at Milan, among which were several Italian generals, and appeared anxious to know the cause of them. A plot against the Austrian government was the reason assigned.

He then spoke of the reports respecting his removal to St. Helena or St. Lucia, and in a manner which showed his belief in them. He declared that he would not acquiesce in a removal from Elba, and would resist it to the last by force: "Avant cela il faut faire une brèche dans mes fortifications, et nous verrons." But the time would come, he continued, when things would arrive at such a pitch that the Allies would send for him, for their own safety. Another conversation was held about the same time between the Emperor and one of the messengers from France. The messenger, although of humble origin, appears to have been intelligent and devoted. The conversation is supposed to be given verbatim, and the form in which it is originally to be found is consequently retained.

The Emperor. What is doing in France?

The Messenger. Sire, they are waiting for you.

E. But what is said?

M. That you will return, Sire.

E. What army do they give me for my return? I have none.

M. You have no need of an army, Sire, to return to Paris.

E. How?

M. What, Sire! Does your Majesty not know what is passing in France?

E. I know of many foolish things.

M. Foolish things in such number, and so monstrous, that a revolution is inevitable. They talk unrestrainedly in the *cafés*, the public walks, and the places the most frequented, of an approaching change, as they would of a piece of intelligence announced in the newspapers; and to such an extent, that on no occasion do the police dare to make any attempt to prevent it. All parties, Sire, are of accord on one point, which is, that the existing order of things cannot last six months.

E. Since my abdication my political life is terminated. I repose myself here; I let others work; I am quiet, and have nothing to do.

M. They give themselves very little trouble about your abdication, Sire: if the French could do as they liked, they would hang those who made you sign it. I assure you that you will not be much longer without doing anything. You have reposed yourself enough.

E. Who are you?

M. Sire, my name is in the despatch of * * * *. My name is * * * *.

E. Have you served?

M. Yes, Sire.

E. I think I saw you in Russia.

M. Yes, Sire, I did go through that campaign, and those of liberty at the commencement of the Revolution.

E. Your name, I think, is coming back to my mind. There was some one of your name who, under my reign, was put under *surveillance* for having spoken ill of my government. Do you know if he was a relation of yours ?

M. It was myself, Sire.

E. How! You did not like me when I was on the throne, and you run the risk of being shot for me, now that I am in exile.

M. Sire, I did not love your *droits réunis;* I did not wish you to recall the emigrant nobles, who have served to betray you, and who now have the infamy to boast of it. I would rather have wished you to make other nobles. Such persons are the pest of society; and you see how your dukes and counts treated you? They hoisted white rags on the Boulevards while your poor wooden-legs (*jambes de bois*) were still fighting for you at Montmartre.

E. But, at the present time, you have the same *droits réunis* as in my time; and, as to the nobility, you have both the old and the new, it appears.

M. A reason the more that your Majesty could very well have dispensed with creating them; it is

a race that propagates[1] itself only too much; but we shall not have them long.

E. And why?

M. Come back, Sire, and you will see: we shall do with the nobles what on one occasion France has done with them. They did not have enough of the first Jacquerie; let them beware the second. Not one shall escape it.

E. I will never be the Emperor of Jacqueries, the chief of massacres. But you appear to have received some education: what is your vocation?

M. Sire, I am a pastry-cook; but, if you return, I shall again make myself a soldier.

E. By what means would you have me return to France? An army and a fleet are necessary; I have only one battalion and a corvette.

M. Your Majesty has fleets and armies in France. Show yourself, and only let your gray coat and hat be once perceived, and then you will see ——

E. Do not delude yourself; I can understand that I must always have a great party: my fall must have hurt too many interests for it to be otherwise.

M. Above all, it hurt the hearts, which is worse, with us of the people, than to hurt the interests.

1 "C'est une race qui ne pullule que trop,"—a term used for vermin.

E. That is true; they have wounded the pride of a great nation; they have insulted the great things that I have made, because they did not feel themselves of a height to continue them; they have rewarded baseness and honoured felony; they have had the absurd presumption of humiliating my Guard—that immortal phalanx which all Europe never dared to face, even under the walls of Paris. I, therefore, could not show myself in France without bringing with me a civil war; and it was to spare her its horrors that I abdicated.

M. Civil war! With whom, then, Sire, would you have us fight?

E. The nobility, the priests; those who gained by my departure; those who hope to gain still more ——

M. (interrupting the Emperor.) Only, Sire, a handful of cowards, who would not even dare to show themselves; and even should they show themselves, so much the better. The end would be nearer; France would be only more rich, more quiet, and more beautiful, like a beggar who has got rid of his vermin. You would give their goods to the Legion of Honour, and its revenues, now ruined, will soon regain the amount of your gifts. How would you have, Sire, a mass of wretches, who have lived twenty years on the alms and outrages of the enemy, dare to

oppose the whole army, who are for you, and the whole nation, who would serve as your reserve, or rather vanguard?

E. It is possible; yet nothing must be exaggerated. The women do not love me. I have required too many men; they would cry aloud, and that alone would cause an intestine war.

M. You don't, then, know the women, Sire? It is now that their cries should be heard. They are more enraged than the men. I can form a judgment of them. My mother, my wife, and my sister, used to swear at you every moment, on account of the conscription; but your downfall was no sooner announced than they remained dumbfoundered. Nevertheless, the words, "*plus de droits réunis, plus de conscription,*" gave pleasure for the moment. But we have not been long in seeing that we are laughed at. As for the conscription, we have it no longer; but it is not the fault of those gentlemen. For the moment, they would rather get rid of the soldiers that exist, and of those who are returning from the enemy's prisons, than add to the numbers; but if they should last, and should one day make war, we should have the conscription as much as we now have *les droits réunis.* They may make us fight, perhaps, for the gown of a favourite. War for war. I prefer returning to Austerlitz or Friedland, to losing my limbs for such follies.

E. You say you are a pastry-cook; yet you evince more knowledge than is generally acquired in making cakes. Nevertheless, I cannot suspect you; you come from too good a place for that.

M. Ah, Sire, those who send me know me well. I do not conceal it from you—I liked you better as Consul than as Emperor; but now, should you return as Grand Turk, I am yours for life and death. Had it pleased Heaven, for France and for you, that you should have had only pastry-cooks in your staff, and fewer returned *émigrés*, we should not have been so splendid in your ante-chambers; but I swear to you that no one Cossack should have appeared in Paris, otherwise than as a prisoner.

E. But you have not been making tarts all your life?

M. Pretty nearly, Sire. I was one of many children; my poor mother made me study to become a priest, and then it was that I learnt the little I know, or acquired the curiosity to know more, little by little.

Here follow some personal details as to the messenger, which are of no great interest, showing that he served from the battle of Jemappes till after that of Hohenlinden. The Emperor then asks some details of his journey.

E. What places have you passed?

M. I took the road through Burgundy, Lyons,

Avignon, Marseilles, Toulon, Nice, Genoa, until I embarked at ——. I have done exactly what my instructions required.

E. What was that?

M. They directed me, in the first place, to take this road, so as to go through as much of France as possible; to go everywhere (*de me fourrer partout*); to speak little, to listen more, to forget nothing; and to examine what is thought of your Majesty and of the Bourbons in town and country, especially as to what is thought by the military.

E. Well! What is the result of your observations?

M. The result is simple enough: it is, that all the world complains; that no one is content; and that they wait for you everywhere. If you believe me, Sire, you will return with me.

E. But what do they say of me?

M. They say that you had too much ambition; that you were wrong in marrying an Austrian; in going to Spain and to Russia; that you ought to have made peace at Dresden. They say that you were betrayed by most of the marshals; that you over-enriched them. I swear to you, if it depended only on the soldiers, Marmont, Augereau, Ney, Berthier, and Victor, would soon have lost their taste for bread. I should not advise them to go out at night alone in a garrison-town. They

would be turned into pie-meat. It is also asserted that Oudinot betrayed you at Vitry-le-Français.

E. And what do they say of the Bourbons?

M. They say that the King is well enough as a man, but that his ministers are asses and rogues. They complain at court that none are well received but traitors and nobles; and it is the latter who are the most disliked.

E. How long were you travelling from Paris to Nice?

M. Twenty days, Sire. I had been ordered to go everywhere; and I assure you that there are few inns, pot-houses, *cafés*, billiard-rooms, that I have not entered.

E. How long did you remain at Lyons and the principal cities?

M. At Lyons, four days; one at Grenoble, one at Avignon, three at Marseilles, one at Toulon.

E. But at Lyons they, doubtless, are not very fond of me. It is true, I did it as much good as I could; but the peace will cause their manufactures to gain considerably.

M. Go there, Sire, and then you will see. There may be here and there some nobles, some wealthy persons, who may prefer the present government. Let them beware, however, a resistance; they would be the first to be thrown into the Saône.

E. But in Provence they do not love me?

M. I well know that it is a country of madmen; nevertheless, they have already softened considerably. At Marseilles, for instance, they imagined, perhaps, that larks would tumble into their mouths ready roasted, and behold, more than one-half of them are already complaining of poverty!

E. What do they say at Nice?

M. They would sooner belong to the Dey of Algiers; and even worse at Genoa. They are very angry with the English since those countries have become Piedmontese. Ah, if you only heard! * * * *

E. The cause of the people was vanquished in me.

M. You can rise with your nation, Sire, if you will trust me. Follow my advice; you will profit much thereby, and France more. Believe me, you are not so comfortable at Porto Ferrajo as you would be in Paris; but, if you return, don't run about so much; you have done so enough. All that immense Russia is not worth your fine Rue de Rivoli alone.

E. I am getting old now, I need repose.

M. Old, Sire! You are my age, and we both have, I hope, twenty more campaigns in our body.

E. You advised me just now not to run about,

and now you talk of twenty more campaigns. I have scarcely gone through more in my life.

M. I mean, Sire, in case they should seek useless quarrel with you. If they leave France in quiet, let others do what they wish. Every one for himself.

* * * * *

E. Have you any pamphlet of Chateaubriand's? I wish to read the *pro* and the *contra*.

M. Yes, Sire.

E. I have already read several libels against me. Chateaubriand has genius—a romantic style. He does not please purists, but he fascinates.

* * * * *

M. I swear to you that, if only the corner of your hat be seen, all France will follow your footsteps.

Such was one of several conversations that passed between Napoleon and those sent to engage him to return to France,—a measure which, it is declared, the Emperor did not contemplate till January 1815.

Another of these reports arrived at Elba during the last ten days of January 1815, and stated:—

That a revolution in France was not only inevitable, but imminent:

That France was quietly fermenting — all parties watching one another:

That the aristocracy did not wish the Charter, and openly announced their intention of throwing it over by a counter-resolution, and thereby of renewing the abuses that existed under the last Bourbons:

That the clergy, disliking it equally, were preparing to act in the same manner:

That the republicans were conspiring, even openly, to re-establish the constitution of 1793:

That the constitutional royalists were disposed to resuscitate that of 1791:

That the old army, wounded by the past, indignant at the present, and uneasy as to the future, sighed only for Napoleon. Things had arrived at such a pitch, that any circumstance, even of the most trivial nature, could move them to leave France in a mass, to seize the Mediterranean fleet, and go to Elba to recall their Emperor:

That the great majority of the nation, alarmed by the certitude of a crisis, the results of which none could foresee, were disposed to espouse the cause of the army, and again to place their confidence, their interests, their repose, and their glory, in the hands of the great man who had already once crossed the seas to deliver France from the divisions and the ruin with which she was menaced:

That the Court had no party but the Court,

and found itself without and below all the other classes of the nation, as ignorant of what was passing in France as though its residence were at Mittau:

That, finally, even the Powers of Europe, enlightened by the unanimous reports of their ambassadors, showed themselves displeased at all that was taking place, and but little disposed to interfere, should events occur to subvert an order of things that they had resuscitated. It is probable that, had the throne of the Bourbons at that time fallen by any means other than the return of the Emperor Napoleon, the Powers would have pursued the wise policy of non-intervention, adopted fifteen years later, when the dynasty in whose favour they had done so much proved itself incapable of reigning. These assertions were communicated to the Emperor, not only by his emissaries, but by unbiassed English travellers who visited the island.

Three emissaries were sent about this time, according to a declaration subsequently made at Lucca, by the Princess Pauline;[1] but the names of the persons who sent them have never been actually discovered, though many guesses, which must be near the truth, have been made. A messenger sent by Savary did not arrive at Elba till after the Emperor's departure.[2]

[1] Lord Holland. [2] Duc de Rovigo.

One of these emissaries is, or was lately, living in Australia, R. L. M., a convict transported for bigamy, at the instance of Lord Castlereagh, when sufficient evidence of the greater crime of high treason could not be procured. He relates his history himself, and, it is said, with much glorification, gives the details of an interview with the Emperor. Originally an officer in the English army, he was broken for cowardice and disgraceful conduct in the Peninsular war, and, ruined by this circumstance, he was at a loss for a livelihood. He consequently became a secret messenger between Elba and the Continent, availing himself of his qualification as an Englishman to lull all suspicion. On one occasion he succeeded in penetrating his way to the Emperor's presence.

"You have brought me these letters from ——?" asked the Emperor.

The answer was in the affirmative.

"You are an Englishman?"

Again the same response.

"And you have been an officer?"

The answer had scarcely time to be given when the Emperor, with a look of disgust, turned his back upon the traitor and left the room.[1]

But, apart from the communications that were sent from France, the proceedings of the Emperor

[1] Anecdote related to the writer by a trustworthy friend.

in the month of February would seem to leave beyond a doubt his active preparations for departure, it being suspected at the time that he intended to land at Civita Vecchia or at Gaeta, to join the army of Murat.[1]

On the night of the 14th of February a Captain Raimondo arrived at Lungone, from Porto Ferrajo, accompanied by an Orderly Dragoon, and bringing a letter from General Drouot to the Commandant. He immediately embarked on board a small vessel belonging to Marciana, commanded by one Ninzi, which was supposed to have been destined for Civita Vecchia, and sailed.

The Emperor's vessel, "l'Etoile," or "La Stella," commanded by Richon, went, on the 16th, from Porto Ferrajo to Lungone, and took on board military stores, rice, and salt meat, with which she returned. The same day, General Bartolozzi inspected the detachment of the Corsicans at Lungone, made some promotions of non-commissioned officers, and was busy with its internal organisation.

Upon the 17th M. Colonna arrived at Lungone, from Porto Ferrajo, and was expected to embark for Naples, to prepare a residence for Madame Letitia.

[1] For an account of a conversation between the Emperor and one of the emissaries from France, which seems trustworthy, see Memoirs of M. Fleury-de-Chatoulon, published in 1820, by Murray.

A Greek from Cephalonia, named Demetrius Valsamachi, who had been at Elba ten days, and had presented the Emperor with a work of his composition, left the island.

The police had also received new orders, said to have been drawn up by the Emperor himself.

Upon the 20th, two of the vessels usually employed in conveying iron from Rio to the Continent, sailed from thence to Porto Ferrajo, in ballast only.

The "Inconstant" brig, with three other vessels, were in Porto Ferrajo on the 21st instant; and it was suspected that all of them had on board military stores and salt provisions. It was understood that the voyage of the "Inconstant" would be to Naples, and that it would take place in a few days. The horses of the Polish Lancers were ordered to be brought up from Pianosa immediately, and the saddlers were busily employed. The troops were in full expectation of some great event. Innumerable reports were also on foot. It was said that the Emperor had been out in a boat all night, and that, some days before, he had had an interview with his mother of more than two hours, during which a loud discussion took place. Madame Mère was observed to be much affected, on separating from her son to return to her own house, where she gave orders for immediately packing up her effects.

A multitude of small circumstances occurred, each of which separately would give some indication of the approaching event. A Monsieur Rebuffat, of Lungone, entered into a contract for the immediate supply of a large quantity of grain, to be ground at Rio, and sent thence to the capital; and one of Napoleon's officers employed a person to purchase a vessel of eighty or ninety tons, the money for which was deposited in readiness.

The only persons in the confidence of the Emperor were his two brave lieutenants, Bertrand and Drouot. The first, it appears, rather encouraged the idea; but the latter took a different view of the proposed expedition. It was from him, however, notwithstanding the severity of his manners and his unswerving fidelity, that the secret oozed out, as the fascinating Princess Pauline had obtained such an ascendancy over him, that she gained possession of the secret a week before the actual departure. This circumstance, related in the "Mémorial de St. Helène," is confirmed by the fact, that two or three days before the 26th of February, four or five large cases belonging to the Princess were disembarked at Leghorn from Elba. They contained some of her plate, and were consigned by a Monsieur Sisca, a merchant of Porto Ferrajo, to Monsieur George Castacchi, a Greek, resident at Leghorn.

But the coming event quickly followed on its harbingers, and on the 26th of February all was prepared for embarkation. The night previously the Emperor had been present, with his officers, at a ball given by the Princess Pauline, doubtless to disguise the plan which was so speedily to be put in execution, and of which no public intimation had been given.

On the 26th, about one o'clock in the afternoon, the gates of the town were closed, and the Guard received orders for departure. Sir Niel Campbell was absent at the time, and an embargo, that some days previously had been placed on all vessels in the harbours of the island, had prevented the conveyance of any intelligence to the Continent. An Englishman, Mr. Grattan, who was at Porto Ferrajo, amongst others, was detained.

Although the orders had been given, the destination of the expedition was entirely unknown. Some spoke of France, and some of Italy; but the master-mind who regulated it kept his own counsel. Even those whose position in the army was high were not initiated in the secret.[1] Colonel Laborde, Adjutant of the Guard, although he received orders some hours before the other officers, was kept completely in the dark. At eleven

[1] Voyage, &c.

General Drouot addressed him. "The labourers who are employed in the gardens leave off work at three. At four the troops take their rations. You must then immediately pack up your arms and luggage, and hold yourself in readiness to embark at five. Each officer to take only a portmanteau."

The gallant officer, naturally astounded by the suddenness of the orders, inquired whither he was to go, and whether he could take his wife with him; but the only answer he received was, to obey the orders given to him.

The joy of the French soldiery, on hearing the news of their departure, may easily be conceived. Many had been the hints thrown out by them of their dislike of the monotony of the island. Satisfaction generally spread itself around, while the inhabitants crowded round their Emperor to bid him farewell. Madame Mère and her daughter, the faithful mother and the faithful sister, contemplated the animated scene with moistened eyes, while they encouraged the happy soldiery to fidelity, and joined in their enthusiasm. Little did any of them anticipate what would be the closing scene of the play that was enacting! Little could the human eye be enabled to foresee that the events of a few short months would render fair Elba a pleasing reminiscence, and a reality to be desired, even with the poverty and mono-

tony of its confined limits! The cry was,[1]—"Paris or death!" The result was a union of the alternatives. The Emperor was to return to France with the violet, and to leave it again almost at the same time.

At four o'clock in the afternoon all were on board. The flotilla consisted of the "Inconstant," the "Stella," the "Caroline," a French merchant brig, the "Saint Esprit," which had been chartered for the occasion, two small vessels from Rio, and a little felucca belonging to an Elban merchant.

The following persons accompanied the Emperor:—His three Generals, Colonel Lebel, and Baron Germanowski, who, before leaving, had blown up the fortifications of Lungone; the Chevalier Fourreau and Monsieur Gatte, lately married to an Italian, Mademoiselle Ninci; MM. Peyrusse, Deschamps, and Baillon; M. Pons, Captains Taillade and Chautard; M. Richon, in command of the "Stella;" Colonel Socoski, a Pole, whose wife was one of the ladies of the Princess; Captains Roul, Perez, and Bernotti; and M. Phillidore, Captain of the Port, together with troops,—the number of which has been calculated as being from nine hundred to eleven hundred strong; some having been left unavoidably at Pianosa, Palmajola, and Lungone.

[1] Une Année, &c.

The General Bartolozzi was left at the island, and General Lapi, who had been named Governor. The latter, on assuming his command, issued a proclamation in which the departure of the Emperor was officially announced. It runs thus:—

GENERAL LAPI,

Governor of the Island of Elba, Chamberlain of His Majesty the Emperor Napoleon, Director of the Domains and Goods of the Crown.

Inhabitants of Elba,

Our august Sovereign, recalled by Divine Providence to his ancient glory, has been obliged to leave his island. Its command he has confided to me, its government to six of the most distinguished citizens, and the defence of the place and the maintenance of order to your known attachment and valour.

"I leave," he said, "the Island of Elba. I am extremely satisfied with the conduct of the inhabitants. I confide to them the defence of the country, to which I attach the greatest importance. I cannot give them a greater proof of confidence than leaving, on the departure of the troops, my mother and sister under their safeguard. The members of the Junta and all the inhabitants of the island can count on my special protection."

At eight o'clock the Emperor ascended the sides of the brig, having taken a long and affectionate farewell of his mother and sister, and having previously burnt the copy of the Treaty of Fontainebleau signed by the Allies.[1] A cannon fired gave the signal of departure. The evening was

[1] Memoirs of Bertrand.

splendid, the wind blew from the south, and all seemed favourable. The ships set sail, no one knew whither.

The events of the succeeding days are known to all, with their rapid succession and splendid pictures. Great men have chronicled them; but even these have failed to do them justice.

CHAPTER X.

Reflections on the Departure—Conduct of the French Government—Depreciation of Napoleon's Power—The Royal Almanack—Non-payment of Income—Absurd Pretexts—Napoleon's Right to enforce Treaty-Stipulations—Separation from his Son—Rumoured Removal to St. Helena—Schemes of the Period—Restoration of Roman Empire—Italian Congress—An Empire of Peace—Draft of Constitution—Means of Execution—An Emissary—The Young Officer—Domenico—Evidence—Emperor's Words—A Plan for Italy—Hope Deferred.

We have thus endeavoured to sketch with truthfulness, if not with power, the circumstances of the life of the Emperor Napoleon during his residence on the Island of Elba, the fulcrum of his last spring—that wonderful spring which decided his career, as well as that of his antagonists.

Perhaps the reader may have expected to find in these pages a history of intrigue and political machination. If he is disappointed, it is because no such proceedings took place. Intrigue would have been useless. Although communications,

certainly, were kept up with France, intrigue was out of the question. Certain events are above such causes. Such events as the return from Elba and the Hundred Days happen almost of themselves, are feasible but by those who have acted in them, are begun without preparation, and necessarily without calculation. Few have courage to venture such a stake. None but Napoleon had the talent or the energy to play for it.

The real secret of the Hundred Days was the name of Napoleon. The inducement was the perfidy of those who had most to fear from it. The French Government appeared to consider that no faith was to be kept with their fallen enemy, and with a judgment indicative of weak minds, they depreciated his power. Yet the Sovereign of Elba, though his states, in comparison to those of the Bourbons, were almost as yards compared with miles, possessed, even in his downfall, more power than the restored family in their strength.

The Royal Almanack of Paris, in its list of foreign sovereigns and their families, under the head of Naples, referred the reader to that of Sicily; but King Joachim was far happier in his retort, for in his Almanack, on the article France, the only words printed were—See Elba.

Moreover, the French government, by refusing the stipulated income to the Emperor, their pre-

decessor, deprived themselves of any ground for complaint at his proceedings. Napoleon was a Sovereign, and, as a Sovereign, was entitled to enforce the fulfilment of treaty-stipulations made to himself. The Bourbons, probably, had not foreseen this. They may have thought that they could reduce a Napoleon to the level of his domains, little thinking that a mind such as his could not be reduced by a limited territory.

As an excuse for their breach of the Treaty of Fontainebleau, the recruitment carried on by the Emperor was urged. But this can, by no means, form a justification of their conduct. A free sovereign has the right to add to his forces as he may think proper. The Emperor had by no act engaged not to do so. And, moreover, the Bourbons, by a direct breach of treaty, had forced him to this course of action. Elba had always been exposed to the incursions of barbarians, and on this account a proviso had been made by the Allied Powers; but the French Government never fulfilled any portion of her contract in this respect, and no step was taken by her to protect the island sovereignty. The plea of the recruitment is absurd. A few hundred men could not by any possibility have given any cause for fear; and a perverted disposition could alone have brought forward so miserable a subterfuge. Had another man than Napoleon formed an army, the number of which

was double that of his whole subjects, no apprehension could have been created.

The policy of the Bourbons towards the Emperor at Elba was of that description which is founded on arguments telling most against itself. They broke their word with the Emperor, as doubting his capacity to resent an injury, and adduced as a reason for so doing the levy of at most one thousand soldiers, as though that small number could make him more formidable. In 1815 the real secret of his greatness was his apparent weakness. Had he been followed by an army of twenty thousand on his landing in France, sympathy would probably have done less for him.

And what plea can be brought forward for the forcible separation of the Emperor from his son? State reasons, stretched to their widest extent, may justify the Empress and her relatives in the course they pursued; but these can furnish no excuse for the forced absence of the young Napoleon.

The intrigues of 1814 were, at any rate, not on the side of the Sovereign of Elba.

The one circumstance which hurried the great event, however, was, beyond a doubt, the report we have already seen in circulation of a plan for removing the Emperor to St. Helena.

Whence could the report have originated, had it not possessed some foundation? Subsequent events prove that St. Helena must have been in

the mind of more than one statesman of the day, and the Emperor had good reasons to believe that dark designs were plotting against him. English newspapers, that were forwarded to him by the kindness of Lady Holland, contained sufficient intelligence to give a clue to all that was proposed and intended, and showed that his future career had become a question of precedence. That party who began hostilities was the more likely to have the advantage.

At the same time, while the actual return to France was to a great extent an unpremeditated action, it would be absurd to assert that no project of any kind was mooted during the Emperor's residence at Elba. When we see that Pretenders of no talent whatsoever are enabled to collect parties and to plan operations, it would be idle to imagine that the mere existence of a deposed Sovereign, possessing the transcendant talents of the Emperor Napoleon, would not of itself create a thousand schemes. No doubt his name was in the minds of all. His character and influence formed a part of every political calculation.

Amongst the many schemes supposed to have been made at the time, few, if any, are so curious as that sketched out in a work, now scarce, published at Brussels in the year 1825. It is entitled, "La Vérité sur les Cent Jours," and its author styles himself "Un Citoyen de la Corse."

This work professes to relate negotiations, said to have taken place during the Emperor's residence at Elba, with the view to re-establish a Roman Empire, at the head of which was to be placed the deposed King of Italy. The names of those concerned in this great scheme are suppressed, on account of the injury that might be inflicted by their publication on persons still living; and it does not appear that the author has as yet fulfilled a promise repeatedly given in the course of his work, to publish further particulars at some later period. We should not have ventured to allude to this plan, had not facts come to our knowledge, some of which cannot be published for reasons similar to those given by the author of the publication in question, but which, together with many of the circumstances related in the foregoing narrative, give to it a colouring of truth.

In the month of May 1814, shortly after the arrival of the Emperor at Elba, fourteen Italians perceived, with fear, that their country was about to be delivered into the hands of those whom they detested.

The sacrifice was not yet completely consummated, and they determined to risk all to secure the Unity and Independence of Italy.

It will be impossible to relate all the proofs of devotion to their country, and to the Emperor they had chosen, displayed by this little Congress

during their operations. Suffice it to say, once for all, that proofs are multiplied of their disinterested conduct, and that the expenses of their journeys were defrayed by themselves, the sums, placed at their disposal by the Exile at Elba, being more than once returned to him.

The fourteen were from different parts of Italy. Two were from Corsica, two Genoese, two Piedmontese, two from the kingdom of Italy, and the others, Roman and Sicilian.

We will not trace the introductory deliberation of the Congress, the result of which was, that on the 19th of May, 1814, a despatch was sent to the Emperor at Elba.

It informed him that a small number of Italians, who, although admirers of his glory, had kept aloof from his power, asked of him his name and his sword to relieve from its long ignominy the depressed forehead of the Italian Peninsula,[1] and offered in return the crown of the renascent Roman Empire.

The conditions were to be worthy of a great people, as of the hero who was called to govern them:—

"Que César soit grand, mais que Rome soit libre."

The Empire was to be an Empire of Peace.

[1] Per risorgere dalla lunga ignominia sua, l'abbattuta fronte della Penisola Italiana.

The Emperor was to be content with the Peninsula. He was to restore the unity of Italy, to teach the contending elements, of which its people is composed, to amalgamate. The despatch was signed by the fourteen, as the President and Members of the Constituent Congress of the Roman Empire, and the bearer, an intrepid and talented man, was ordered to put himself at the disposal of the Emperor. This agent, however, before embarking at Savona, was stopped by an express from the President of the Congress, and his papers were sent by one of the Guard then on the point of leaving for Elba: but his mission ended by his inducing several rich capitalists of Genoa to place at the disposal of the Congress, a sum of twelve millions, in French money, with a promise of future supplies under certain contingencies.

In the first despatch, in which it was specially recommended to the Emperor to make no confidant amongst his French followers, was enclosed the draft of a Constitution, drawn up carefully and with much tact. These were its principal provisions:—

The territory of the Roman Empire was to consist of the *Continent* of Italy, and was never to be extended. No treaty of peace was to be signed, having in view either the extension or the diminution of the extent assigned to it by the Constitution. The succession, in case of the extinction

of the personal descendants of the Emperor, was settled. No Prince or Princess of the order of succession was to contract alliances with any member of the royal families of Austria, France, Spain, or of any of the reigning or ex-regnant families of Italy, under pain of forfeiture of rights, and actual or future exile for five generations.

Provision was made for the two Houses of Legislature, Liberty of the Press and of Religious Denominations, and the imposition of Taxes. The Sovereignty was to reside in the Italian Nation, and neither the Emperor nor any Prince or Princess of the Imperial House could be called, in any manner, to reign over another people, nor accept other titles of any kind, under pain of forfeiture of rights. The Island of Elba forms the subject of the 33rd Article. It was to be an integral part of the Roman Empire, and was to elect two Representatives.

The habitual residence of the Emperor was to be at Rome; but, in order to conciliate the principal cities of Italy, whose unwillingness to concede the metropolitan honour to each other has more than once been a stumbling-block, four Viceroyalties were to be founded, to be held for life by any Prince or Princess of the Imperial family, not heir to the throne. The Parliament was to sit for the first three years at Rome ; for the second, at Milan ; and for the third, at Naples ; recommencing

in the same order. These plans seem to have been well adapted for the Empire, when it had achieved an existence; but, as has ever been the case in Italy, the measures to be adopted for putting into execution this Utopian scheme of government were not sufficiently well formed to ensure success. The Italians form mighty plans. They settle their Constitutions even to the minutest detail. Each man wedges in the article most pleasing to himself, and a Constitution, apparently of a nature as perfect as human works can be, is greedily seized upon by Italians. One thing alone is wanting, the means of imposing it on Italy despite the opposition of those interested on the other side of the question: and while Italians are wrangling as to the shape of their future ballot-boxes, or the Presidents of their Chamber, their antagonists march down their troops, crush their projects, and shoot their leaders.

The idea suggested by the Congress was clever, but scarcely practicable. An army was necessary for the success of the project, but such an army could not be raised. One already formed must be employed. The only army in Italy that was available was that of the kingdom of Naples; but this of itself was not sufficient. Another was necessary, and this was to be the army of the restored King of France. France, it was supposed, could be conciliated; King Joachim was to

be dethroned; but the two armies were to place the Emperor Napoleon upon the throne of the Roman Empire. The course to be pursued was stated simply. Italy was to be secretly prepared by emissaries for the advent of the Emperor. Quarrels were to be cultivated between the crowns of France and of Naples; their armies were to be drawn up one against the other; and then Napoleon was to appear, to unite the antagonistic forces, place himself at their head, and march to a peaceful victory, to be obtained by the imposing appearance of his troops.

But the Emperor, although naturally his attention was engaged by the mention of a great plan, does not appear to have placed much reliance in the means proposed for its realisation by its projectors. On the contrary, he designated a person, entirely in his confidence, to discuss the question with an emissary of the Italian Congress, and the result of these deliberations was forwarded to him. The conversation, which is said to have taken place at a town of La Brie, between the confidant of the Emperor, called the Personage, and the Emissary, is recorded *verbatim*. It would be tediously useless here to introduce it. Suffice it to say, that the Frenchmen entirely disapproved of the proposed Roman Empire, and thinking that the Emperor's aggrandisement was all that was held in view, suggested that the return of the

Emperor to France might be effected, but by means revolting to the Emperor and to humanity, and which would have ended in a *Jacquerie,* such as that to avoid which the Emperor subsequently lost the Empire he otherwise might have retained.

At this time, therefore, the answer, returned by the Emperor to the plan proposed by his French confidant, contained the "most formal order to renounce every idea of bringing him back to France, and more especially every species of project the result or end of which might be the shedding of a single drop of blood in any manner; adding, that those could not understand the Emperor, his interests, his heart, and his intentions, who undertook to serve him in a manner that was not in conformity with his real glory." It will be seen, from this fact, that any idea the Emperor might have had of returning to France at the beginning of his stay at Elba must have been vague and distant.

Whatever may have been the reason, it must nevertheless be admitted that, about the month of May 1814, secret communications were carried on between Elba and the Continent. A French officer, we have learnt from the best authority, his own, on his journey through Italy to join the Guard at Porto Ferrajo, met, in a public conveyance, with a stranger who seemed to court his acquaintance, on hearing him, in the communicativeness of youth, declare his attachment to, and admiration of, his

Sovereign. Before separating, the stranger took him apart and gave him several messages, in ambiguous terms, to be conveyed to the Emperor, and explained to him the terms in which the answers were to be returned. A merchant was or was not to be induced to enter into certain speculations. "But who gives me the message?" asked the young officer; "to whom am I to write?" A direction was given, and the young man was instructed to say to the Emperor, that the message was from Domenico, who had been by the side of the Emperor during the whole of the 18th Brumaire. "He will know who it is," continued the stranger, as he left.

The young officer, on his arrival at Elba, although he had an audience of the Emperor, did not find any opportunity of giving the message with which he had been charged; but, on leaving the Emperor's presence, he mentioned the circumstance to Count Bertrand, who undertook to convey it to the Emperor. A short time after this, Bertrand sent for the young officer, and told him that he had spoken to the Emperor, but that His Majesty had given up every idea of politics, and that he consequently had no answer to return to Domenico. But, notwithstanding the evasiveness of this answer, the arrival and departure of envoys were not unknown to the officer.

Without forming any unnatural or strained

conclusion, it does not appear difficult to identify the Domenico mentioned by the officer with the Domenico Ettori whose history has already been given; and again, with the emissary first stated to have been despatched to the Emperor, without having been able to reach his destination. Moreover, the journeys of the Milanese, the cruising of the "Inconstant," and the various communications with Italy, may be used as circumstantial evidence to establish a fact that some scheme, having reference to Italy, was in agitation. The idea suggested by the Congress may have been approved; the means for its execution were probably cared for by the Emperor; and Murat was also, no doubt, taken into consideration, though not in the manner originally pointed out. The preparations made by the Emperor suited any object he may have had in view.

We have seen that his return to France was only mentioned a very short time before his departure, though the preparations had been proceeding for some time previously; and all the reports of the period tended infinitely more to a descent on the coast of Italy than to one on the coast of France. It would therefore be absurd entirely to discredit the hardy assertion of the author of the work cited, that the Emperor had shown himself not averse to the projects of the new Roman Empire. Such a project cannot be a figment of the author's imagi-

nation; for the remainder of his work is so destitute of merits, and deals so much in trivial and gossiping stories, and all that bears reference to the scheme rises above the surrounding matter in so extraordinary a manner, that it is evident that he is then relating facts within his knowledge, though beyond his capacity. Moreover, a gigantic scheme such as this must have been sure to attract the attention of the Emperor. It must have possessed infinite fascination for his mind, ever intent on classical traditions and the examples of the heroes of antiquity. Thus is he reported to have spoken to two members of the Congress[1] who had repaired to Elba to converse with him on their plans:—

"I was great on the throne of France, principally by the force of my arms and by the extension of my influence over the whole of Europe. I gave to the French a Code and laws which will survive me; but the principal characteristic of my first reign was the glory of conquests.

"At Rome, I shall give a different direction to this same glory. It will be as eminent as the first, but it will not possess the same principle. It will be less dazzling, but perhaps more durable, for it will resemble no other.

"I shall make of the different races of Italy one nation; I shall imprint on them the unity of

[1] Perhaps the Milanese and his companion.

manners, which is wanting; and it will be the most difficult enterprise I shall have ever attempted.

"I shall open roads, canals, and multiply the means of communication. Industry will receive an impetus, at the same time that agriculture will come to the aid of the prodigious richness of the soil, and will acquire the immense developments of which it is susceptible.

"I shall give to Italy laws appropriate to Italians. I have hitherto only been able to make for them the *provisional*—I shall give them the *definitive*. It will last as long as the Empire.

"Naples, Venice, Spezzia, shall be transformed into immense workshops; I shall have vessels and a formidable marine; I shall make Rome a seaport.

"In twenty years Italy will have thirty millions of inhabitants; then she will be at home the most powerful country of Europe, as inaccessible to invasions as Russia.

"We shall abstain from wars of conquest, but I shall have a brave and strong army. I shall write on my banners my device of the Iron Crown,—'Guai a chi la tocca;' and no one will feel inclined to make the attempt.

"Having been Scipio and Cæsar in France, I shall be Camillus at Rome; the stranger shall cease to crowd the Capitol, and shall appear there no more.

"Under my reign the ancient majesty of the people King will ally itself to the modern civilisation of my modern Empire, and Rome will equal Paris, without descending from the elevation of its immense recollections, which she will associate with the force of Lacedemonian institutions and the Atticism of Athens. I was in France the Colossus of War; I shall become in Italy the Colossus of Peace."

Several French regiments were approaching the frontiers of Italy, and it is no mystery that, at that period, the officers of the showy army of Naples expressed aloud their hope of soon marching on Paris.

But the Hundred Days came, and the hope of Italy was deferred—perhaps for ever!

THE ISLAND EMPIRE.

PART III.

THE ISLAND EMPIRE.

PART III.

SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF ELBA.

Elba, notwithstanding the small extent of its territory, is not without its historians, and its chronicles record many and strange vicissitudes. It has been the scene of the incursions of Corsairs and of political contests. Its mineral wealth has been made frequently an object of contention, not only amongst the small states of Republican Italy, but amongst the greater nations of Europe; and its people have successively fallen victims to the avarice of depredators, both princely and piratical.

Amongst the historians who have devoted themselves to Elba, Ninci may be reckoned as the most accurate, as well as the most copious. He published in 1815, at the instigation, and under the patronage, of the Emperor Napoleon, a complete account of the island—a work which has

now become scarce. It shows considerable ability and research; but the love of fatherland, which is so predominant in islanders, and a fondness for display, has led him into disquisitions on the history of the neighbouring countries, with which that of his own is nearly connected, in a manner which renders his work too tedious for general perusal. Lambardi, another native historian, devotes the greater portion of his volume to the history and laudation of his own family, but still may be consulted with profit; and Monsieur Arsenne Thibeaut de Berneaud, and Monsieur Valéry, two French savans, afford considerable information; but infinitely more is contained in the able summary of Elban history, in Monsieur Chautard's work on the Hundred Days.[1] The large and valuable work of Zuccagni-Orlandini, that of Ripetti, together with the Tuscan histories of Galluzzi and others, will also contribute to the following rough sketch.

It is, however, no easy task to reconcile the statements of these various authorities, all of whom disagree in many points with one another. One of these, moreover, Monsieur de Berneaud, has attacked another, Signore Lambardi, in a most violent manner; and, in a preface in which he modestly compares himself to Themistocles, Mon-

[1] L'Ile d'Elbe et Les Cent Jours.

sieur Berneaud accuses his brother historian "of having sacrificed veracity in facts, harmony of style, and the art of calmly criticising the writings of antiquity, to a false love of country, of accepting fables already circulated by the imagination of previous antiquarians, and of thereby creating for the Island of Elba a history fitted to belong

'A' tempi antichi, quando i Buoi parlavano.'" . . .

Elba was known by the Greeks as Œthalia; by the Latins as Ilva. In the short Pisan history it is called Ylba; and from all these names is derived its present appellation.

There are not many records of ancient Elba, although it is not unnoticed by several writers of antiquity. It has been asserted that Jason, on his return from the Argonautic expedition, here found a spacious and secure harbour, subsequently named, on that account, Porto Argo.

The Etruscans of Populonia are the first known as masters of the island; and, under them, it is celebrated by Virgil as having contributed a contingent of men to the army of Æneas. The line, quoted by all who have ever had occasion to mention Elba, is well known,—

"Ast Ilva trecentos
Insula, inexhaustis Chalybum generosa metallis."

Ravaged by the Carthaginians for the part

taken in the war against Syracuse, Elba was repeopled by a Roman colony, and advanced to a high state of prosperity. During the second Punic War, and after the Trebia, Elba furnished a contingent of men, together with iron, necessary for the sea and land forces; and this was the first occasion, since the treaty with Porsenna, on which the iron of Elba had been used for the manufacture of weapons,—one of the stipulations of that treaty providing that it should be employed solely in the fabrication of instruments of agriculture.

In the eleventh century the history of Elba becomes more clear, as united with that of the Republic of Pisa, on which it depended. While under the rule of this state—to which the Elbans seemed greatly attached—they suffered much from the ravages of the Moors; and they again underwent many hardships at the time of the battle of the Meloria, when Elba fell under the yoke of the Genoese, being then ceded by them to their allies, the Lucchese, for the yearly tribute of eight thousand five hundred pieces of gold.

This state of affairs did not endure long. In 1309 the Pisans, under Count Guido di Montefeltro, who had been named their Podestà, and Captain of the Republic, repurchased Elba for the sum of fifty-six thousand florins of gold; securing themselves in their regained possession

by according privileges to its inhabitants, and by erecting fortifications.

On the 16th of November, 1376, an event occurred which is the cause of much gratulation to Ninci. Pope Gregory XI., on his way from Avignon to Rome, anchored in the Port of Ferraja. He left the next day, but a storm in the canal of Piombino forced him again to seek refuge, and he anchored in the port of Lungone.

The large sum given by the Pisans for their favourite island did not secure them long in its possession. Their Republic was to be dismembered, by private treason, before the end of the century in which they had managed to retrieve the losses caused by a public enemy.

While Gian Galeazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan, rendered himself formidable to the Tuscan Republics by means of his restless ambition, and while the plague desolated a large portion of Europe, Pietro Gambacorti raised himself as Protector of the Pisan people and chief of their armies.

When at the height of his power, Jacopo, or Giacomo Appiani, his private secretary, having murdered his master and his master's children, assumed the chief power in the Republic in the year 1393.

At his death, five years after these events, his son and successor, Gherardo, frightened at the demands of his subjects, sold Pisa and its territory

to the Duke of Milan for a large sum of money, reserving to himself the Principality of Piombino and the Islands of Elba, Pianosa, and Monte Christo, which thereafter remained dependent on that small State. This sale took place the 19th February, 1399.

The change, far from benefiting the Island of Elba, had rather a contrary effect. Injustice, exactions of all kinds, the weight of public expenses, and that fearful scourge, the plague, which included the Islands of Sardinia and Corsica, and a portion of the Continent, combined to weaken, in a fearful manner, its population. Its commerce was attacked, then totally ruined; its agriculture neglected; its mines greedily seized upon; its granite quarries neglected. Emigration presented itself as a remedy, and the islanders of those days, as the Irish of these, eagerly took advantage of it.[1]

Gherardo could not disguise the weakness of his character and the insignificance of his power, and in 1403 he sought the protection of the Republic of Florence, and constituted it the guardian of his son Jacopo, or Giacomo II., in conjunction with his widow, Paola Colonna, sister of Pope Martin V. This Prince, on succeeding to his states, contracted an alliance with the powerful Republic, to be considered perpetual, not only by himself but by his

[1] Berneaud.

descendants. This treaty was made in 1419; but in 1431 Giacomo revolted, united himself to the Duke of Milan, declared war against the Lucchese, and took from them the fort of Monteverdi and that of Canneto.

The Florentines, indignant at this treachery, attacked Piombino, and, taking possession of it, occupied it for eight years. In 1437 they expelled the Neapolitans from the Island of Elba, from Pianosa, and Monte Christo. Three years subsequently Giacomo was recalled and reinstated in his government, but under Florentine protection.

In 1450 Giacomo died without leaving children, his sister Catherine taking the reins of government. Attacked by Corsairs, Barbarian and Christian, the state of Elba seems to have been in these centuries very deplorable; and it appears to have been still more to be pitied when, in the year 1501, under Giacomo IV., the states of Piombino fell under the yoke of the terrible Cæsar Borgia, which sent the legitimate sovereign begging assistance from the greater Powers of Europe. This does not seem at the moment to have had much effect; but, on the death of Alexander VI., and on the succession of Giuliano della Rovere, as Pope Julius II., Prince Giacomo not only received the protection of Ferdinand the Catholic, but was named by him Captain-General of the Spanish Forces in the Kingdom of Naples. A

battalion of one thousand Spanish soldiers was put at his disposal, for the defence of his dominions.

Four years after this event Piombino was rendered a feudatory of the empire by Giacomo and Maximilian. A fear of evil in the wars that were impending is the only cause assigned for these acts, which was big with results for our little island; for, as will be seen subsequently, they gave rise to pretensions, both on the part of the Imperial and the Spanish Courts, which had a great effect on the territorial division of Elba.

The sixteenth century teemed with events that had a direct effect on Elba. Three courageous and ambitious princes reigned in Europe, and the fear of their arms was present everywhere,—Charles V., who already governed Spain, the Two Sicilies, Franche-Comté, and the Netherlands, wished to invade France. Francis I. wished to add Italy to his possessions, and Soliman, having *pacified* Syria, Mesopotamia, and Egypt, proposed to himself the conquest of Germany.

The enmity that existed between the two Christian princes seemed full of peril for the Prince of Piombino and his island dominions. In great wars small interests suffer, and Giacomo V. had cause to fear, more than any other sovereign of Italy, its fatal effects. His states were open to attacks by sea and land, on the part of the French, already masters of the Milanese and the ports of

Genoa. He could not follow his father's policy, as adopted, at the time of the Italian League, against Charles VIII., namely, one of strict neutrality, for Spain had already garrisoned Elba and Piombino; and facts seemed also to confirm his apprehensions. In May, 1517, a French fleet appeared in the neighbourhood of Elba, with the view of attacking the island, and, indeed, would have carried their project into effect, had not a Spanish squadron prevented the disaster. The election of Charles to the Imperial Purple doubled his claims to the allegiance of the Piombinese Principality, and, consequently, the enmity which the latter was forced to entertain towards his foes. The Spanish arms, however, having obtained an ascendancy in Italy, Giacomo and his Elbans began to resume their tranquillity.

Prince Giacomo having, at the desire of his subjects, married a fourth wife, Elena, of the noble Florentine family of Salviati, their wishes were fulfilled by the appearance of three sons, two of whom died before their father.

To compensate, however, as says Ninci, for the joy of the Elbans at this fecundity, in 1534 one of those fearful events which periodically occurred to destroy the happiness of these unfortunate islanders brought desolation and ruin in the midst of them: the terrible Barbarossa, with a fleet of a hundred sail, appeared on the shores of the island, after

having sacked the Island of Procida, in the kingdom of Naples, and the cities of Fondi and Terracina, and at night landed a large number of his men on the beach, near Rio. The inhabitants of the locality were roused in their sleep, only to be bound by the chains of their ruthless invaders. The cries of the miserable captives, and the sound of their mourning, soon reached the ears of the inhabitants of Grassera, another village of Elba, now no longer in existence, towards which place the Turks had turned their steps. Some of the Grasseresi escaped, some endeavoured to combat their assailants; but all in vain. They all fell, some beneath the scimitar, the rest as slaves to the Turk.

The whole country round about was similarly invaded, and the population of Capoliveri, San Pietro, Sant' Ilario, Poggio, Marciana, and Pomonte, met with the same miserable fate.

Those that were not slain languished in slavery till 1535, when the victory obtained at Tunis by the Emperor over the Corsairs delivered them and restored them to their native land.

This was not, as will be seen, the only occasion on which Elba suffered from the assaults of this rapacious pirate.

In 1541 Soliman, now the ally of Francis, having appointed Barbarossa to the command of his naval forces, sent them to assist his Christian

friend in reducing the maritime superiority of Charles. Cosmo de Medici, Duke of Florence, who, at the desire of the Emperor, had undertaken the defence of the Piombinese territory, on hearing of the approach of the Turkish fleet, sent a body of men, under Otto da Montauto, to protect the town of Piombino, and the *terra firma* portion of the State; but Elba was left to take care of itself.

The news of Barbarossa's departure from Constantinople was confirmed by his almost simultaneous appearance. The fortifications of Piombino had not been put into a state of complete repair when the Turkish fleet arrived in the channel of Piombino, much to the horror of the inhabitants of the city, who fled into the interior. Giacomo himself, who, despite the many wives he had espoused, seems not to have been one of the bravest of princes, wished to follow the example of his subjects; and their remonstrances, added to a small remnant of pride, alone prevented him from this cowardly proceeding. But the fear of the islanders was still greater. Unable, like their Continental fellow-subjects, to seek safety in flight, the recollection of their recent slavery and ruin rendered their unprotected position still more terrible, and Hope completely abandoned them when they saw the hostile squadrons anchor at Lungone. But, to their relief, the Mussulmans remained

motionless, and there appeared to exist, on their part, no intention of disembarkation.

One galley alone seemed occupied, and this in no hostile manner—apparently to bear a negotiator to Piombino. It was, in fact, taking an autograph letter from the Admiral to Giacomo. The letter ran thus—"I know that thou hast taken as a slave a Turkish youth, son of Sinaam, a general of my galleys, known as the Jew, who was taken prisoner some time ago at Tunis. Him I would wish you amicably to restore to me; which gift, I will prove to thee, will be most grateful to me, inasmuch as our great armament, upon my faith, will pass on, and will cause injury or annoyance to no one: but, if it should not suit thee to please me in this small matter, know that on the shores of thy state thou shalt suffer all that ruin which can be done thee by the most deadly enemy."

The youth was a son of the Admiral Sinaam by an Elban slave, taken from Grassera, who, having been liberated by Charles V. at Tunis, returned to her native country, her son being taken to Piombino, where he was baptized, and adopted by Giacomo.

Giacomo, however, did not avail himself of this easy manner of extricating himself from the difficulties that besieged him; for, like some princes of modern days, he was under the influence of his Confessor, which—and again the resemblance to

modern days is striking—induced him to temporize with a falsehood. He accordingly declared that the young Turk was not to be found in the Island of Elba, or in his dominions, but that orders should be given that a strict search should be made; and the too-credulous Corsair, satisfied with this assurance, sailed away to Provence, to join the fleets of the King of France.

Meanwhile Cosmo fortified Piombino, but weakened the confidence in his friendship hitherto entertained by Giacomo.

One fine July morning, the 1st of that month, 1544, the Turkish fleet, accompanied by five French vessels, made their appearance in the harbour of Ferrajo, and a detached galley, as before, was seen to speed on its way to Piombino, the commander of which, on his arrival, renewed, in the name of his chief, the demand for the person of the young Sinaam. But the idiotic Giacomo replied, in a style worthy of the most subtle casuistry of a more recent date, "That his religion prevented him from compliance, as the priests affirmed that the youth, having been baptized, and made a Christian, he (the Prince) could not surrender him without crime; but, in other respects he wished to concede all courtesy towards Barbarossa, and, as a proof of respect, he had treated the youth as a son, and not as a slave."

Barbarossa did not appear to relish the reason-

ing of Giacomo and his ghostly counsellors; on the contrary, his ire seems, not unjustly, to have been roused thereby, and its effects fell on the unprotected Elbans. The troops were landed from the galleys on the island. Capoliveri again fell a prey to their ferocity. Slaughter, sack, and slavery, spread terror everywhere. Rio alone resisted their attacks, to which Luceri and Volterrajo fell a prey. The whole country seemed doomed to destruction, when the misguided prince, seeing that the refusal of one doubtful Christian had yielded many decided ones to his enemies, despatched a messenger to Barbarossa to do that, which done before, would have prevented so much evil. The young Sinaam was delivered to his father's friends, and the Turks, withdrawn from their occupations, yielded up their booty and their prisoners.

Shortly after this event Giacomo died, and his successor, Giacomo VI., a minor, succeeded,—the regency being committed to his mother. Cosmo, seizing the opportunity of accomplishing his ambitious designs on Piombino, bought his states of the Emperor—at the time in distressed circumstances—for the sum of two hundred thousand ducats. But the widow was firm in her resistance of this injustice, and bravely defended the rights of her orphan son; and, fearing attacks on the part of the French, of Filippo Strozzi, and other Florentine exiles, Cosmo contented himself

with the acquisition of what is now Porto Ferrajo, and a district two miles broad, on condition of placing it in a good state of defence.

Towards the end of April 1548, a number of ships, laden with materials, arms, soldiers, and workmen, commanded by Otto da Montauto, and Luca Antonio Cuppano, arrived at Elba, to lay the foundations of a city at the spot where of old had stood the Roman cities of Fabricia and Ferraja. Giovanni Battista Camerini was charged with the construction of this city, which was to bear the name of Cosmopoli. The fortifications then made were much in the same state as they are now. Camerini gave to them their names. The Falcone was so named from its superior height; the Stella derived its denomination from the radiated construction of its walls. The following inscription graces the gate of either fortress:—

"Templa · Mœnia · Domos · Arces · Portum
Cosmus · Florentinorum · Dux · II · A · Fundamentis
Erexit · An · MDXLVIII."

Porto Ferrajo was scarcely erected when, in 1552, Dragut, the famous pirate of Tripoli, made a descent on Elba, together with a French fleet. Anchoring near the place where Porto Lungone now is, he passed ten days in the island, during which time he took Capoliveri, Rio, Grassera, Marciana, Pomonte, and Sant' Ilario. Porto Ferrajo—thanks to the new fortifications—repelled his

attacks; and, finding nothing more to gratify his ferocity, he sailed for Corsica, which he put into the hands of the French, and thence returned home, gorged with his spoil, and, for the moment, sated with slaughter.

It is impossible to enter into any details on this or the subsequent invasion of the island by Dragut. The same rapine, murder, and atrocity, characterised all these invasions, which form so prominent a feature in the history of the island; and Pianosa, its satellite, appears to have suffered even more often.

The battle of Lepanto, however, relieved them from their perilous position; and the 7th of October, 1571, did much for the Island of Elba. But it is worthy of remark, that to this day the islanders live in apprehension of invasion, and that the report that last spring run the round of the newspapers, of a pirate having been seen off the coast of Tuscany, first originated at Lungone.

Francis the First, who had meanwhile succeeded Cosmo in the newly-erected Grand Duchy of Tuscany, now endeavoured to turn his Elban possessions to a more profitable account, by farming the iron, produced by the island, from Giacomo, for the annual payment of thirteen thousand ducats, which the Piombinese Prince wisely stipulated should be made in advance; and, shortly

after this transaction, Francis is said to have stayed some time at Porto Ferrajo, with a view of distracting his thoughts from the frail but beautiful Bianca Cappello.

At the death of Giacomo, without any legitimate offspring, the Emperor, the Tuscans, and the Spaniards, all contended for the succession. The result of this discussion was the accession to the throne of Alessandro, eldest illegitimate son of Giacomo. The new sovereign, however, became very unpopular with his island subjects. His carelessness of their interests, and his refusal, even at the command of the Emperor, to fortify his islands —a measure absolutely necessary for their defence —offered an unpleasant contrast with the munificence of his rival Francis, whose government in Porto Ferrajo laid foundations for the future prosperity of Elba. Under him all the works and manufactures of Elba received a healthy impetus; the mines were worked, and the tunny-fisheries were made known to the Sicilians and Greeks, who paid well for the commodity. The attention of this Prince to his city was so great, that it excited the jealousy of Leghorn, then growing into notice; and, consequently, his death, which occurred in 1587, was more deplored by his Elbans than by the Tuscans, discontented at this preference and at his devotion to the fair Venetian.

It does not fall within our province to narrate

the events connected with the death of the bastard, Alessandro Appiani. His oppressions having become insupportable to his subjects, he was assassinated in 1590, by conspirators, at the head of whom was Giulio Mazza Ferrata, to whose beautiful daughter he had offered rudeness; the conspiracy having been made, as is by some asserted, with the connivance, if not at the instigation, of his Princess and her paramour, Don Felis of Aragon, the commandant of the Spanish garrison stationed at Piombino.

The Elbans, although not displeased at this event, refused to submit to the decrees published by the Republican government, which for a short time followed the death of the tyrant, Alessandro, and proclaimed Ferdinand I., Grand Duke of Tuscany, as their sovereign. The latter, however, abstained from yielding to the entreaties of the Elbans; and, on the contrary, endeavoured to re-establish the Appiani dynasty of Piombino, while he garrisoned certain portions of Elba, in order to protect his interests and his iron.

Many rival pretensions were now raised on the question of feudatory rights in Piombino, which, for so small a state, seems to have given in its time much trouble to the crowned heads of Europe. The Genoese, jealous of the increasing prosperity of Leghorn and Porto Ferrajo, urged the Spaniards to found a settlement on the island;

and the latter, having finally obtained possession of Piombino in 1603, the Marquis Santa Cruz was sent by the Vice-roy of Naples, Don Juan Alfonzo Pimentel Herrera, Count of Beneventum, to lay the foundations of a fortified city, first called Pimentel, or Beneventum, after the Vice-roy, but which subsequently took the name of Longone, or Lungone, from the gulf on which it is situated. The fortifications, now ruined, but which at that time cost much, were erected by Don Garzia de Toledo, on the model of those of Antwerp. This building is said to have caused the death of Ferdinand.

The history of Elba is, therefore, henceforward connected with that of three different nations, viz. with that of Spain, of Tuscany, and of Piombino, which, in 1636, passed under the dynasty of the Lodovisi, by the marriage of a nephew of Pope Gregory XV. with the daughter of the Countess Binesco, who succeeded to the claims of the Appiani. The capital of Piombinese Elba was Rio.

This division of territory subjected the island to new dangers, and made it the scene of new battles, which it will not be possible to narrate; and as, though interesting in themselves, they had only a temporary influence, it will be more useful to pass over this portion of its history, recalling to the memory only the capture of Lungone, in

1646, by the Marshal Choiseul-Praslin, which siege was sustained by the Spaniards under the Duke of Arcos. The defence of this place by De Noailles, three years subsequently, against the united Spanish, Italian, and German troops, is worthy of record.

After a vigorous defence of three months, the French garrison was obliged to yield to the numbers of its opponents; but in such a manner as to be as honourable as a victory. The Governor was to leave the place with military honours, and with drums beating, for the Spanish fleet, which was to carry him to the nearest French port. The garrison was to be provided with every necessary for its journey; and an exchange of the prisoners, taken both at Lungone and Piombino, was effected.

On the day fixed for the surrender, Noailles, with seven hundred men, the remnant of fifteen hundred that had formed the garrison previous to the siege, left the fortress with bag and baggage, drums beating and colours flying, and carts bearing the sick and wounded; the commander of the enemy accompanying him to the ship. A certain Mark Antony Carpani, of Porto Ferrajo, contributed much to the success of the Spanish arms on this occasion, and, on the recommendation of Don Juan of Austria, was named by Philip IV., after the fall of Lungone, Commander of the Spanish Forces in the States of Piombino and the

Island of Elba. He is consequently one of the notabilities of the island.

A few more lines will show the state of the territorial division of Elba at the time of the French Revolution—that great epoch of modern history which wiped out all former landmarks, and established others, which now, perhaps, ere long, are destined likewise to be swept away.

In 1701 Don Gregorio Buoncompagni, Duke of Sora, received the investiture of the Principality of Piombino, and, consequently, of its territory in Elba, having married Ippolita, the heiress of the Ludovisi. In 1714, according to the provisions of the Treaty of Utrecht, Lungone and its district was given to the Neapolitan branch of the Bourbons, and in 1737, under the stipulations of the Treaty of Vienna, of the 19th of November, 1735, on the death of Giovanni Gastone, the last of the Medici, Porto Ferrajo and its district was made over, together with the territories of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, to Francis, Duke of Lorraine, the husband of Maria Theresa.

In 1786 the convenience and security of the Port of Ferrajo being well known, the English government entered into negotiations for its purchase with Pietro Leopoldo, the famous Grand Duke of Tuscany, who found but little benefit in retaining a city in an island of which he possessed scarcely a fifth. He had already, in 1781, shown his care-

lessness of this possession, by having taken away, from Porto Ferrajo, the provisions for war contained in its vast magazines, together with a bronze bust of Cosmo I., the work of Benvenuto Cellini, now in the Royal Gallery at Florence. The English government, therefore, on seeing the Grand Duke disposed in their favour, despatched an engineer officer, Captain Planchet, to measure the walls, and to take the soundings of the port and the roads. This officer also projected a dockyard in the neighbourhood, and designed fresh fortifications. Meanwhile, the courts of France and Spain directed their efforts to prevent this sale, the results of which would have been dangerous to their kingdoms, as the possession of Porto Ferrajo would have so much facilitated the institution of blockades on the coasts of Provence and Catalonia. Pietro Leopoldo was, in consequence, diverted from his purpose, and refused even to allow the English government to hire the place from him. He then turned his mind to improvements here, as elsewhere, and having reduced the port dues, he erected a lighthouse near the Stella Fort, which bears the inscription in marble:—

"Petrus · Leopoldus · Arch · Austriæ · M.D. Ætruriæ · Navigant · Saluti · Consulens · Ad · Cosmopolis · Portum · Noctu · Monstrandum · Pharum · Sua · Impensa · Erigi · Jussit · An · Ær · Christ · CIↃIↃCCLXXXIII.

In 1789 the world was troubled by the news of the events that then occurred in France, and the Elbans, whose sovereign was brother to the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, in their loyalty felt sincerely the misfortunes of that unhappy princess.

This was not the only effect produced by the French Revolution upon our little island. On the morning of the 1st of January, 1794, three or four thousand inhabitants of Toulon sought refuge at Porto Ferrajo, whither they were conveyed on board British vessels, under the command of Admiral Hotham, and here, after some difficulties, they were admitted.

Not very long after this the French troops, having effected the passage of the Alps under General Bonaparte, the town of Leghorn was invested by French troops under General Vaubois. To counteract any evil effect that might arise from this occupation, General Eliot, the Civil Governor of Corsica, signified to the Governor of the Tuscan portion of Elba his intention of occupying Porto Ferrajo with British troops. The British officer bringing this message was civilly received by Baron Knesevich, or Knesebeck, the Governor, and was shown by him the fortifications and the harbour; and on the 9th of July, 1796, the English detachment, under the command of Major Duncan, disembarked at a place known as Acquaviva. Letters from the Vice-roy of Corsica

and from Major Duncan were sent to the Governor, explaining the motives and intentions of the expedition. This occupation lasted till the 28th of April, 1797, and the luxury of the English is still remembered by those old enough to have seen this occurrence. During their stay they erected a battery to sustain the Falcone fortifications, which is still known as Forte Inglese. In 1799 Porto Ferrajo fell, with Tuscany, under the dominion of the French Republic. This was followed by much fighting between the French garrison and the Neapolitan troops at Lungone, until, in July of that year, the French were under the necessity of surrendering, to the Governor of Lungone and to a Tuscan officer, the place of Porto Ferrajo.

But the great day of Marengo changed the whole aspect of affairs, and the fortunes of Elba, again fell into the hands of the Giant of Conquest, for by the treaty of Luneville the whole of Tuscany, together with Elba, was included in the Kingdom of Etruria. Consequently, the French prepared to occupy the island, and received Lungone and the Piombinese territory; but the Governor of Porto Ferrajo obstinately refused to surrender, and at one time the inhabitants declared themselves subject to England, and received some English troops. The treaty of Amiens, however, put an end for the moment to all contention on the

subject. The King of Etruria renounced, in favour of the French Republic, his claims on the Island of Elba, receiving in exchange the places of Orbitello, San Stefano, and Port' Ercole. On the 14th of July, 1802, the syndics of the different communities assembled at Porto Ferrajo swore submission and fidelity to the government of the French Republic; to which Republic the whole island was shortly after formally united by an organic Senatus-Consult, dated the 10th Fructidor of the year X.

This document provided for the representation of the island in the legislative body. It was signed by Cambacères, as second Consul and President of the Senate, and countersigned by the Secretaries Vaubois and Serrurier; its ratification and promulgation being signed by the future Emperor of the Island, and countersigned by Maret, the Secretary of State. Three Deputies were then elected, viz., the Arch-priest, Don Michele Pandolfini Barberi, Vincenzo Vantini, at that time Mayor at Porto Ferrajo, and subsequently Chamberlain of the Emperor, and Pellegro Senno, afterwards Judge of the Tribunal of Commerce. These, having arrived at Paris, discoursed the First Consul in the following terms:—

"Citizen First Consul, as interpreters of the sentiments of the inhabitants of the Island of Elba, we have the honour to present to you their humble

homage, and to thank you for the singular benefit you have conferred on their country by uniting it to the territory of France. It is only by a respectful obedience to your laws, and by means of continual prayers to Heaven for the preservation of your life, that they will be able to make you know their gratitude.

"For ourselves, in particular, we equally owe you our deep thanks for the gracious reception which, under your auspices, we have met with at the hands of the ministers of the government, and wherever we have presented ourselves."

In addition to the gracious reply made by the First Consul to this address, several privileges were accorded to the island, by exemption from import duties and other similar immunities; and all that can be gathered of the Emperor in Elba tends to show that, far from being unpopular in Elba, as Sir Walter Scott states, his government was at all times esteemed and respected by his Elban subjects.

On the 12th of January, 1803, a decree was promulgated, organising the governments of Elba and the adjacent Islands of Capraja, Pianosa, Palmajola, and Monte Christo, at the head of which was placed a Commissary-general, assisted by an administrative Council, resident at Porto Ferrajo, and this archipelago was declared exempt from all customs duties. The parishes were detached from the diocese of Massa-Maritima, to which they had

belonged from time immemorial, and were placed under the Bishop of Ajaccio, in Corsica. The fortifications were repaired and increased, and two battalions of island chasseurs were organised.

In 1804 the Empire was proclaimed, much to the gratification of the Elbans, who sent two "able deputies" to offer their felicitations on the occasion to their newly-elected sovereign; and subsequently, the staff and other officers of the National Guard were sent to be present at the coronation.

But the omens of the Empire were not favourable in Elba. Three disasters of no common nature occurred at the time of the coronation, which caused much grief and damage. The first of these was a destructive epidemic disorder, brought by a Spanish vessel; and while this was raging the second, which was also very terrible, took place. On the morning of the 10th of January, 1805, a fire was observed in the great armoury of Lungone, which was stocked with an enormous quantity of cartouches, grenades, and bombs, together with many barrels of powder, and other combustible materials. It was in vain that the garrison and inhabitants of the town endeavoured to keep the fire from that portion of the building where these stores were placed. Only a very short time had elapsed when the flames reached them, and with a horrible din the

edifice was blown into the air, destroying, almost even the foundations, the quarters of the military, and various other buildings that stood near; but this was not the only portion of the disaster; the fire continued for the whole day, while detached bombs and grenades continued to explode, adding to the number of the dead and wounded, which was already great from the first explosion.

Nearly at the same time, on the 20th of the same month, there was a tremendous storm, such as had never been known in the island before or since, which lasted until the evening, and caused great damage. The sea rose to an enormous height, and with a sound that inspired fear in all, while the ships, even in the secure harbours of Porto Ferrajo and Lungone, did not escape its effects.

The Empire, however, gave new masters to Piombino and its territories. On the 18th of March, the Emperor, in an address to the senators, informed them that he bestowed that Principality on his sister Elise, conferring at the same time on her husband the title of Prince of the Empire.

The reasons assigned for this gift were the undefended state of the coast of Piombino, which offered so good a point for communication, by means of Elba and Corsica, between Italy and France, and the necessity that existed for forming a government for the better regulation of that state, under the *suzeraineté* of France.

Piombino was, therefore, to be an hereditary fief, the Prince not being able to succeed without having received the investiture of the Emperor of the French, who, in case of the failure of the line of the Princess Elise, or the loss of their rights by marrying without his consent, would again dispose of the Principality of Piombino, consulting the interests of France and those of the Principality. The husband of the Princess Elise was to assume the title of Prince of Piombino; and, besides swearing an oath of fealty to the Emperor, and of subjection to France, he was compelled to devote his attention to facilitate the communication with Elba, to raise certain forces, to maintain in a good state the fortress of Piombino, and to erect a certain number of batteries along the coast. It was one of these towers that was the scene of the defence of Madame Hollard.

Elba was soon visited by its new sovereigns, who, on the 20th of February, 1806, arrived at Rio; and, having been received with much festivities during the eight days they occupied in their tour of this portion of their dominions, they returned to their capital, accompanied by six men-of-war, having been escorted to their vessel by hundreds of small boats decorated with flags, which presented a gay and enlivening apearance.

Elba, however, was destined again shortly to

change the name, though not the form, of its government. The Emperor having conferred on his sister the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, in addition to the states of Piombino, Elba, by a decree of the 7th of April, 1809, was declared as part of the government of Tuscany, to be comprised in the twenty-ninth military division; the island artillery was dependent for orders on Tuscany, and the tribunals were to be subject to the appellate decisions of the Court at Florence.

The news of this decree was received with great rejoicings, and a deputation of the mayors of the different communities was sent to Florence, to present their congratulations and homage to their new Grand Duchess, begging her to prefer to the Emperor certain requests, some of which were subsequently granted.

From this time dates much of the present prosperity of Elba. Under the government of General Callier, and at the instigation of the Commissary-general, Galeazzini, magnificent military roads were made at different points in the island, which much facilitated its commerce; the fortifications were strengthened, hospitals instituted, solid bridges thrown over dangerous torrents, and the civilisation of the whole place forwarded.

In 1812 the goodwill of the inhabitants towards their rulers and towards the government was evinced by their voluntary contributions to

the warlike necessities of their Emperor, which was signalised in an address made to the Elbans by their Vice-prefect. "The enthusiasm," he said, "with which you have united spontaneously to repair the losses which the rigour of climate has caused the Grand Army to suffer, has deserved acknowledgment of the government. Not one of your efforts has been forgotten in my reports, in which I have extolled your faithful attachment towards the august head of the state, as well as the celerity with which the payment of your voluntary gifts was executed,—a distinguished proof of the good disposition of the contributors." As a return for this loyalty, the Emperor conferred upon them a boon long desired, viz. the importation, free of duty, into France, Liguria, and the Roman states, of Elban wines, a privilege hitherto withheld with much justice, inasmuch as the ports of Elba had been made free at the beginning of the Empire.

Then came 1814, and Tuscany was occupied by the troops of Naples, and the inhabitants of the island were reduced to the utmost extremities, which caused revolts at Rio and Marciana,—the populations of which places are the hardiest of the island; but the General Dalesme managed to preserve order. On the 6th of April he was summoned to surrender Porto Ferrajo by General Montresor, in command of the English troops: to

which summons he replied in dignified terms, refusing to retire from his command, except by order of his sovereign, Napoleon; and, as General Montresor was about renewing his demands, General Dalesme received his orders—the honourable destiny of the island being communicated to him by the following despatch from the new Minister of War, conveyed by an English corvette:—

"*The Minister of War, Dupont.*

"*To the General Dalesme, commanding the Island of Elba.*

"I inform you that the events that have recently occurred in the government of France are in consequence of the abdication of Napoleon Bonaparte, heretofore Emperor of the French, to whom you will consign the place of Porto Ferrajo at the moment of his disembarkation at Elba.

"DUPONT."

By Article 100 of the Treaty of Vienna, Elba was united to Tuscany; and by the 29th of November, 1815, the military, legal, and civil organisation of the island was completed by the Grand Duke Ferdinand III.

Since this period the history of the island presents but little of interest. During the times of the Carbonari the government caused to be blown up some outer batteries, built by Napoleon, as most useful to the defence of Porto Ferrajo, assigning as their reason for so doing, that if insurgents should obtain possession of them, they could make use of them against the city and the

garrison. It seems that the idea of being able to make use of these batteries against the insurgents never entered the mind of the ruling powers.

In 1840 the Grand Duke Leopold somewhat altered the state of the island tribunals, and accorded to Elba, with much pomp and ceremony, a special flag, with five golden bees. In the Revolution of 1848 the Elbans were not entirely exempt from the feelings that then prevailed. Some inhabitants of turbulent Leghorn excited those of Porto Ferrajo to insurrection. The Falcone fort was taken; and at one time it was proposed to offer the island to England. A deputy was subsequently sent to the Legislative Assembly at Florence, and Elba, from that moment, has followed the fate of Tuscany. Its native troops have recently undergone a new organisation; and the commerce and population of the island have increased, are increasing, and are likely to continue in their present prosperous state.

THE END.

POSTSCRIPT.

In reviewing the preceding pages it has appeared to me that I may, perhaps, have expressed too strong an opinion respecting one person — the Superintendent residing at San Martino. While I fully assert my right to criticise the actions of a person who, like him, is in a position the duties of which the public have a right to see properly performed, I should be sorry if, in speaking of his public capacity, I should seem to have criticised his private character. Nothing of the kind has been intended, and these remarks are added for the sole purpose of parting with all in peace and goodwill.

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